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THEATRUM CHEMICUM
BRITANNICUM.

CONTAINING
Severall Poeticall Pieces of our Famous
English Philosophers, who have written
the *Hermetique Mysteries* in their owne
Ancient Language.

Faithfully Collected into one Volume,
with Annotations thereon,

By ELIAS ASHMOLE, *Esq*.

Qui est Mercuriophilus Anglicus.

THE FIRST PART.



LONDON,
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TO
All Ingeniously Elaborate Students, In the most Divine Mysteries of *Hermetique Learning.*

THe Subject *of this ensuing* Worke, *is a* Philosophicall *account of that Eminent* Secret *treasur'd up in the bosome of* Nature; *which hath been sought for of* Many, *but found by a* Few, *notwithstanding* Experienc'd Antiquity *hath afforded* faithfull (*though not* frequent) Discoveries *thereof. Past* Ages *have like* Rivers *conveied downe to us, (upon the floate,) the more* light, *and* Sophisticall *pieces of* Learning; *but what were* Profound *and* Misterious, *the weight and solidity thereof, sunke to the Bottome; Whence every one who attempts to dive, cannot easily fetch them up: So, that what our* Saviour *said to his* Disciples, *may (I hope without offence) be spoken to the Elected* Sons *of* Art; Unto you it is given to know the Mysteries of the Kingdome of God; but to others in Parables, that seeing they might not see, and hearing they might not understand,

Our English Philosophers *Generally,* (*like* Prophets) have received little honour (*unlesse what hath beene privately paid them*) in their owne Countrey; nor *have they* done any mighty Workes amongst us, *except in covertly administring their* Medicine *to a* few Sick, *and* healing them. (*For greater* Experiments *then what it performes in* Physick *they never publikely made shew of.*) *Thus did* I.O. (*one of the first foure* Fellowes *of the* Fratres R. C.) *in curing the young* Earle *of* Norfolke, *of the* Leprosie; *and* Doctor B. *in carrying off the* virulency *of the* Small-pox, *twice, from* Queen Elizabeth; *insomuch that they never appeared. But in* Parts abroad *they have found more noble* Reception, *and the* world *greedy of obteyning their* Workes; *nay,*(*rather then want the sight thereof*) *contented to view*

them through a Translation, *though never so imperfect. Witnesse what* Maierus, Hermannus, Combachius, Faber, *and many others have done; the first of which came out of* Germanie, *to live in* England; *purposely that he might so understand our* English Tongue, *as to Translate* Norton's Ordinall *into* Latin *verse, which most judiciously and learnedly he did: Yet (to our shame be it spoken) his* Entertainement *was too too course for so deserving a* Scholler.

How great a blemish is it then to us, that refuse to reade so Famous Authors *in our* Naturall Language, *whilst* Strangers *are necessitated, to* Reade *them in* Ours, *to understand them in their* Own, *Yet think the dignity of the* Subject, *much more deserving, then their* Paines.

If this we do but ingeniously Consider, we shall judge it more of Reason *that we looke back upon, then neglect such* pieces of Learning *as are* Natives *of our owne* Countrey, *and by this* Inquisition, *finde no* Nation *hath written more, or better, although at present (as well through our owne* Supinenesse, *as the* Decrees *of* Fate,) *few of their* Workes *can be found.* John Leland *tooke very much paines, even at the yeilding up of the* Ghost, *of our* English Learning, *to preserve its* latest(*but* weakest,'*cause almost spent*)Breath; *and from him* John Bale, *with* John Pitts *(who indeed is but* Bale's Plagiary) *hath left us a* Catalogue *of the* Writers *of this* Nation, *and that's neere all. Yet* Posterity *for this is deeply obliged. What* punishment *then did their pestilent* Malice *deserve, who rob'd us of their whole* Workes?

A Juditious Author *speaking of the* Dissolution *of our* Monasteries, *saith thus:* Many Manuscripts, guilty of no other superstition then Red letters in the Front, were condemned to the Fire; and here a principall Key of Antiquity was lost to the great prejudice of Posterity. *Indeed (such was* Learnings *misfortune, at that great Devastation of our* English Libraries, *that) where a* Red letter *or a* Mathematicall Diagram *appeared, they were sufficient to intitle the* Booke *to be* Popish *or* Diabolicall.

Our English Nation *hath ever beene happy for* Learning *and* Learned men, *and to illustrate this, I hope it will not prove distastfull.*

As first, the Druydæ *(the famous and mysterious* Druydæ) *that were* Priests, Diviners, *and* Wise men: *and took their* Originall *and* Name *from* Druys Sarronyus *the* fourth King *of the* Celts, (*styled* Sapientum & Augurum Doctor,) *who dyed Anno Mundi.* 2069.

Next

Next the Bardi, *who celebrated the* Illustrious Deeds *of* Famous Men, *which they ingeniously dispos'd in* Heroique Verse, *and sung them to the sweete* Melody *of the* Harpe: *Amongst other* Testimonies *hereof receive* Chaucer's;

> The old gentle Brittons in her dayes
> Of divers adventures maden Layes,
> Rymed first in her Mother Tongue,
> Which Layes, with her Instruments they songe.

These Philosophers *had their Name from* Bardus Druydus (*the* 5 King *of the* Celts,) *Who was the first* Inventor *of* Verses, *as* Berosius *tells us; and dyed* An.Mundi 2138. *Neither of these* Sects *of* Philosophers *used any* writing (*indeed it Was not lawfull; for,*) *such Was the* Policy *and* Curiosity *of* Elder Ages (*to defend their* Learning *and* Mysteries *from the Injury of* Ignorant Interpretations)*that they delivered them to* Posterity, *by* Tradition *only.*

Cæsar *testifies,* (*and tis a noble* Testimony) *That the* Learning *of the* Druydi, *Was first invented in* Britaine, *and thence transferr'd into* France; *and that, in all his time, those of* France *came over hither to be Instructed.* Agricola (*in* Tacitus)*preferrs the* Britaines *before the* Students *of* France (*notwithstanding that they Were of a* docible Wit, *and apt to* Learne) *in that they were curious in attaining the* Eloquence *of the* Latin Tongue.

As for Magick, Pliny *tells us, It flourished in* Britaine, *and that the* People *there were so devoted to it* (*yea, with all Complements of* Ceremony) *a man would think that even the* Persian *learned his* Magick *thence.*

A Germane Poet, *sayes,that when the World was troubled with* Pannonick Invasions,England *flourished in the knoWledge of all* good Arts; *and Was able to send of her* Learned Men *into other Countries, to propogate* Learning; *and instances* Winifrid (*alias* Boniface *the* Devonshire *Man*)*and* Willebroad(*the* Northerne *Man*)*that were sent into* Germany.

Nay more, England *was twice* Schoole-Mistris *to* France (*for so saith* Peter Ramus) *viz. First by the* Druydæ (*Who taught them their* Discipline)*and afterwards by* Alcunius,*in* Charles the Great's *time,through whose perswasions the* Emperour *founded the* University *of* Paris.

For the Saxons,*it is not to be denied but that many of them, after*

their conversion to Christianity, *were exceedingly* Learned, *and before that, much addicted to* Southsaying, Augury, *Divination* by the Neighing of Horses, *&c. And tis Worth the Enquiry (there being more in it then we ordinarily apprehend) why they in Generall worshiped* Herthus [*i. e. Dame* Earth] *for a* Goddesse, *and honoured* Mercury *above all the* Gods *of the* Germanes, *Whom they called* Wooden, (*hence* Wodensday *now our* Wednesday?) *For, they beleved that this Dame* Herthus *Intermediated in* Humane Affaires *and* Relieved *the* Poore; *whose* Image *was made* Armed, *standing among* Flowers, *having in its* right hand *a* Staffe, *and in it a* Banner, *wherein was painted a* Rose; *In the other* Hand *a* Ballance, *and upon the* Head *thereof a* Cock; *on the* Brest *a carved* Beare, *and before the* Midle, *a fixed* Scutchion; *in* Chiefe *whereof was also a* Ballance; *in* Face, *a* Lyon; *and in* Point, *a* Rose. *And for their* God Wooden *they esteemed him as their* God *of* Battaile, *representing him by an* Armed Man. *Insomuch that wee to this very day retaine the Word* Wood *among us, to Signifie Fierce, Furious, Raging,* [*as When one is in a great* Rage, *we usually say he is* Wood:] *So the* Mercury *of the* Philosophers *is shaddowed under the fierce and terrible Names of* Lyon, Dragon, Poyson, *&c. But this is not* All, *although it be* Something.

And now to come yet neerer to our Selves; *we must needs say that of* Later Times (*since the* Conquest) *our Nation hath produced such* Famous *and* eminently learned Men, *as have equall'd (if not surpast) the greatest* Schollers *of other* Nations, *and happy were We if now we could but partake of those* Legacies *they left, and which* Envy *and* Ignorance *has defrauded us of:* (*Howsoever the small remainder which is left, we have good reason to prize,*

> For out of olde Fields as Men sayths,
> Cometh alle this new Corne fro yeare to yeare;
> And out of olde Bokes in good faythe
> Cometh alle this Scyence, that Men leare.)

That England *hath beene successively enrich'd with such* Men, *our Country-men* John Leland (*and I never heard he was* Partiall) *abundantly* Testifies: *who avers, That* Generally *Wee have had a great number of excellent* Wits *and* Writers, *learned With the best as* Times *served, who besides their knowledge in the* foure Tongues, *in*

which

which part of them excelled, there was no Liberall Science or any Feate concerning Learning, in which they have not ſhewed certainte Arguments of great Felicity and Wit. And thus much for the Generality of Learning.

Now for a Particular account of the Hermetique Science, vouchſafe (Ingenious Reader) to accept the enſuing Collections, yet not ſo, as if therein were contained all the Workes of our Engliſh Hermetique Philoſophers, (for more are deſign'd in a Second Part to follow and compleate this a full Theatrum; the which GOD allowing me further Time and Tranquility to run through it, as I have already this, I intend ſhortly to make ready for the Preſſe.) Whereby yet more to manifeſt what Men we have had, no leſſe famous for this kinde of Philoſophy, then for all other Commendable Arts and Sciences.

To adde any thing to the praiſe thereof, were but to hold a Candle before the Sunne; or ſhould I here deliver a full Account of the Marvellous Operations and Effects thereof, it would be as far beyond the limits of a Preface, as remote from the Beliefe of the generality of the World. Nor doe I expect that all my Readers ſhould come with an Engagement, to believe what I here write, or that there was ever any ſuch thing in rerum natura as what we call A Philoſophers Stone, nor will I perſwade them to it, (though I muſt tell them I have not the vanity to publiſh theſe Sacred and Serious Myſteries and Arcana, as Romances) tis enough that I know Incredulity is given to the world as a puniſhment. Yet Ile tell them what one of our Ancient Poeticall Philoſophers ſayes,

If yow wyl lyſten to my Lay,
Something thereby yow maie finde,
That may content your minde:
I will not ſweare to make yow give credence;
For a Philoſopher will finde, here in Evidence
Of the Truth; and to Men that be Lay,
I ſkill not greatly what they ſay.

I muſt profeſſe I know enough to hold my Tongue, but not enough to Speake; and the no leſſe Reall then Miraculous Fruits I have found in my diligent enquiry into theſe Arcana, lead me on to ſuch degrees of Admiration, they command Silence, and force me to loſe

my

my Tongue. *Yet, as one greatly affecting my* Native Countrey, *and the satisfaction of all* Ingenious Artists, *I have published (for their use) these ensuing* Collected Antiquities; *and shall here say something more then they speak of.*

He who shall have the happinesse to meet with S. Dunstans *Worke* De Occulta Philosophia, (*a Booke which* E.G.A.I. *made much use of, and which shall chiefly back what here I am about to say) may therein reade such* Stories *as will make him* amaz'd *to think what* stupendious *and* Immense *things are to bee performed by vertue of the* Philosophers Mercury, *of which a* Taste *onely and no more.*

And first, of the Minerall Stone, *the which is wrought up to the degree onely that hath the power of* Transmuting *any* Imperfect Earthy Matter *into its utmost degree of* Perfection; *that is, to convert the basest of* Metalls *into perfect* Gold *and* Silver; Flints *into all manner of* Precious Stones; [*as* Rubies, Saphirs, Emeralds, *and* Diamonds, *&c.*] *and many more* Experiments *of the like nature. But as this is but a* part, *so it is the least share of that* Blessing *which may be acquired by the* Philosophers Materia, *if the full vertue thereof were knowne.* Gold *I confesse is a delicious* Object, *a goodly* Light, *which we admire and gaze upon* ut Pueri in Junonis avem; *but, as to make* Gold (*saith an incomparable* Authour) is the cheifest intent of the Alchimists, so was it scarce any intent of the ancient Philosophers, *and the lowest use the* Adepti *made of this* Materia.

For they being lovers of Wisdome *more then* Worldly Wealth, *drove at* higher *and more* Excellent Operations: *And certainly* He *to whom the whole* Course *of* Nature *lyes open, rejoyceth not so much that he can make* Gold *and* Silver, *or the* Divells *to become* Subject *to him, as that he sees the* Heavens *open, the* Angells *of* God *Ascending and Descending, and that his own Name is fairely written in the* Book of life.

Next, to come to the Vegitable, Magicall, *and* Angelicall Stones; *the which have in them no part of the* Minerall Stone (Quatenus *a* Stone, Fermented *with* Metalline *and* Earthy Nature) *for they are marvelously* Subtile, *and each of them differing in* Operation *and* Nature, *because* Fitted *and* Fermented *for severall* Effects *and* Purposes. *Doubtlesse* Adam (*with the* Fathers *before the* Flood,

and

and since) Abraham, Moses, *and* Solomon, *wrought many* Wonders *by them, yet the utmost of their* Vertues *they never fully understood; nor indeed any* but GOD the Maker of All things in Heaven and Earth, blessed for evermore.

For, by the Vegitable *may be perfectly known the* Nature *of* Man, Beasts, Foules, Fishes, *together with all kinds of* Trees, Plants, Flowers, *&c. and how to* produce *and make them* Grow, Flourish *&* beare Fruit; *how to encrease them in* Colour *and* Smell, *and when and where we please, and all this not onely at an instant*, Experimenti gratia, *but* Daily, Monethly, Yearly, *at any* Time, *at any* Season; *yea, in the depth of* Winter. *And therefore not unlike, but the* Wall-nut-Tree *which anciently grew in* Glastenbury Church-yard, *and never put forth* Leaves *before S.*Barnabies Day, *yet then was fully loaded with them, as also the* Hawthorne *there, so greatly fam'd for shooting forth* Leaves *and* Flowers *at* Christmas, *together with the* Oake *in* New-Forrest *in* Hampshire *that bore greene* Leaves *at the same* Season; *may be some* Experiments *made of the* Vegitable Stone.

Besides the Masculine *part of it which is wrought up to a* Solar Quality, *and through its exceeding* Heat *will* burne *up and* destroy *any* Creature, Plant, *&c. That which is* Lunar *&* Feminine *(if immediately applyed) will mitigate it with its extreme* Cold: *and in like manner the* Lunar Quality *benums and congeals any* Animall, *&c. unlesse it be presently helped and resolved by that of the* Sun; *For though they both are made out of* one Natural Substance; *yet in working they have contrary* Qualities: *neverthelesse there is such a* naturall Assistance *between them, that what the one cannot doe, the other both can, and will perform.*

Nor are their inward Vertues *more then their* outward Beauties; *for the* Solar *part is of so* resplendent, transparent Lustre, *that the* Eye *of* Man *is scarce able to indure it; and if the* Lunar *part be expos'd abroad in a* dark Night, Birds *will repaire to (and circulate about) it, as a* Fly *round a* Candle, *and submit themselves to the* Captivity *of the* Hand: *And this invites mee to believe, that the* Stone *which the ancient Hermet (being then* 140 *Years old) tooke out of the* Wall *in his* Cell, *and shewed* Cornelius Gallus, *Ann.* 1602. *was of the Nature of this* Vegitable Stone: *For, (upon the opening his* Golden Box *wherein it was inclosed) it dilated its* Beames *all*

over the Roome, *and that with so great* Splendor, *that it overcame the* Light *that was kindled therein*; *Besides the* Hermet *refused to* project *it upon* Metall (*as being unworthy of it*) *but made his* Experiment *upon* Veronica *and* Rue.

By the Magicall *or* Prospective Stone *it is possible to discover any* Person *in what part of the* World *soever, although never so secretly concealed or hid*; *in* Chambers, Closets, *or* Cavernes *of the* Earth: *For there it makes a strict* Inquisition. *In a Word, it fairely presents to your view even the* whole World, *wherein to* behold, heare, *or* see *your* Desire. *Nay more, It enables Man to* understand *the Language of the* Creatures, *as the* Chirping *of* Birds, Lowing *of* Beasts, *&c. To* Convey *a* Spirit *into an* Image, *which by observing the* Influence *of* Heavenly Bodies, *shall become a true* Oracle; *And yet this as* E. A. *assures you, is not any wayes* Necromanticall, *or* Devilish; *but* easy, wonderous easy, Naturall *and* Honest.

Lastly, as touching the Angelicall Stone, *it is so* subtill, *saith the aforesaid* Author, *that it can neither be* seene, felt, *or* weighed; *but* Tasted *only. The* voyce *of* Man (*which bears some proportion to these subtill properties,*) *comes short in comparison*; *Nay the* Air *it selfe is not so penetrable, and yet (Oh mysterious Wonder!)* A Stone, *that will lodge in the* Fire *to* Eternity *without being prejudiced. It hath a* Divine Power, Celestiall, *and* Invisible, *above the rest*; *and endowes the possessor with* Divine Gifts. *It affords the* Apparition *of* Angells, *and gives a power of conversing with them, by* Dreames *and* Revelations: *nor dare any* Evill Spirit *approach the* Place *where it* lodgeth. *Because it is a* Quinteſſence wherein there is no corruptible Thing: and where the Elements are not corrupt, no Devill can stay or abide.

S. Dunston *calls it* the Food of Angels, *and by others it is tearmed* The Heavenly Viaticum; The Tree of Life; *and is undoubtedly* (*next under GOD*) *the true* Alchochodon, *or* Giver of Years; *for by it* Mans Body *is preserved from* Corruption, *being thereby inabled to* live *a long time without* Foode: *nay 'tis made a question whether any* Man *can* Dye *that uses it. Which I doe not so much admire, as to think why the* Possessors *of it should desire to* live, *that have those* Manifestations *of* Glory *and* Eternity, *presented unto their* Fleshly Eyes; *but rather desire to be* Dissolved, *and to enjoy the full* Fruition, *then live where they must be content with the bare* Speculation.

After

After Hermes *had once obtained the* Knowledge *of this* Stone, *he gave over the use of all other* Stones, *and therein only delighted:* Moses, *and* Solomon, (*together with* Hermes *were the only three, that*) *excelled in the* Knowledge *thereof, and who therewith wrought* Wonders.

That there is a Gift *of* Prophesie *hid in the* Red-stone, Racis *will tell you; for thereby* (saith he) Philosophers *have* foretold things to come: *And* Petrus Bonus *avers, that they did* Prophesie, *not only* Generally *but* Specially; *having a* Fore-knowledge *of the* Resurrection, Incarnation *of* Christ, day *of* Judgement, *and that the* World *should be consumed with* Fire: *and this not otherwise, then from the* Insight *of their Operations.*

In Briefe, by the true and various use *of the* Philosophers Prima materia (for there are diversities of Gifts, but the same spirit) *the perfection of* Liberall Sciences *are made known, the whole* Wisdome *of* Nature *may be grasped*: *And* (*Notwithstanding what has been said, I must further adde*) There are yet hid greater things then these, for we have seen but few of his Workes.

Howbeit, there are but a few Stocks *that are fitted to Inoculate the* Grafts *of this* Science *on: They are* Mysteries Incommunicable *to any but the* Adepti, *and those that have beene* Devoted *even from their* Cradles *to* serve *and* waite *at this* Altar: *And how rarely* such *have been heard of, may appear by* Norton:

For few (saith he) or scarcely One
In Fifteene Kingdomes had our Red Stone.

And they *perhaps were* (*with S.*Paul) Caught up into Paradice, and *as he*, heard unspeakeable Words, *so they, wrought unoperable Workes*; such as it is not lawfull for to utter.

Of such *as these therefore* will I glory, yet of my selfe I will not glory, but of mine Infirmities. *And truly* whether such were in the Body or out of the Body I cannot tell, GOD knoweth, *doubtlesse* they were not far from the Kingdome of GOD.

But I feare I have waded *too farre; and therefore now to give some* Particular Account, *aswell touching the* Publication *of this* Worke, *as also the* Disposition *thereof, and the* Nature *of the* Obselete Language *wherein tis written: I shall in the First place acquaint the* Reader, *that the kinde* Acceptance *my former* Endeavours *received at the Hands of* Candid Artists, *in publishing some* Chemicall Collections; *very earnestly invited me to finde out a* Second Piece

wherewith to present those Gratefull Persons. *Whereupon I intended to rally up some of my own* Conceptions *in this* Science, *and expose them also to the* Test: *But (to this end, reviewing the* Philosophers) *I found that many (assuming that Name) Wrote what their* Fancies, *not their* Hands *had wrought, and further then in* Apprehension *had not seene* Projection; (*amongst whom our* Ripley *was sometime One, as appeares by his Ingenious* Retractation, *hereafter mentioned:) and being truly sensible of the great* Injury *such* Workes *have done young* Students (*at the first not able to distinguish, who have written upon their undeceveable* Experience, *who not; and consequently, not which to follow, or Which to avoyde) I withdrew my* Thoughts (*having never as yet set my selfe* Effectually *upon the* Manuall Practise) *lest I should adde to the many* Injuries *the* World *has already suffered, by delivering the bare* Medley *of my* Dubious Apprehensions, *Without the confident* Attestation *of* Practise: *and be justly esteemed as* indiscreete *as those whom* Ripley *mentions, that prate*

Of Robin Hode and of his Bow,
Which never shot therein I trow.

Yet still casting about what to make choyce *of, at length (by the incouragement of some that are* Industrious *after* publique benefit) *Centred my* Thoughts, *and fix'd them on this* designe *of* Collecting *All (or as many as I could meete With) of our own* English Hermetique Philosophers, *and to make them* publique.

Nor did I change this Resolution *With my* Clothes, *notwithstanding the* Difficulties *I saw, ready to encounter and obstruct the* Undertaking: *For, besides the* Paines *and* Care *that was thereunto requisite, the* Feare *of not meeting with, or obtaining the* Originall Manuscripts, *or* Authentique Copies *of this* Nature, (*which I knew to be in some* Mens hands, *yet wanting them my selfe,) shreWdly beset, though nothing discourag'd me: yet was I therewith freely and plentifully supplyed by some* worthy *and* intimate Friends, *Whom I would gladly here* mention, *but that I Well know they delight not to see their* Names *in* Print. *These had, My* Care *Was next to* dispose *them in such a* Series *as might be answerable to the* Respective Times, *Wherein each* Author Flourished; *and withall to the best* Advantage *of the laborious* Student: *the which I have manag'd with so just an* Adequation, *as (I hope) Will neither detract from the due* Honour *of the* One, *nor yet disturbe or darken the direct* path *of the* Other.

But

But whilst I was doing this, I made a Question *(in regard some* Philosophers *had writ in* Verse, *others in* Prose *) Which of these should take* Precedency; *and after some* Consideration *adjudged it to the* Poetique part: *And that, not only because its* Originall *may probably* Anticipate *the time of* Orpheus, *(although he be noted by* Maierus, Primus Antistes, Sacerdos, Theologus, *VATES*, & Doctor totius Græcorum nationis) *because that* Linus *is said to be the most* Perite *of any* Lyrick Poet, *and so* Ancient *that some suppose him Master to* Orpheus, *Who writ that admirable* Allegory *of the* Golden Fleece, *and Was the first of all the* Grecians *that brought the* Chemick Learning *(with other* Sciences) *out of* Ægipt, *as the other the first that brought the* Phænician Learning *to the* Grecians: *I say not only for that it is the* Ancientest, *and* Prose *but of* Latter *use with other* Nations: *but because* Poetry *hath bin most* Anciently *used with* us, *and (as if from a* Grant *of* Nature) *held unquestionable.*

Again, the Excellent Melody *thereof is so* Naturall *and* Universall, *as that it seemes to be* borne *With all the Nations of the* World, *as an* Hereditary Eloquence *proper to all* Mankinde: *Nor was this all, for I considered that it Claimes a* Generall succession, *and* Reception, *in All* Nations, *all* Ages, *Who were never Without a* Homer, *a* Virgil, *or an* Ovid: *No not this small* Segment *of the* World [England] *Without a* Rasis Cestrensis *and an* Hortulanus; *For the* First *of these, His* Liber Luminum, *and his* Lumen de Luminum, *are the* Ancientest *now extant in* Latine Verse: *In the latter of Which, I cannot omit this* Title *of his,* [Responsio Rasis Cestrensis Filio suo Merlino;] *Whereby it appeares he was* Merlin's Contemporary *(at least) if not his* Master, *in this* Abstruse Mystery. *These* Workes *of his are both Published by* Hermannus, *but very* Imperfectly, *as I found by Comparing them With a* Manuscript, *as ancient as* King John's Time. *And for the* Second He *was the first* Christian Philosopher *after* Morienus, *who (travelling abroad, and returning hither in the* Raigne *of* William *the* Conquerour) *because he was the first that* Transplanted *the* Chemicall Muses *from remotest* Parts *into his own* Country; *is called* Garland, ab Coronam Hermeticam & Poeticam. *But, to returne to our* Matter.

If neither its Antiquity, *nor the* Naturall Ratification, Generall Succession, *and* Reception *thereof, were enough to allow it the* Right-hand *of* Fellowship, *yet I suppose the* Effects *thereof, (which so affect and delight the* Eare, *rejoyce the* Heart, *satisfie the* Judgement,

ment, *and indulge the* Hearers) *justly may : In regard* Poesy *has a* Life, *a* Pulse, *and such a secret* Energy, *as leaves in the* Minde, *a far deeper* Impression, *then what runs in the slow and evenlesse* Numbers *of* Prose : *whereby it won so much upon the* World, *That in* Rude Times , *and even amongst* Barbarous Nations, *when other sorts of* Learning *stood excluded, there was nothing more in* Estimation. *And for that we call* Rythme ; *the Custome of divers of our* Saxon *and* Norman Poets, *shewes the* Opinion *they had thereof* ; *whilst the* Latine *(notwithstanding its* Excellency *) could not sufficiently delight their* Eares, *unlesse their* Verses (*in that* Language, *) were form'd with an* Harmonicall Cadence , *and brought into* Rythme : *Nor did the* Ancients *wrap up their* Chiefest Mysteries, *any where else, then in the* Parobolical *&* Allusive *part of* Poetry, *as the most* Sacred, *and* Venerable *in their* Esteeme, *and the securest from* Prophane *and* Vulgar-Wits. *For such was the goodnesse of our* Fathers, *that they would not willingly hazard(much lesse throw)their* Childrens Bread *among* Dogs ; *And therefore their* Wisdome *and* Policy *was, First, to finde out a* way *to* Teach , *and then an* Art *(which was this) to* Conceale. *In a* word, *to prefer* Prose *before* Poetry, *is no other, or better, then to let a* Rough-hewen-Clowne, *take the* Wall *of a* Rich-clad-Lady *of* Honour *: or to* Hang *a* Presence Chamber *with* Tarpalin, *instead of* Tapestry.

And for these Reasons, *and out of these* Respects, *the* Poeticall*(as I conceiv'd) deserved the* Precedency.

Howbeit probably some of these Pieces (*now brought to* publique Light) *had welnigh* perish'd *in a silent* Ruine ; *and* Destruction *got a compleate Victory over them , but that my* Diligence *and* Laborious Inquisition *rescued them from the* Jawes *thereof : being almost quite shrouded in the* Dust *of* Antiquity, *and involv'd in the* obscurity *of* forgotten things, *with their* Leaves *halfe* Worme-eaten. *And a wonder it is, that (like the* Creatures *in* Noahs Arke) *they were hitherto so safely preserved from that* Universall Deluge, *which (at the* Dissolution of Abbies *) overflowed our greatest* Libraries.

And in doing thus, I presume it no Arrogance *to challenge the* Reputation *of performing a* Worke, *next that of a* Mans *own : and something* more, *in that (as if having the* Elixir *it selfe) I have made* Old Age *become* Young *and* Lively, *by restoring* each of the Ancient Writers, *not only to the* Spring *of their severall* Beauties, *but to the* Summer *of their* Strength *and* Perfection.

As

As for the whole Worke *it ſelfe, it is* ſheav'd *up from a few* gleanings *in part of our* Engliſh Fields; *where though I have beſtowed my* Induſtry *to pick up here and there, what I could finde in my* way, *yet I believe there are many other* Pieces *of this* Nature *in private* Hands, *which if any are pleas'd (out of the ſame* Ingenious ſcore *that I have* publiſhed *theſe,) to* Communicate *to me: I ſhall ſet thereon a* value *ſutable to the* worth *of their* Favours, *and let the* World *know its* Obligation *to them beſides.*

The Style *and* Language *thereof, may, I confeſſe (to ſome) ſeeme* Irkſome *and* Uncouth, *and ſo it is indeed to thoſe that are* ſtrangers *thereunto; but withall very* Significant*: Old* words *have ſtrong* Emphaſis; *others may look upon them as* Rubbiſh *or* Trifles, *but they are groſly* Miſtaken *: for what ſome light* Braines *may eſteem as* Fooliſh Toys; *deeper* Judgements *can and will value as ſound and* ſerious Matter.

We Engliſh have often varied our Faſhions(ſuch is the levity of our Fancies) *and therefore if you meet with* Spellings *different from thoſe in uſe; or uncouth* Words *as ſtrangely ridiculous, as a* Maunch, Hood, Cod-piece, *or* Trunke-hoſe, *know; as they were the faſhionable* Attyres, *ſo theſe the uſuall* Dialects *of thoſe* Times*: And* Poſterity *will pay us in our own* Coyne, *ſhould we deride the* behaviour *and* dreſſe *of our* Anceſtors. *For we muſt conſider that* Languages *which are daily uſed in our* Diſcourſe, *are in as continuall* Mutation: *what* Cuſtome *brings into* habit, *is beſt lik'd for the* Preſent, *whether it be to revive what is* loſt, *or introduce ſomething* new; *or to piece up the* preſent, *with the retained ſhreds of what* preceded; *But* learned Tongues(*which are contain'd in*Books)*injoy a more* immutable Fate, *becauſe not* ſubject *to be waſht away with the daily* tyde *and* current *of* Times. *They are like the* faſhion *and* Drapery *wrought on* Marble Statues, *which muſt ever be retained without* alteration.

And therefore that the Truth *and* Worth *of their* Workes *might receive no* Diminution *by my* Tranſcription, *I purpoſely* retain'd *the old* Words *and manner of their* Spelling, *as I found them in the* Originalls (*except only ſome palpable* Miſtakes *and* Blemiſhes *of former* Tranſcribers, *which I took upon me to* correct and purge *as litle more then* Litterall Imperfections:)*yet not to leave the*Reader *unſatisfied, have added a* Compendious Table, *for the* Interpretation *of* Old, unuſuall, *and* obſolete Words, *and thereby ſmooth'd (as I ſuppoſe) the* Paſſage *for ſuch as have not hitherto bin* Converſant *in theſe* Ancient Rough-hew'd Expreſſions. *Where-*

Wherefore you that love to converse with the Dead, *or consult with their* Monuments, *draw near : perhaps you may find more benefit in them then the* Living; *There you may meet with the* Genii *of our* Hermetique Philosophers, *learne the* Language *in which they woo'd and courted* Dame Nature, *and enjoy them more* freely, *and at Greater* Command, *(to satisfie your* Doubts*) then when they were in the* Flesh; *For, they have* Written *more then they would* Speake; *and left their* Lines *so* Rich, *as if they had dissolved* Gold *in their* Inke, *and clad their* Words *with the* Soveraign Moysture.

My Annotations *are limited within the Bounds of what is* Historicall, *or what* occasionally *must needs intrench on the* Confines *of other* Arts, *and all* Glosses *upon the* Philosophicall Worke *purposely omitted, for the same* Reasons *that I chose to send forth other* Mens Children *into the* World, *rather then my own. And what* presumptuous Mistaks, *or* Errors, *the* Candid Reader *shall meet with, will (I hope) be* Censured *with no lesse* Favour *and* Charity, *then that whereby they are wont to* Judge *the* Faults *of these they esteem their* Friends *and* Well-wishers.

And now to Conclude: *May the GOD of NATURE be gratiously pleased (out of the Immense Treasury of his* Goodness*) to vouchsafe all such (whose good* Angells *direct them to, or have alreadly Religiously Engaged them in this* Mysterious *knowledge) the Full and Entire* Accomplishments *of a True and Pious* Philosopher, [*To wit,* Learning, Humility, Judgement, Courage, Hope, Patience, Discretion, Charity & Secrecie:] *That so they may enjoy the* Fruits *of their* Labours, *which otherwise will be but* vain, *and* unpleasant: *and causelesly render the* Divine Science *and* Secret *it selfe,* Contemptible.

Farewell (Industrious Students) *and let your* Goodnesse *still invite me to accomplish the* End *I have proposed : In doing which, (I presume) you may one* Day *esteeme me, better deserving your* Patronage; *At least-wise, your charitable* Censure: *which is all the* Recompence Expected *or* Merited, *by him, who is*

Yours Really Devoted,

26 Jan. 165$\frac{1}{2}$.

E. Ashmole.

THE ORDINALL OF ALCHIMY.

VVritten by

THOMAS NORTON

OF

BRISTOLL.

probably in late 15th or early 16th century

Liber iste Clericis monstrat scientiam,
Liber sed Laicis *auget* inscitiam :
Liber, honores juvans per copiam :
Et Liber pauperum fugans inopiam :
Liber fiduciæ est & veritatis :
Regibus consilium, doctrina Prælatis :
Et Liber utilis viris beatis
Vivere qui cupiunt absq; peccatis.
Liber secretum, Liber doni Dei,
Electis semita, vires bonæ spei,
Valens constantibus firmæ fidei :
Ve non credentibus verbis oris mei.
Quærunt Alchimiam, falsi quoque recti :
Falsi sine numero, sed hi sunt rejecti,
Et cupiditatibus (heu) tot sunt infecti,
Quod inter mille millia, vix sunt tres electi,
Istam ad scientiam multi sunt vocati
Nobiles, & pauperes, inscii, literati;
Qui nolunt labores, neque tempus pati;
Ideo non perficient, quia sunt ingrati.
Liber Artis filios docet iste satis,
Quibus hæc percipere deus dedit gratis,
Versiculis propheticis quatuor his credatis,
Omnia dat gratis divinæ fons pietatis.
Hæc nobilis scientia est tantum illis data,
Qui diligunt justitiam, mente cum beata;
Dolosis, & raptoribus sed est denegata,
Propter peccata tardantur *munera grata.*

Sæpe

THis Booke the greatest *Clearkes* may teach,
But *shorteneth* the *Vulgar-Reach*:
A Booke that gets (by Wealth) *Renowne*,
And *Boggles* at a *thred-bare-Gowne*:
A *trusty-Booke* of *faithfull-Things*;
Instructing *Priests*, Advising *Kings*:
A Booke that's fitted for the *sence*
Of Man, who lives without *offence*:
A Booke of *secrets* given by *God*;
To men *Elect*, a *Beaten-Trod*:
Availing such as *constant* be
In *Faith*, and *Hope*, and *trusting Me*.
Good Men and *Bad*, even Numberlesse,
(The latter, but without successe)
Desire the *Art*: But still (Alas!)
They are so given to *Avarice*,
That of a *Million*, hardly *three*
Were ere Ordaind for *Alchimy*.
Yet many *called* every *Houre*,
Learn'd and *Unlearned*, *Rich*, and *Poore*;
Who'll neither *Tend*, nor take the *Paines*;
And therefore *Trudge* without the *Gaines*.
On whom *God* doth this *Art* bestow,
Her *Sons* may herein fully know:
By these * *foure-lines* you may believe
Heaven doth all things gratis give.
This *Art* in such you only finde
As *Justice* love, with *spotles-Minde*:
But tis deny'd to *guilefull Men*;
For sin protracts the gifts of Heaven.

* These foure Prophetick lines extracted from Sir *John Abbot* of *Bridlingtons* Prophecies, *Ubi de Tauro, &c.*

Sæpe Reges Angliæ decoraſſet hæc res,
Firma ſi in domino fuiſſet eorum ſpes;
Ille ſed qui capiet per hanc rem honores,
Antiquos mores mutabit in meliores.
Iſte cumque venerit, regnum reformabit,
Virtutibus, & moribus, & exemplum dabit
Sempiternum Regibus; plebs tunc jubilabit,
Et mutuo ſe diligens laudes Deo dabit:
O Rex, hæc facturus! Deum Regem ora,
Et ejus auxilium pro re hac implora:
Tunc regi juſto fulgenti mente decora
Grata ſupervenient *quâ non ſperabitur hora.*

Theſe had adorn'd the *Engliſh-Throne,*
If they had truſted *God* alone:
For he that hereby *Honor* winns,
Shall change the old for better things.
And when he comes to *rule* the Land,
Reforme it with a *vertuous hand:*
Leaving *examples* of *good deedes*
To every *King* that him *ſucceedes:*
Then ſhall the People *Jubilize*
In *mutuall love*; and *ſacrifiſe*
Praiſes to *God.* O *King* that ſhall
Theſe *Workes!* implore the *God* of all
For timely helpe, in this *good thing:*
So to a *Juſt*, and *Glorious King*,
Moſt goodly Graces *ſhall deſcend,*
When leaſt look'd for: *To Crowne his End.*

The Proheme.

TO the honor of *God*, One in Perſons three,
This Boke is made, that *Lay-men* ſhulde it
And Clerks alſoe, after my deceaſe, (ſee,
Whereby all *Lay-men* which putteth
(them in preaſe,
To ſeech by *Alkimy* great ryches to winn
May finde good Counſell er they ſuch warke begin;
And greate deceipts they may hereby eſchewe,
And by this doctrine know falſ men from trewe.
Nathles Clerks greate ſeacreats heere may leare,
But all *Lay men* ſhall finde heere cauſe to feare,
And to beware of falſ illuſions,
Which *Multiplyers* worke with their Concluſions:
But for that I deſire not worldly fame,
But your good prayers, unknowne ſhall be my name.
That no man ſhulde therafter ſearch, ne looke,
But wiſely Conſider the flowers of this booke:
Of every eſtate that is within Mankind
If yee make ſearch much people ye may finde,
Which to *Alkimy* their Corage doe addreſs
Only for appetite of Lucre and Riches.
As *Popes* with *Cardinalls* of *Dignity*,
Archbyſhopes with *Byſhopes* of *high* degree;
With *Abbots* and *Priors* of Religion,
With *Friars*, *Heremites*, and *Preeſts* manie one,
And *Kings* with *Princes* and *Lords* great of blood,
For every eſtate *deſireth* after good;

And Merchaunts alſo which dwell in the fiere
Of brenning Covetiſe, have thereto deſire;
And *Common-workemen* will not be out-laſte,
For as well as *Lords* they love this noble Crafte;
As *Gouldſmithes* whome we ſhulde leſt repreve
For *ſights* in their Craft meveth them to beleeve:
But wonder it is that *Wevers* deale with ſuch warks,
Free Maſons and *Tanners* with poore *Pariſh Clerks*;
Tailors and *Glaſiers* woll not thereof ceaſe,
And eke ſely *Tinkers* will put them in the preaſe
With greate preſumption;but yet ſome collour there was,
For all ſuch Men as give Tincture to Glaſſe:
But many *Artificers* have byn over-ſwifte
With haſty Credence to fume away their thrifte:
And albeit that loſſes made them to ſmarte,
Yet ever in hope continued their hearte,
Truſting ſome tyme to ſpeede right well,
Of many ſuch truly I can tell,
Which in ſuch hope continued all their lyfe,
Whereby they were pore and made to unthriſe:
It had byne good for them to have left off
In ſeaſon, for noughte they founde but a ſcoffe,
For trewly he that is not a greate *Clerke*
Is nice and lewde to medle with this warke;
Ye may truſt me well it is no ſmall inginn
To know all ſecreats pertaining to the Myne;
For it is moſt profound *Philoſophie*,
The ſubtill ſcience of holy *Alkimy*,
Of which Science here I intend to write,
Howbeit I may not curiouſly indite.
For he that ſhulde all a common people teache,
He muſt for them uſe plaine and common ſpeache;
Though that I write in plaine, and hoemely wiſe
No good Man then ſhulde ſuch writenge diſpiſe.

All

All *Masters* that write of this Soleme werke
They made their Bokes to many Men full derke,
In Poyses, Parables, and in Metaphors alsoe,
Which to Shollers causeth peine and woe:
For in their practise whan they would it assay,
They leese their Costs, as men see aldaye.
Hermes, *Rasis*, *Geber*, and *Avicen*,
Merlin, *Hortolan*, *Democrit*, and *Morien*,
Bacon, and *Raimond*, with others many moe
Wrote under covert, and *Aristotle* alsoe.
For what hereof they wrote with their penn,
Their Cloudy Clauses dulled many Men:
Fro *Lay-men*, Fro *Clearks*, and so fro every Man
They hid this *Art* that no Man finde it cann.
By their bokes do they shew Reasons faire,
Whereby much people are brought into dispaire.
Yet *Anaxagoras* wrote plainest of them all
In his boke of *Conversions naturall*;
Of the old *Fathers* that ever I founde
He most disclosed of this *Science* the grownde;
Whereof *Aristotle* had greate envy,
And him rebuked unrightfully
In many places, as I can well report,
Intending that men to him shulde not resort:
For he was large of his cunning and love,
God have his soule in blisse with him above:
And suche as sowed envious seede,
God forgive them their misdeede.
As the *Mounke* which a Boke did write
Of a *thousand receipts* in mallice for despight;
Which be coppied in many a place
Whereby hath beene made pale many a Face;
And many *Gownds* have byne made bare of hewe,
And men made fals which before tyme were trewe.

Wherefore my Pitty doth me constreyne
To shew the trewth in fewe words and plaine,
Soe that you may fro false doctrine flee,
If ye give Credence to this boke and mee;
Avoide your Bokes written of Receipts,
For all such Receipts are full of Deceipts;
Trust not such Receipts, and lerne well this Clause,
Nothing is wrought but by his proper Cause:
Wherefore that Practise falleth farr behinde
Wher Knowledge of the cause is not in minde:
Therefore remember ever more wisely,
That you woorke nothing but you knowe howe and (whie.
Alsoe he that would in this *Arte* proceede,
To eschewe falshood he hath greate need:
For trewth is good which this *Arte* must guide,
Wherefore to falshood ye may never slide;
But stedfastly your minde must be set,
Fals Colloured Metall never to Counterfett;
As they that seeke Blanchers or Citrinacions,
Which woll not abide all Examinacions,
Wherewith fals Plate they make as they cann
Or Money to beguile some good trew Mann:
But *God* hath made that of this blessed *Arte*,
All that be fals shall have thereof noe parte;
He must have Grace that would for this *Arte* sue,
Therefore of right him needeth to be trew:
Also he may not be trobled in his Minde
With outward charges, which this *Arte* would finde:
And he that would have his intent,
He must have Riches sufficient.
In many wayes he maie not looke
But only pursue the order of this Boke;
Named of *Alkimy the Ordinall*,
The Crede mihi, *the Standard perpetuall:*

For like as the *Ordinall* to *Preests* setteth out
The service of the dayes as they goe aboute:
Soe of all the Bokes unordered in *Alkimy*
The effect is here set out Orderly:
Therefore this Boke to an *Alchimister* wise,
Is a Boke of incomparable price;
Whose trewth shall never be defiled,
Though it appeare in homely wise compiled:
And as I had this *Arte* by Grace from Heaven,
I give you the same here in *Chapters seaven*:
As largely as by my fealty I may,
By licence of the dreadfull Judge at domes daye.
The *first Chapter* shall all Men teache
What manner People may this *Science* reache,
And whie the trew *Science* of *Alkimy*,
Is of old Fathers called *Blessed and Holy*.
In the *second Chapter* maie be sayne,
The nice Joyes thereof, with the greate paine.
The *third Chapter* for the love of One,
Shall trewly disclose the Matters of our Stone;
Which the *Arabies* doon *Elixir* call,
Whereof it is, there understonde you shall.
The *fowerth Chapter* teacheth the grosse Werke,
A foule laboure not kindly for a *Clerke*.
In which is found full greate travaile,
With many perills, and many a faile.
The *fift Chapter* is of the subtill Werk,
Which *God* ordeyned only for a *Clerke*;
Full few *Clerks* can it comprehend,
Therefore to few Men is the *Science* send.
The *sixt Chapter* is of Concord and love,
Between low *natures*, and heavenly spheares above:
Whereof trew knowledge advanceth greatly *Clerks*,
And causeth furtherance in our wonderfull werks.

The

The *seaventh Chapter* trewly teach you shall,
The doubtfull Regiments of your Fires all.

NOw Soveraigne *Lord God* me guide and speede,
For to my Matters as now I will proceede,
Praying all men which this Boke shall finde,
With devoute Prayers to have my soule in minde;
And that noe Man for better ne for worse,
Chaunge my writing for drede of *Gods curse*:
For where quick sentence shall seame not to be
Ther may wise men finde selcouthe previtye;
And chaunging of some one sillable
May make this Boke unprofitable.
Therefore trust not to one Reading or twaine,
But twenty tymes it would be over sayne;
For it conteyneth full ponderous sentence,
Albeit that it faute forme of Eloquence;
But the best thing that ye doe shall,
Is to reade many Bokes, and than this withall.



iniquitatē propterea vnxit te Dn̄s Deus tuus oleo
litiæ pre participibus tuis
Dilexisti Iustitiã
Expecta Dominum
viri-
liter age, et confortet cor tuum
Alkymiæ secretè servate
Secreta Sc.
Accipe donum Dei sub
Sigillo Sacrato
Ro: Vaughan sculp:

Nortons *Ordinall.*

Chap. I.

MAIStryefull merveylous and Archimaſtrye
Is the tincture of holi *Alkimy*:
A wonderfull *Science*, ſecrete Philoſophie,
A ſingular grace & gifte of th'almightie:
Which never was founde by labour of
But it by Teaching, or Revelacion begann. (Mann,
It was never for Mony ſold ne bought,
By any Man which for it hath ſought:
But given to an able Man by grace, (ſpace.
Wrought with greate Coſt, with long layſir and
It helpeth a Man when he hath neede,
It voydeth vaine Glory, Hope, and alſo dreade:
It voydeth Ambitiouſneſſe, Extorcion, and Exceſſe,
It fenceth Adverſity that ſhee doe not oppreſſe.
He that thereof hath his full intent,
Forſaketh Extremities, with Meaſure is content.
Some people would not have it cauled *Holy*,
And in this wiſe thei doe replye,
Thei ſay how *Painims* maie th's *Arte* have,
Such as our *Lord God* woll never ſave:
For their wilfull fals infidelitie,
The cauſe of goodnes, poſſeſſours cannot be.
Alſoe it maketh none other thing
But Gold or Silver, for Mony, Cupp, or Ring.
Whiche of wiſe men is proved and well founde
Leaſt verteous thing that is upon the Ground.
Wherefore concluding all men of that ſect,
Say, how this Science n'is holy in effect.
To this we ſay and wittnes as we cann
How that this *Science* was never tought to Man;

Chap. 1.

But he were proved perfectly with ſpace,
Whether he were able to receyve this Grace:
For his Trewth, Vertue, and for his ſtable Witt,
Which if he faulte he ſhall never have it;
Alſo no man coulde yet this *Science* reach,
But if *God* ſend a *Maſter* him to teach:
For it is ſoe *wonderfull* and ſoe ſelcouth,
That it muſt needes be tought from mouth to mouth:
Alſo he muſt (be he never ſoe loath)
Receive it with a moſt ſacred dreadfull Oath,
That as we refuſe greate dignitie and fame,
Soe he muſt needly refuſe the ſame.
And alſo that he ſhall not be ſo wilde
To teach this ſeacret to his owne childe;
For nighnes of Blood ne Conſanguinity
May not accepted be to this dignity:
Soe blood as blood, may have hereof noe part,
But only vertue winneth this holy *Arte*:
Therefore ſtraightly you ſhall ſearch and ſee,
All manners and vertues with th'abilitie
Of the perſon which ſhall this *Scyence* leere,
And in likewiſe make him ſtraightlie ſwere:
Soe that noe man ſhall leave this *Arte* behinde,
But he an able and approved Man can finde;
When Age ſhall greeve him to ride or goe,
One he may teach, but then never no moe:
For this *Science* muſt ever ſecret be,
The Cauſe whereof is this as ye may ſee;
If one evill man had hereof all his will
All Chriſtian Peaſe he might haſtilie ſpill,
And with his Pride he might pull downe
Rightfull *Kings* and *Princes* of renowne:
Wherefore the ſentence of perill and jeopardy,
Upon the *Teacher* reſteth dreadfully.

Soe

So than for doubt of ſuch pride and wreach, *Chap.* 1.
He muſt be ware that will this *Science* teach:
No Man therefore maie reach this greate preſent,
But he that hath vertues excellent.
Soe though Men weene Poſſeſſours not to aide,
To hallow this *Science* as before is ſaid;
Neither ſeeme not bleſſed effectually,
Yet in her Order this *Science* is *holy*.
And foraſmuch as noe Man maie her finde
But only by grace, ſhe is holy of her kinde.
Alſo it is a worke and Cure divine,
Foule Copper to make Gold or Silver fine:
No man maie finde ſuch chaunge by his thought,
Of divers kinds which *Gods* hands have wrought.
For *Gods* Conjunctions Man maie not undoe,
But if his Grace fully conſent thereto,
By helpe of this *Science*, which our *Lord* above
Hath given to ſuch Men as he doth love;
Wherefore old *Fathers* conveniently
Called this *Science Holy Alkimy*.
Therefore noe Man ſhulde be too ſwifte,
To caſt away our *Lords* bleſſed guift:
Conſideringe how that Almighty *God*
From great Doctours hath this *Science* forbod,
And graunted it to few Men of his mercy,
Such as be faithfull trew and lowly.
And as there be but *Planets* ſeaven
Amonge the multitude of ſtarrs in Heaven:
Soe among millions of millions of Mankinde,
Scarſlie ſeaven men maie this *Science* finde.
Wherefore *Lay-men* ye may lere and ſee
How many *Doctors* of great authoritie,
With many ſearchers hath this Science ſought,
Yet all their labours have turned into nought;

Chap. 1. If thei did coſt, yet found thei none availe,
For of their purpoſe every tyme thei faile;
And in deſpaire thei reaſon and departe,
And then thei ſaid how there is noe ſuch arte;
But fained Fables thei name it where thei goe,
A fals fond thing thei ſay it is alſoe:
Such Men preſume too much upon their minde,
They weene their witts ſufficient this *Arte* to finde.
But of their ſlaunder and words of outrage,
We take thereof trewlie little Charge:
For ſuch be not invited to our feaſt,
Which weeneth themſelves wiſe and can doe leaſte.
Albeit ſuch Men liſt not lenger to perſue,
Yet is this *Science* of *Alkimy* full trew;
And albeit ſome proude *Clerks* ſay nay
Yet every wiſe *Clerke* well conſider may,
How he whiche hereof might no trewth ſee
Maie not hereof lawfull wittnes be,
For it were a wonderous thing and queinte,
A man that never had ſight to peinte.
How ſhoulde a borne blinde Man be ſure
To write or make good Portrature.
To build Poules ſteeple might be greate doubt,
For ſuch proude *Clerks* to bring aboute;
Such might well happ to breake their crowne,
Ere they coude wiſely take it downe.
Wherefore all ſuch are full farr behinde,
To fetch out the ſecreateſt pointe of kinde;
Therefore all Men take theire fortune and chaunce,
Remit ſuch *Clerks* to their Ignorance.

NOw ye that will this *Science* purſue,
Learne ye to know fals Men from trew.
All trew ſearchers of this *Science* of *Alkimy*,
Muſt be full learned in their firſt Philoſophie:

Elſe

Elſe all their laboure ſhall them let and greive,
As he that fetcheth Water in a Sive;
The trew men ſearch and ſeeke all alone
In hope to finde our delectable ſtone,
And for that thei would that no Man ſhulde have loſſe,
They prove and ſeeke all at their owne Coſte;
Soe their owne Purſes they will not ſpare,
They make their Coffers thereby full bare,
With greate Patience thei doe proceede,
Truſting only in *God* to be their ſpeede.

THe fals man walketh from Towne to Towne,
For the moſt parte in a threed-bare-Gowne;
Ever ſearching with diligent awaite
To winn his praye with ſome fals deceit
Of ſwearing and leaſing; ſuch will not ceaſe,
To ſay how they can Silver plate increaſe.
And ever they rayle with perjury;
Saying how they can Multiplie
Gold and Silver, and in ſuch wiſe
With promiſe thei pleaſe the Covetiſe,
And Cauſeth his minde to be on him ſett,
Then Falſehood and Covetiſe be well mett.
But afterwards within a little while
The Multiplier doth him beguile
With his faire promiſe, and with his fals othes,
The Covetiſe is brought to threed-bare clothes:
But if he can haſtily be well aware,
Of the Multiplier and of his Chaffare,
Of whoſe deceipts much I can reporte,
But I dare not leaſt I give comforte
To ſuch as be diſpoſed to Treachery;
For ſo much hurte mought come thereby;
Wherefore adviſe you and be wiſe,
Of them which proffer ſuch ſerviſe.

Chap. 1. If they had Cunning have ye no doubt,
They woll be loath to ſhew it out:
When ſuch men promiſe to Multiplie,
They compaſſe to doe ſome Villony,
Some trew mans goods to beare awaye;
Of ſuch fellowes what ſhulde I ſaye?
All ſuch falſe men where ever thei goe,
They ſhulde be puniſhed, thei be not ſo.
Upon *Nature* thei falſely lye
For Mettalls doe not Multiplie;
Of this Sentence all men be ſure,
Evermore Arte muſt ſerve *Nature.*
Nothing multiplieth as Auctors ſayes,
But by one of theis two wayes,
One by rotting, called Putrefaction,
That other as Beaſts, by Propagation;
Propagation in Mettalls maie not be,
But in our Stone much like thing ye may ſee.
Putrefaction muſt deſtroy and deface,
But it be don in its proper place.
Mettalls of kinde grow lowe under ground,
For above erth ruſt in them is found;
Soe above erth appeareth corruption,
Of mettalls, and in long tyme deſtruction,
Whereof noe Cauſe is found in this Caſe,
But that above Erth thei be not in their place.
Contrarie places to nature cauſeth ſtrife,
As Fiſhes out of water loſen their Lyfe:
And Man, with Beaſts, and Birds live in ayer,
But Stone and Mineralls under Erth repaier.
Phyſicians and Appoticaries faut appetite and will,
To ſeech water flowers on a dry hill:
For *God* hath ordeyned of his wiſdome and grace,
All things to grow in their naturall place.

Againſt

Againſt this doctrine ſome Men replie,
And ſay that Mettalls doe Multiplie :
For of Silver, Lead, Tinn, and alſo Braſſe,
Some veyne is more, and ſome is laſſe,
Or which diverſitie Nature ſhulde ceaſe,
If Mettalls did not multiplie and increaſe;
Wherefore they ſay that reaſon ſheweth nowe,
How that under Erth they multiplie and growe ;
Why not then above Erth in veſſells cloſe and faire,
Such as ſhulde preſerve them from Fire Water and Aier?
Hereto we ſay this reaſon is but rude,
For this is noe perfect ſimilitude ;
For cauſe efficient of Mettalls finde ye ſhall
Only to be the vertue Minerall,
Which in everie Erth is not found,
But in certaine places of eligible ground ;
Into which places the Heavenly Spheare,
Sendeth his beames directly everie yeare.
And as the matters there diſpoſed be
Such Mettalls thereof formed ſhall you ſee.
Few grownds be apt to ſuch generation :
How ſhoulde then above ground be Multiplication?
Alſo all men perceyven that be wiſe,
How Water conjealed with Cold is yſe ;
And before tyme it harded was
Some lay in more places and ſome in laſſe,
As water in foſſes of the Carte-wheele,
Were veynes ſmale whan they began to keele,
But water in ditches made veynes more,
For plenty of water that was therein froare.
Hereupon to ſay it were noe good advice,
That therefore of yſe ſhould multiply more yſe.
Soe though there be of Mettalls veynes more and laſſe,
It proveth not that they increaſe more then it was ,

Chap. 1. Alsoe ye may trust without any doubt,
If Multiplying should be brought about:
All th'engredience must draw to simplcity,
And breake Composition as yearly ye may see:
For Multiplying of Hearbes how *Nature* hath provided,
That all things joyned in the seede be divided:
Else stalke and leaves which vertually therein be,
May not come forth actually that eye mought them see.
But Mettall holdeth his holle Composicion,
When corrasive waters have made dissolucion:
Therefore syth yse is nerrer to simplicity,
Then is Mettall, and maie not increased be,
Trewly ye maie trust as I said before,
How of one ounce of Silver, maie Silver be noe more.
Also nothing multiplyed shall ye finde,
But it be of Vegetative or of Sensitive kinde:
Where Mettalls be only Elamentative,
Having noe seede; nether feeling of life;
Wherefore concluding all Multipliers must cease,
For Mettalls once Mettalls shall noe more increase;
Nathlesse one Mettall transmuted we finde,
Unto a Mettall of another kinde,
For propinquity of matter that in them was,
As it is knowne betwixt *Iron* and *Brasse*.
But to make trew *Silver* or *Gold* is noe ingin,
Except only the Philosophers medicine.
Wherefore such leasings as Multipliers use,
Clerks reprove and utterly refuse;
Such art of Multiplying is to be reproved,
But holy *Alkimy* of right is to be loved,
Which treateth of a precious Medicine,
Such as trewly maketh *Gold* and *Silver* fine:
Whereof example for Testimonie,
Is in a Citty of *Catilony*.

Which

Which *Raymond Lully, Knight*; men ſuppoſe,
Made in ſeaven Images the trewth to diſcloſe;
Three were good *Silver*, in ſhape like Ladies bright,
Everie each of Foure were *Gold* and did a Knight:
In borders of their Clothing Letters like appeare,
Signifying in Sentence as it ſheweth here.
1. Of old Horſhoes (ſaid one) I was yre,
Now I am good *Silver* as good as ye deſire.
2. I was (ſaid another) *Iron* fet from the Mine,
But now I am *Gould* pure perfect and fine.
3. Whilome was I *Copper* of an old red pann,
Now am I good *Silver*, ſaid the third woman.
4. The fourth ſaide, I was *Copper* growne in the filthy (place,
Now am I perfect *Gould* made by *Gods* grace.
5. The fift ſaid, I was *Silver* perfect through fine,
Now am I perfect *Goulde*, excellent, better then the prime.
6. I was a Pipe of *Leade* well nigh two hundred yeare,
And now to all men good *Silver* I appeare.
7. The ſeventh ſaid, I *Leade* am *Gould* made for a Maiſtrie,
But trewlie my fellowes are nerer thereto then I.
This *Science* beareth her name of a King,
Called *Alchimus*, without leaſing:
A glorious Prince of moſt noble minde,
His noble vertues holpe him this arte to finde;
He ſearched *Nature*, he was nobil *Clerke*,
He left Extorcion, than ſought and found this werke.
King *Hermes* alſoe he did the ſame,
Being a *Clerke* of Excellent fame;
In his *Quadripartite* made of *Aſtrologie*,
Of *Phyſique* and of this *Arte* of *Alkimy*,
And alſo of *Magique naturall*,
As of four *Sciences* in nature paſſing all.
And there he ſaid that bleſſed is hee
That knoweth things truly as thei bee.

Chap. 1. And blessed is he that maketh due proofe,
For that is roote of cunning and roofe;
For by opinion is many a Man
Deceived, which hereof litle cann.
An old Proverbe, *In a Bushell of weeninge,*
Is not found one handfull of Cunninge:
With due proofe and with discreet assaye,
Wise men may leare new things every day.
By Cunninge, Men know themselves and every thinge;
Man is but a Beast and worse without Cunninge:
But litle favour hath every Man
To Science whereof he litle can;
And litle Cunning maketh men proud and wilde,
Sufficient Cunning maketh men full milde.
Nobil men now in manner have despighte
Of them that have to Cunning appetite:
But noble Kings in auncient dayes,
Ordained (as olde Auctors saies,)
That the seven *Sciences* to learne and can,
Shulde none but only a *Noble man*;
And at the least he shulde be so free,
That he mought Studie with libertie;
Wherefore old Sages did them call
The seaven Sciences liberall:
For he that would leare them perfectly and well,
In cleere liberty he must dwell.
From worldly warkes he must withdrawe,
That would lerne but Mans Lawe:
Much more the Worlde he must forsake,
Which many Sciences woulde overtake.
And for that cause Men may well see,
Why Cunninge men dispised be.
Yet nobil Memory shall never cease,
Of him which Cunninge doth increase.

Hee

Hee which loveth Cunning, Juſtice, and Grace
Is ſet aſide in many a place;
But whoe to Courte bringeth in with guile,
Profit, or preſent, he is the Man that while.
Wherefore this *Science* and many Graces moe,
Be loſt and be departed all ye fro.
And furthermore remember what I ſay,
Sinn caleth faſt for his ending day:
Covetiſe and Cunninge have diſcorde by kinde;
Who lucre coveteth this *Science* ſhall not finde;
But he that loveth Science for her owne kinde,
He may purchaſe both for his bleſſed minde.
Of this *Chapter* more I need not teach,
For here appeareth what men may it reach:
That is to remember only the trewe,
And he that is conſtant in minde to purſue,
And is not Ambitious, to borrow hath no neede,
And can be Patient,not haſty for to ſpeede;
And that in *God* he ſet fully his truſt,
And that in Cunning be fixed all his luſt;
And with all this he leade a rightfull lyfe,
Falſhoode ſubduinge, ſupport no ſinfull ſtrife:
Such Men be apt this *Science* to attaine.
The Chapter following, is of Joy and paine.

CHAP. II.

NORmandy nuriſhed a *Monke* of late,
Which deceived Men of every ſtate.
But before that done he in his fantazie,
Weened he had caught this *Art* fully.
Such rejoycing thereof he had,
That he began to dote and to be madde.

Of

Chap. 2. Of whose *Joyes* (albeit they were smalle)
For an ensample I write this Tale.
This *Monke* had walked about in *Fraunce*,
Raunging Apostata in his plesaunce.
And after he came into this lond,
Willing Men should understonde;
How that of *Alkimy* he had the grounde,
By a Boke of *Receipts* which he had founde.
In surety thereof he set all his minde,
Some nobil Acte to leave behinde;
Whereby his name should be immortall,
And his greate Fame in laude perpetuall.
And ofte he mused where to beginne,
To spend the riches that he shulde winn.
And ever he thought loe this I cann,
Where mought I finde some trusty Man,
Which would accorde now with my will,
And help my purpose to fulfill.
Then would I make upon the plaine
Of *Salisbury* glorious to be saine,
Fifteen *Abbies* in a little while,
One *Abbie* in the end of every mile.
Hereupon this *Monke* to me resorted,
Of trust (he said) which men of me reported,
His foresaid mind he did to me tell,
And prayd me to keep his great Councell.
I said before an Image of Saint *Jame*,
That I would never disclose his name;
Yet I may write without all vice,
Of his desires that were so nice.
When he had discovered his great Cunning,
He said that he saughted nothing,
But a good meane for his solace;
To labour to the *Kings* good grace,

To get lycence of his estate, *Chap. 2.*
And of his *Lords* mediate,
To purchase lond for the *Abbies* aforesaid,
For which all coste should be well paied;
But yet he had great doubt and feare,
How to purchase, of whom, and where.
When I had heard of this greate werke,
I searched (to wit) what manner of *Clerke*
He was, and what he knew of Schoole,
And therein he was but a Foole.
Yet I suffered, and held me still,
More to lerne of his lewd Will.
Then said I, it were a lewd thinge,
Such matter to shew unto the *Kinge*;
But if the proofe were reasonable,
He would thinke it a foolish Fable.
The *Monke* saide how that he had in fire,
A thing which shulde fulfill his desire,
Whereof the trewth within forty dayes,
I shulde well know by trew assaies.
Then I said, I would no more that tyde,
But forty dayes I said I would abide.
When forty dayes were gone and past,
The *Monkes* Crafte was cleane overcast.
Then all his *Abbies* and all his thought,
Was turned to a thing of nought;
And as he came, he went full lewde,
Departing in a minde full shrewd:
For soone after within a little while,
Many trewe men he did beguile;
And afterwards went into *Fraunce*.
Loe! this was a pittifull chance,
That fifteene *Abbies* of Religion,
Shulde in this wise fall to confusion.

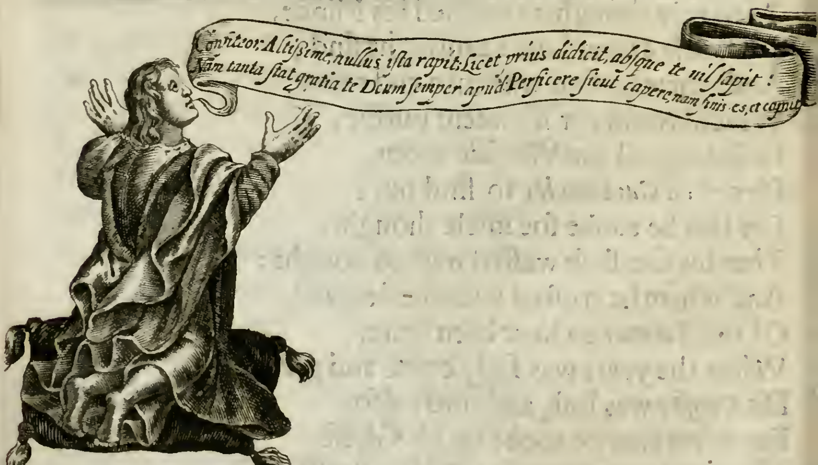
Chap. 2. Great wonder was what thing he meant,
And why he ſet all his intent
Abbies to build; then was it wonder,
Why nould he live Obedient under,
But be Apoſtata, and range about,
This bleſſed *Science* to finde out:
But as I wrote above in this Boke,
Let no Deceiver after this *Science* looke.

AN other Enſample is good to tell,
Of one that truſted to doe as well
As *Raymond Lully*, or *Bacon* the Frier,
Wherefore he named himſelfe *ſaunce peere*;
He was *Parſon* of a little Town,
Not farr from the Citty of *London*,
Which was taken for halfe a Leach,
But little cunning had he to Preach;
He weened him ſure this *Arte* to finde;
His Name he would have ever in minde
By meanes of a *Bridge*, imagined in dotage,
To be made over *Thames* for light paſſage:
Whereof ſhulde grow a Common eaſe,
All the Countrey thereabout to pleaſe.
Yet though he might that warke fulfill,
It might in no wiſe ſuffice his will;
Wherefore he would ſet up in hight,
That *Bridge* for a wonderfull ſight,
With Pinacles guilt ſhining as goulde,
A glorious thing for men to beholde.
Then he remembred of the newe,
How greater fame ſhulde him purſue,
If he mought make that *Bridge* ſo bright,
That it mought ſhine alſo by Nighte.
And ſo continue and not breake,
Than all the Londe of him would ſpeake.

But in his minde ran many a doubt,
How he might bring that warke about;
He trowed that Lampes with lights of fire,
Shulde well performe his nice desire;
Wherefore Lampes for that intent,
He would ordaine sufficient:
But then he fell in full great dreade,
How after the time that he were deade;
That light to find Men would refuse,
And chaunge the Rent to some other use.
Then thoughte he well is him that wiste,
In whom he mought set all his trust;
At the laste he thought to make the light,
For that Bridge to shine by nighte,
With *Carbuncle Stones*, to Make men wonder,
With duble reflexion above and under:
Then new thoughts troubled his Minde,
Carbuncle Stones how he mought find;
And where to find wise men and trewe,
Which would for his intent pursue,
In seeking all the Worlde about,
Plenty of *Carbuncles* to find out;
For this he tooke soe micle thought,
That his fatt flesh wasted nigh to nought:
And where he trusted without despaire,
Of this *Science* to have been heire,
When the yeare was fully come and goe,
His *Crafte* was lost, and thrift also;
For when that he tooke up his Glasse,
There was no matter for *Gold* ne *Brasse*:
Then he was angry and well neere wood,
For he had wasted away his good:
In this wise ended all his disporte,
What should I more of him report.

Chap. 2.

But that *Lay-men* and *Clerks* in Schooles,
Maie know the dotage of theis two fooles,
Remember this example where ye goe,
For in ſuch Mindes be trewlie many moe:
Theie lewdly beleeve every Concluſion,
Be it never ſo falſe an eluſion:
If it in boke written they may finde,
Thei weene it trewe, thei be ſo lewde of minde:
Such lewde and haſty confidence,
Cauſeth poverty and lewde expence.
Of truſt of this *Arte* riſeth Joyes nice,
For *lewde hope is fooles Paradice.*
The trewe tought Children made this confeſſion,
Lord without thee all is digreſſion;
For as thou arte of our *Science* begininge,
Soe without thee may be noe good endinge.



AS of the *Joyes* of this *Arte* ye have ſeene,
Soe ſhall ye now heare ſome deale of the *Paine*:
Albeit contrary to the appetite
Of them that hath to this *Science* delight.

The

Chap. 2.

The firſt *Paine* is to remember in minde,
How many ſeeken, and how few doe finde,
And yet noe Man may this *Science* wynn,
But it be tought him before that he beginn;
He is well lerned, and of full cleere witt,
Which by teaching can ſurely learne it:
Of many diverſities he muſt be ſure,
Which ſecreats woulde know of working Nature:
Yet teaching maie not ſurely availe,
But that ſometime ſhall happ a man to faile;
As all that be now dead and gone
Failed before theie found our *Stone*:
One tyme or other, firſt tyme or laſte,
All Men failed till trew Practiſe were paſte;
No Man ſooner faileth in heate and colde,
Then doth the *Maſter* which haſty is and boulde:
For noe Man ſooner maie our Worke ſpill,
Then he that is preſuminge his purpoſe to fulfill:
But he that ſhall trewlie doe the deede
He muſt uſe providence and ever worke with dreade;
For of all paines the moſt grevious paine,
Is for one faile to beginn all againe.
Every man ſhall greate *Paine* have
When he ſhall firſt this *Arte* covet and crave,
He ſhall oft tymes Chaunge his deſire,
With new tydings which he ſhall heare;
His Councell ſhall oftentimes him beguile,
For that ſeaſon he dreadeth noe ſubtile wile:
And oftentymes his minde to and fro,
With new Oppinions he ſhall chaunge in woe:
And ſoe long tyme continue in Phantaſie,
A greate adventure for him to come thereby:
Soe of this *Arte* be ye never ſo faine,
Yet he muſt taſte of manie a bitter paine.

Chap. 2.

OF *Paines* yet I muſt ſhewe more,
Againſt your appetite though it be full ſore:
It is greate *Paine*, as all wiſe-men geſſe,
To witt where a trewe *Maſter* is;
And if ye finde him, it will be *Paine*,
Of his trewe love to be certeyne.
Foraſmuch as noe Man maie teach but one,
Of the making of our delicious ſtone;
And albeit yee finde him that will ye teach,
Yet much trouble and paines may ye reach;
For if your minde be verteouſly ſet,
Then the *Devil* will labour you to lett;
In three wiſes to let he woll awaite,
With *Haſte*, with *Deſpaire*, and with *Deceipte*:
For dreade of Vertue which ye maie doe,
When ye ſhulde attaine this grace unto.
The firſt perill aforeſaide is of Haſte,
Which cauſeth moſt deſtruction and waſte;
All Auctors writing of this *Arte*,
Saye haſte is of the *Devils* parte:
The little Boke writ of the Philoſophers feaſt,
Saith, *omnis feſtinatio ex parte diaboli eſt*:
Wherefore that Man ſhall ſooneſt ſpeede,
Which with greate Leaſure wiſely woll proceede;
Upon aſſay ye ſhall trewly knowe
That who moſt haſteth he trewly ſhalbe ſlowe;
For he with haſte ſhall bringe his warke arreare,
Sometymes a Moneth, and ſometymes a whole Yeare
And in this *Arte* it ſhall ever be ſoe,
That a haſty Man ſhall never faile of woe:
Alſoe of haſte ye may trewly be ſure
That ſhe leaveth nothing cleane and pure;
The *Devil* hath none ſo ſubtill wile
As with haſtineſſe you to beguile;

Therefore

Therefore oft tymes he will aſſault,
Your minde with haſte to make default;
He ſhall finde grace in Towne and Land,
Which can haſtines all tymes withſtand:
I ſay all tymes, for in one pointe of tyme,
Haſte may deſtroy all your engine;
Therefore all haſte eſchewe and feare,
As if that ſhe a *Devil* were.
My witt trewly cannot ſuffice,
Haſte ſufficiently for to deſpiſe;
Many Men have byne caſt in greate care,
Becauſe thei would not of haſte beware:
But ever call upon to ſee an end,
Which is temptation of the Fende:
Noe more of haſte at this preſent,
But bleſſed be ever the Patient.

WHen with *Haſte* the Feind hath noe availe,
Then with *Deſpaire* your mind he will aſſaile;
And oft preſent this Sentence to your minde,
How many ſeeken, and how few maie finde,
Of wiſer Men then ever were yee:
What ſuretie than to you maie be?
He woll move ye to doubt alſo
Whether your Teacher had it or noe;
And alſo how it mought ſo fall,
That part he tought you but not all;
Such uncertainety he woll caſt out,
To ſet your minde with greevous doubt;
And ſoe your *Paines* he woll repaire
With wann hope and with much Deſpaire;
Againſt this aſſault is no defence,
But only the vertue of Confidence:
To whome reaſon ſhulde you leade,
That you ſhall have noe cauſe to dreade;

Chap. 2.

If you wiſely call to your minde
The vertuous manners, ſuch as you finde
In your *Maſter* and your *Teacher*,
Soe ſhall you have noe neede to feare;
If you conſider all Circumſtances about,
Whether he rought you for Love or for Doubt;
Or whether Motion of him began,
For it is hard to truſt ſuch a Man:
For he that profereth hath more neede
Of you, then you of him to ſpeede.
This wiſe certainely ye maie well win,
Before that you your warkes do begin;
When ſuch certainety ye truly have,
Fro Diſpaire ye maie be ſure and ſave.
But who can finde ſuch a *Maſter* out,
As was my *Maſter*, him needeth not to doubt:
Which right nobil was and fully worthy laude,
He loved Juſtice, and he abhorred fraude;
He was full ſecrete when other men were lowde,
Loath to be knowne that hereof ought he Could;
When men diſputed of Colours of the Roſe,
He would not ſpeake but keepe himſelfe full cloſe;
To whome I laboured long and many a day,
But he was ſolleyn to prove with ſtraight aſſaye,
To ſearch and know of my Diſpoſition,
With manifold proofes to know my Condition:
And when he found unfeigned fidelity,
In my greate hope which yet nothing did ſee,
At laſt I conquered by grace divine
His love, which did to me incline.
Wherefore he thought ſoone after on a tyde,
That longer delayes I ne ſhulde abide;
My manifold letters, my heavie heart and cheere,
Moved his Compaſſion, thei perced him full neere;

Wherefore

Wherefore his Penn he would noe more refraine,
But as heere followeth soe wrote he againe.

MY very trusty, my deere beloved *Brother*,
I must you answer, it may be none other;
The tyme is come you shall receive this Grace,
To your greate comfort and to your solace:
Your honest desire with your greate Confidence,
Your Vertue proved with your Sapience;
Your Love, your Trewth, your long Perseverance,
Your stedfast Minde shall your Desire advance:
Wherefore it is neede that within short space,
Wee speake together, and see face to face:
If I shulde write, I shulde my fealty breake,
Therefore Mouth to Mouth I must needes speake;
And when you come, mine *Heier* unto this *Arte*
I will you make, and fro this londe departe.
Ye shall be both my *Brother* and myne *Heier*,
Of this greate secrete whereof *Clerkes* despaire:
Therefore thanke *God* which giveth this renowne,
For it is better then to were a Crowne:
Next after his Saints, our *Lord* doth him call
Which hath this *Arte* to honour him withall:
Noe more to you at this present tyde,
But hastily to see me, dispose you to ride.

THis *Letter* receiving, I hasted full sore,
To ride to my *Master* an hundred miles and more;
And there Forty dayes continually,
I learned all the secreats of *Alkimy*:
Albeit *Philosophy* by me was understonde,
As much as of many other in this Londe;
Nethles fooles which for their *Science* sought,
Ween that in forty dayes it wilbe wrought.
Betweene Forty dayes warke now ye may see,
And Forty dayes lerninge is greate diversitie;

Chap. 2. Then darke doubts to me appeared pure,
There fownd I disclosed the *Bonds of Nature:*
The cause of Wonders were to me soe faire,
And so reasonable, that I could not dispaier.
If your *Master* and ye resemble all aboute
My good *Master* and me, than have ye no doubte.

THe third impediment deceipt we call,
Amongst other to me the worst all;
And that is of *Servaunts* that should awaite
Upon your warke, for some can much deceipte;
Some be negligent, some sleeping by the fire,
Some be ill-willd, such shall let your desire;
Some be foolish, and some be over bold,
Some keepe no Counsell of Doctrine to them tould;
Some be filthie of hands and of sleeves,
Some meddle straunge Matter, that greately greeves;
Some be drunken, and some use much to jape,
Beware of thes if you will hurt escape,
The Trew be foolish, the Witty be false,
That one hurts me Sore, that other als:
For when I had my warke well wrought,
Such stale it away and left me nought.
Then I remembring the cost, the tyme, and the paine,
Which I shulde have to begin againe,
With heavie hearte farewell adieu said I;
I will noe more of *Alkimy*.
But howe that chaunce befell that Season;
Few men would it beleeve by reason:
Yet Tenn persons be witnes trew all
How that mishapp did me befalle,
Which might not be only by Man,
Without the Devil as they tell can.
I made also the *Elixer* of life,
Which me bereft a Merchaunt's wife:

The

The *Quinteſsens* I made alſo,
With other ſecrets manie moe,
Which ſinfull people tooke me fro,
To my greate paine and much more woe:
Soe in this worke there is no more to ſaine,
But that every *Ioy* is medled with his *paine*.

OF *Paine* there is a litle yet behinde,
Which is convenient to be had in minde;
That fell upon a bleſſed Man;
Whereof the trewth report I cann.
Thomas Daulton this good man height,
He ſerved *God* both day and night,
Of the Red Medicine he had greate Store,
I trowe never Engliſh man had more.
A *Squier* for the body of *King Ehward*,
Whoſe name was *Thomas Harbert*,
Tooke this *Danlton* againſt his deſier,
Out of an *Abbie* in *Glouceſter-ſhier*,
And brought him in preſence of the *King*,
Whereof *Deluis* had ſome tiding,
For *Daulton* was whilome *Deluis*'s Clerke;
Deluis diſcloſed of *Daultons* werke.
Deluis was *Squier* in confidence
With *King Edward* oft in his preſence.
Deluis reported that in a little ſtounde,
How *Danlton* had made to him a thouſand pound
Of as good Goulde as the Royall was,
Within halfe a daye and ſome dele laſſe;
For which *Deluis* ſware on a Booke.
Then *Danlton* on *Deluis* caſt his looke,
And ſaid to *Deluis*, Sir you be forſwore,
Wherefore your hert hath cauſe to be ſore.
Of nothing ſaid he, that I now have told,
Witnes our *Lord* whom *Judas* ſould.

But

Chap. 2. But once said *Deluis* I sware to thee,
That thou shouldst not be uttered by me;
Which I may breake well I understand,
For the *Kings* weale and for all his Lande.
Then said *Daulton* full soberlie,
This answer voydeth no perjury.
How should the *King* in you have Confidence,
Your untrewth confessed in his presence.
But Sir said *Daulton* to the *Kings* Grace,
I have bin troubled oft in many a place
For this Medicine greviously and sore,
And now I thought it should hurt me no more:
Wherefore in the *Abbie* where I was take,
I cast it in a foule and Common lake
Going to the River which doth ebb and flowe,
There is destroyed as much riches nowe,
As would have served to the Holy land,
For twenty thousand men upon a band.
I kept it longe for our *Lords* blessed sake,
To helpe a *Kinge* which that journey would make.
Alas *Daulton* then saide the *Kinge*,
It was fowly don to spill such a thinge.
He would have *Daulton* to make it againe,
Daulton said it might not be certeine:
Why (said the *Kinge*) how came ye thereby?
He said by a *Channon* of *Lichfielde* trewly,
Whose workes *Daulton* kept dilligently,
Many yeares till that *Channon* must dye.
And for his service he said in that space,
The Cannon gave him all that thereof was;
The *Kinge* gave to *Daulton* Marks foure,
With liberty to goe where he would that houre.
Then was the *Kinge* in his herte sore,
That he had not knowne *Daulton* before.

And ever it happneth without leasinge,
That Tyrants be full nigh to a Kinge.
For *Herberte* lay for *Daulton* in waight,
And brought him to *Stepney* with deceipte.
The servaunts of *Herbert* the mony tooke away
Which the King gave to *Daulton* that day.
And after *Herbert* carried *Daulton* farr,
From thence to the Casle of *Gloucester*,
There was *Daulton* prisner full longe,
Herbert to *Daulton* did mickle wronge:
Fro thence he had him to prison fast
To *Troy*, till foure yeares were nigh past,
And after he brought him out to dye;
Daulton to death obeyed lowly,
And said *Lord Jesue* blessed thou be,
Me thinks I have byne too longe from thee.
A *Science* thou gavest me with full greate charge,
Which I have kept without outrage.
I founde noe man yet apt thereto,
To be myne Heyer when I am goe:
Wherefore (sweete *Lord*) now I am faine
To resigne this thy guift to thee againe.
Then *Daulton* made devout prayers, and still
Withsmiling cheere he said now doe your wil.
When *Herbert* sawe him so glad to dye,
Then ran water from *Herberts* Eye:
For Prison ne Death could him not availe
To winn this *Arte*, his Crafte did him faile.
Now let him goe said *Herbert* than,
For he shall never hurt ne profett man.
But when *Daulton* from the block should rise,
He looked forth in full heavie wise,
And so departed with full heavie cheere,
It was not his will to live one yeare.

 This

Chap. 2.

This was his *Paine* as I you tell,
By men that had no dread of Hell.
Herbert dyed ſoone after in his bed,
And *Deluis* at *Teuxbury* loſt his head;
This wiſe greate *Paine*,as you may ſee,
Followeth this *Arte* in every degree.
Heere loſt the *King* all his intent,
For *Herbert* was proude and violent,
Soe nobil a man to oppreſſe with pride,
And like a Fellone him leade and guide;
Where that by goodneſſe patience and grace,
There might have growen full great ſolace,
As well to the *King*, ye may underſtonde,
As for th'eaſe of Commons of this londe;
But wonder not that grace doe not fall,
For ſinn reygneth in this londe over all.
Loe here was grace full ready at honde,
To have ceaſed Taxes and Tallages of this londe;
Whereby much Love and Grace would have be,
Betweene Knight-hood Prieſt-hoode and Comminaltie.
Here ye maie ſee how vicious violence
Maie not purchaſe the vertue of ſapience:
For vice and vertue be things contrary,
Therefore the vicious maie not come thereby;
If Vicious men mought lerne this *Science*,
They would therewith doe wondrous violence:
And with Ambitiouſneſſe grow evermore
Worſe of Conditions then they were before.
Now is this *Chapter* of *Joy* and *Paine* gone,
The *Chapter* following ſheweth *Matters of our Stone*.

CHAP. III.

TON *sile* was a labourer in the fire
Threescore years and more to win his desire:
Brian was another, with *Holton* in the Weste;
Thes were ever busie, & could practice with
But yet this *Science* thei never founde, (the best:
For thei knew not the Matters, ne the Grounde,
But rumbled foorth, and evermore they sought,
They spent their lyfe and their goods to nought;
Much losse, much cost, much anguish they bought,
Amonge their Receipts which they had wrought:
Then made *Tonsile* to me his greate complainte,
With weeping Teares he said his heart was fainte,
For he had spended all his lusty dayes
In fals Receipts, and in such lewde assayes;
Of Herbes, Gommes, of Rootes and of Grasse,
Many kindes by him assayed was,
As Crowefoote, Celondine and Mizerion,
Vervaine, Lunara, and Martagon:
In Antimony, Arsenick, Honey, Wax and Wine,
In Haire, in Eggs, in Merds, and Urine,
In Calx vive, Sandifer, and Vitriall,
In Markasits, Tutits, and every Minerall,
In Malgams, in Blanchers, and Citrinacions,
All fell to nought in his opperacions:
For he considered not how he did rage,
When to *Gods* proportions he layde surcharge:
After all this, he thought nothing so good,
To worke upon as shulde be mans Blode;
Till that I said how blode would waste and fume
In mighty fire, and utterly consume.

Chap.3. For *Christ* his love then ſaide he teach me,
Whereof the ſubſtance of our *Stone* ſhould be:
Tonſile (ſaid I) what ſhulde it you avayle
Such thing to know? your lims doth you faile
For very Age, therefore ceaſe your lay,
And love your Beades, it is high time to Praye;
For if you knew the Materialls of our *Stone*,
Ere you could make it your dayes would be gone.
Thereof no charge good *Maſter* ſaid he,
It were ſufficient Comfort now to me
To know the trewe Materialls without wronge
Of that *Stone* which I have ſought ſoe longe:
Tonſile (ſaid I) It is noe litle thinge,
Whereof you would have trewe tydinge;
For many Auctors write of this doubte,
But none of them ſheweth it Cleerly oute:
For Auctors which of this *Arte* doe write,
Beſought *God* (as witneſſeth *Democrite*,)
That he unpained would fro this Worlde take
Their Soules whom he tought Bokes thereof to make;
For greatly doubted evermore all ſuche,
That of this *Scyence* they may write too muche:
Every each of them tought but one pointe or twayne,
Whereby his fellowes were made certayne;
How that he was to them a *Brother*,
For every of them underſtoode each other;
Alſoe they wrote not every man to Teache,
But to ſhew themſelves by a ſecret Speache:
Truſt not therefore to reading of one Boke,
But in many Auctors works ye may looke;
Liber librum apperit ſaith *Arnold* the greate *Clerke*,
Anaxagoras ſaid the ſame for his werke:
Who that ſlothfull is in many bokes to ſee,
Such one in Practice prompt ſhall never be;

But

But *Tonsile* for almes I will make no store
Plainly to disclose it that never was done before,
By way of answer for your recreation,
If ye cann wisely make *Interrogation.*
Good *Master* (saide he) then teach me trewly,
Whether the matters be *Sol* or *Mercury?*
Or whether of *Sol* or *Lune* it maie be,
Or whether I shall take them all three,
Or *Sol* by it selfe, or *Mercury* alone,
Or *Sulpher* with them, for matters of our Stone?
Or whether I shall *sal Almoniack* take,
Or *Minerall meanes*, our *Stone* thereof to make?
Here be many questions *Tonsile*, said I,
Wisely remembred and full craftily;
You name it not yet but onely in generall,
For you must take some deale of theis things all;
Of these and of other you must take a parte,
One time or other to minister this *Arte*:
Many things helpeth to apt our *Stone*,
But *two be Materialls*, yet our *Stone* is one;
Betweene which two is such diversity,
As betweene the *Mother* and the *Childe* may be:
An other diversity betweene them find ye shall,
Such as is found betweene *Male* and *Female*:
Theis two kindes shall doe all your service,
As for the *White worke* (if you can be wise;)
One of thes kindes a Stone ye shall finde,
For it abideth fire as stones doe by kinde:
But it is no Stone in touching ne in sight,
But a subtill Earth, browne, roddy, and not bright:
And when it is separate and brought to his appearage,
Then we name it our grounde *Litharge.*
First it is browne, roddy, and after some deale white,
And then it is called our chosen *Markasite*:

Chap. 3. One ounce thereof is better then fifty pounde;
It is not to be sould in all Christian grounde;
But he that would have it he shalbe faine
To doe it make, or take himselfe the paine:
But one greate grace in that labour is saine,
Make it once well and never more againe.
Olde fathers called it thinge of vile price,
For it is nought worth by way of Marchandise:
Noe man that findeth it woll beare it awaie,
Noe more then thei would an Ounce of Claye;
Men will not beleeve that it is of high price,
No man knoweth it therefore but he be wise.
Here have I disclosed a greate secret wonder,
Which never was writ by *them* which been erth under.

ANother *Stone Tonsile* you must have withall,
Or else you fawte your cheefe Materiall;
Which is a Stone gloriouse faier and bright,
In handling a Stone, and a Stone in sight,
A Stone glittering with perspecuitie,
Being of wonderfull Diaphanitie;
The price of an Ounce Conveniently,
Is twenty shillings or well neere thereby:
Her name is *Magnetia*, few people her knowe,
She is fownde in high places as well as in lowe;
Plato knew her property and called her by her name,
And *Chaucer* reherseth how *Titanos* is the same,
In the *Channons Yeomans Taile*, saying what is thus,
But *quid ignotum per magis ignotius*:
That is to say, what may this be,
But unknowne by more unknowne named is she;
Nethles *Tonsile* now I will trewlie teach
What is *Magnetia* to say in our speache:
Magos is Greeke, *Mirabile* in Latine it ys,
Æs is *Money*, *ycos Science*, *A* is God ywisse.

That is to say it is such a thinge, *Chap.* 3.
Wherein of Money is wonderous divine Cunninge;
Now here you may know what is *Magnetia,*
Res æris in qua latet scientia divinaque mira.
Thes two *Stones Tonsile* ye must take
For your materialls, *Elixir* if ye make.
Albeit the first tyme materialls be no more,
Yet many things helpeth as I saide before.
This secrete was never before this daye
So trewly discovered, take it for your praye;
I pray *God* that this turne not me to Charge,
For I dread sore my penn goeth too large:
For though much people perceive not this Sentence,
Yet subtill *Clerks* have too much Evidence;
For many *Clerks* be so cleere of witt,
If thei had this ground, thei were sure of it;
Wher our Lord hath ordained that no man it finde,
But only he that is of verteous minde:
Wherefore olde Fathers Covered for great reason,
The Matters of our *Stone* disclosed at this season.
Other Materials ye shall none take,
But only theis two oure *white stone* to make;
Except *Sal Armoniack* with *Sulphur* of kinde,
Such as out of *Mettals* ye can finde;
Theis two woll abide to fulfill your desire,
The remnant will void when thei come to fire;
Sulpher woll brenn and chaunge Collours fast,
But our *Litharge* abideth first and last:
Ye may not with mettals or Quicksilver beginn,
To make *Elixir* if you intend to winn:
Yet if you destroy the whole Composition,
Some of their Compounds will help in Conclusion;
And that is nothing Els of that one or that other,
But only *Magnetia* and *Litharge* her Brother.


Geberus
Hermes
Ro: Vaughan sculp:

CHAP. IV.

OF the groſſe Warke now I wil not ſpare,
Though it be ſecrete, largely to declare:
To teach you the trewth is myne intente,
As far forth as I dare for *Gods* Com-
(maundement.
I will informe and guide you in the way,
In ſuch wiſe as you may finde your praye:
If you conſider how the partes of Werkes,
Be out of Order ſet by the old *Clerks*.
As I ſaide before, the *Maſters* of this *Arte*,
Every each of them diſcloſed but a parte:
Wherefore though ye perceived them as ye woulde,
Yet ye cannot order and joyne them as ye ſhulde.
Arnold ſheweth in his writinge,
How our finall ſecret is to know the thinge
Whereupon our worke ſhulde take her grounde,
And how pure Natures & ſimple may be found:
In this Boke begining *multipharie*,
He ſaith in our grounded Matter two kindes be;
But how to find them he kept that in ſtore,
Ye have their Names the laſt *Chapter* before.
Freer Bacon diſcloſed more of that pointe,
When he ſaid, Departe ye every joynte
In Elementa propinqua: take good heede thereto;
But unwiſe Doctours never worken ſoe,
But headly they proceed as men well nigh madd,
To the Matters diviſible moe Matters they adde:
Soe when thei weene to bringe forth a Flower,
They doe nothinge but multiply Errour.
There ceſed *Bacon*, and ſo doe other ſuch,
For very dread leaſt they ſhulde ſhew too much

Chap.4. *Avicen in Porta* wrote, if ye remember,
How ye ſhulde proceede perfection to ingender,
Trewly teaching as the pure trewth was,
Comedas ut bibas, et bibas ut Comedas,
Eate as it drinketh, and drinke as it doth eate,
And in the meane ſeaſon take *it* a perfect ſweate.
Raſis ſet the Dietary and ſpake ſome deale farr,
Non tamen comedat res feſtinanter,
Let not your Matters eate over haſtilie,
But wiſely conſume their foode leaſurelie.
Hereof the *Prophet* made wondrous mention,
Yf ye applie it to this intention.
Viſitaſti terram, & inebriaſti eam,
Multiplicaſti locupletare eam
Terram fructiferam in ſalſuginem,
Et terram ſine aqua in exitus aquarum.
If it I have plenty of Meate and of Drinke,
Men muſt wake when they deſier to winke:
For it is laboure of watch and paines greate.
Alſo the Foode is full coſtly meate;
Therefore all Poore men beware ſaid *Arnold,*
For this *Arte* longeth to greate men of the worlde.
Truſt to his words ye Poore men all,
For I am witnes that ſoe ye finde ſhall.
Eſto longanimis & ſuavis ſaid he,
For haſty men th' end ſhall never ſee.
The lengthe of clenſing of Matters infected,
Deceyveth much People, for that is unſuſpected.
Wherefore Poore men put ye not in preaſe,
Such wonders to ſeech, but in ſeaſon ceaſe.
Exceſſe for one halfe quarter of an howre,
May deſtroy all: therefore cheefe ſuccoure
Is *Primum pro quo, & ultimum pro quo non,*
To know of the ſimperinge of our *Stone.*

Till it may noe more ſimper doe not ceaſe,
And yet longe Continuance may not cauſe increaſe.
Remember that Water will buble and boyle,
But Butter muſt ſimper and alſo Oyle.
And ſoe with long leaſure it will waſte,
And not with bubling made in haſte:
For doubt of perrills many moe then one,
And for ſupergreſſion of our ſtone.
Amongſt groſſe Workes the fowleſt of all
Is to clarifie our meanes Minerall.
Extremities may not be well wrought,
Without many Meanes wiſely ſought.
And everie Meane muſt be made pure,
If this worke ſhulde be made ſure.
For foule and cleane by naturall lawe
Hath greate diſcord, and ſoe hath ripe and rawe.
Stedfaſt to ſtedfaſt will it ſelfe combinde,
And fleeting to fleeting will drawe by kinde:
And ever where as the Concordance is more,
Natures will drawe that were elſwhere before;
This groſſe Worke is fowle in her kinde,
And full of perrills as ye ſhall it finde.
No mans witt can him ſoe much availe,
But that ſometyme he ſhall make a fayle.
As well as the *Lay-man* ſoe ſhall the *Clerke*,
And all that labour the groſſe werke:
Whereof *Anaxagoras* ſaid trewlie thus,
Nemo primo fronte reperitur diſcretus.
And once I heard a wiſe man ſay,
How in *Catilonia* at this day,
Magnetia with Minerall meanes all,
Be made to ſale if ye for them call,
Whereby the honds of a cleanly *Clerke*,
Shall not be ſiled about ſo foule a werke.

And

Chap. 4. And longe tyme sooner your Worke I understonde,
Shulde be farr onward before honde.
For if you shulde make all things as I cann,
Ye might be weary before your worke begann.
The Philosophers warke doe not begin,
Till all things be pure without and within.
We that must seeke Tincture most specious,
Must needely avoyd all things vild and vicious.
Of manifold meanes each hath his propertie,
To doe his Office after his degree:
With them hid things be out sett,
Some that will helpe and some that would lett.
Our *Appoticaries* to dresse them can no skill,
And we to teach them have no manner of will:
Whereof the cause trewly is none other,
But that they will counterfaict to beguile their Brother,
Rather then they will take the paine
Thereto belonging, ere they should it attaine:
It is there use whereof my hert is sore,
Much to desire and litle to doe therefore.
Who would have trewe warke he may no laboure spare,
Neither yet his Purse, though he make it bare:
And in the Grosse Warke he is furthest behinde,
That daily desireth the end thereof to finde.
If the grosse warke with all his Circumstance,
Were don in three yeares, it were a blessed chance:
For he that shall end it once for certeyne,
Shall never have neede to begin againe,
If he his Medicine wisely can Augment;
For that is the Mastrie of all our intent.
It needeth not to name the meanes Minerall,
For *Albert* writeth openly of them all.
Much I might write of nature of Mynes,
Which in this Grosse Warke be but engines;

For

For in this Warke finde ye nothing ſhall,
But handie-crafte called Arte Mechanicall:
Wherein an hundreth wayes and moe,
Ye maie committ a faulte as ye therein goe.
Wherefore beleeve what old Auctors tell,
Without Experience ye maie not doe well.
Conſider all Circumſtances, and ſet your delight
To keepe Uniformity of all things requiſite.
Uſe one manner of Veſſell in Matter and in Shape,
Beware of Commixtion that nothing miſcape.
And hundreth faultes in ſpeciall,
Ye maie make under this warning generall.
Nethles this Doctrine woll ſuffice,
To him that can in Practiſe be wiſe.
If your Miniſters be witty and trew,
Such ſhall not neede your warkes to renew.
Therefore if ye woll avoyde all dreade,
In the Groſſe Warke doe by my read:
Take never thereto no Houſhold-man,
Thei be ſoone weary as I tell cann;
Therefore take noe man thereto,
But he be Waged, however you doe;
Not by the Moneth, as nigh as ye maie,
Ne by the Weeke, but by the Daye:
And that your Wages be to their minde,
Better then thei elſewhere can finde;
And that thei neede not for Wages ſue,
But that their Payment be quick and trewe;
For that ſhall cauſe them to love and dreade,
And to their Warks to take good heede,
For doubt leaſt thei be put awaye,
For Negligence of them in one daye:
Houſhold-men woll not doe ſoe,
From this Warke therefore let them goe.

Chap. 4. If I had knowne this, and had done ſoe,
I had avoyded mickle woe.
Alſoe in this Warke muſt be Liberty,
Without impediment, in everie degree,
With divers Comforts peynes to releaſe
Of labours continuall which maie not Ceaſe;
Els anguiſh of Labour and Melancholly,
Mought be Cauſe your Warkes to deſtroy.
Of the groſſe Warke it needes to ſhew noe more,
For old men have tought the remnant before;
And what is neceſſary that thei laſt out,
This Boke ſheweth it without doubt.
Wherefore this litle Boke the *Ordinall*,
Is in *Alkimy* the Complement of all;
The *Chapter* following convenient for a *Clerke*,
Sheweth the *Councells* of the ſubtill Werke.

CHAP.



Ro. Vaughan sculp.

CHAP. V.

BRISE by Surname when the chaunge of
(Coyne was had,
Made ſome Men ſorry,and ſome Men glad:
And as to much people that chaunge,
Seemed a newe thinge and a ſtraunge;
Soe that ſeaſon befell a wonderous thinge,
Tuching this *Science* without leaſinge.
That three *Maſters* of this *Science* all
Lay in one Bed nigh to *Leaden-Hall*,
Which had *Elixirs* parfite White and Red,
A wonder ſuch Three to reſt in one Bed,
And that within the ſpace of dayes Tenn,
While hard it is to finde One in Millions of Men.
Of the *Dukedome* of *Loraine* one I underſtand
Was borne,that other nigh the *Midle* of *England*;
Under a Croſſe, in the end of *Shires* three,
The third was borne; the youngeſt of them is he.
Which by his *Nativity* is by *Clerks* found,
That he ſhulde honour all Engliſh ground;
A Man mought walke all the World aboute,
And faile ſuch Three *Maſters* to finde oute;
Twayne be fleeting, the Youngeſt ſhall abide,
And doe much good in this *Londe* at a Tyde.
But ſinne of *Princes* ſhall let or delaye
The Grace that he ſhulde doe on a daye.
The eldeſt *Maſter* chaunted of him a Songe,
And ſaid that he ſhulde ſuffer much wronge.
Of them which were to him greately behould,
And manie things moe this *Maſter* tould,
Which ſith that tyme hath trewly befall,
And ſome of them hereafter ſhall,

Whereof

Whereof one is trewlie (ſaid he)
After Troubles great Joy ſhalbe
In every quarter of this *Londe*,
Which all good Men ſhall underſtonde:
The Younger asked when that ſhulde be,
The old Man ſaid when Men ſhall ſee
The *holy Croſſe* honored both day and night,
In the Lond of *God* in the Lond of Light;
Which maie be done in right good ſeaſon,
But long delayed it is without reaſon:
When that beginneth note well this thinge,
This *Science* ſhall drawe towards the *Kinge*;
And many moe Graces ye maie be boulde,
Moe then of us ſhall now be tould;
Grace on that *King* ſhall deſcend,
When he ould Manners ſhall amende:
He ſhall make full ſecreate ſearch,
For this *Scyence* with doulced ſpeech;
And amonge the Solitary,
He ſhall have tidings certainly.
So ſought *King Kalid* of manie Men,
Till he met with *Morien*,
Which helped *Kalid* at his neede,
His Vertues cauſed him to ſpeede.

NOwe of ſuch Matters let us ceaſe,
And of the ſuttill Warke reherſe;
Greate need hath he to be a *Clerke*,
That would perceive this ſuttill Werke.
He muſt know his firſt Philoſophie,
If he truſt to come by *Alkimye*:
And firſt ye ſhall well underſtonde,
All that take this Werke in honde;
When your materialls by preparation,

Chap. 5.

Be made well apt for Generation,
Then thei must be departed a twinn,
Into foure Elements if ye would to winn:
Which thing to doe if ye ne can,
Goe and lerne it of *Hortolan.*
Which made his Boke of that Doctrine,
How ye shulde part the Elements of Wine.
Moreover ye must for your succour,
Know th'effects of the quallities fower;
Called Heate, Colde, Moisture, and Drines,
Of which fower all things Compounded is;
And sith in this *Arte* your cheefe desire
Is to have Colour which shulde abide fier,
Ye must know before you can that see,
How everie Colour ingendred shall be,
For every Colour whiche maie be thought,
Shall heere appeare before that White be wrought.
Yet more ye would have to this summe,
Swiftly to melt as Wex or Gumme:
Els mought it not enter and perce
The Center of Mettalls as Auctors reherse;
Soe ye would have it both fix and flowe,
With Colour plenty if ye wist howe;
Such three Contraries joyntly to meete
In one accord is a greate Secret.
Nethles he that is cleere of Minde,
In this Chapter maie it well finde;
And first to give you a short Doctrine,
Of the aforesaid qualities prime:
Heate, and Cold, be qualities Active
Moisture, and Drines, be qualityes Passive;
For they suffren the Actives evermore,
As Stones to be Lyme, and Water to be Froare.
Hereupon to Judge, ye maie be bold,

No-

Nothing is full wrought but by Heate and Cold;
Nethles the Passives have some Activity,
As in Handicrafts men ye maie daily see;
In Bakinge, and Brewinge, and other Crafts all,
Moisture is opperative and soe Drines be shall.
Aristotle in his *Phisicks* and other manie moe,
Said *ab actionibus procedit speculatio*;
They said that Practise is roote and beginning,
Of Speculation and of all Cunning:
For the properties of every thinge,
Be perceaved by their working;
As by Colours of *Urins* we may be bold
To give sentence of Heate and Colde;
By thes aforesaid foure qualities prime,
We seeche Colours with length of tyme;
Of White Colour we be not full sure,
To seeche it but in a substance pure:
Greate Doctrine thereof lerne now ye maie,
When ye know how Colours growe all day.

COlour is the utmost thinge of a Body cleere,
Cleere substance well termined is his matter heere;
If Heate hath maistery in matter that is drye,
White Colour is ever thereof certainely;
As it appeareth in sight of brent Bones,
And in making of all Lyme Stones.
Where Cold worketh in matter moist & cleere,
Yet of such working Whitnes woll appeare:
As it sheweth in Ice and Frosts hore,
The cause is set out in Philosophie before:
I write not here of common Philosophie,
But by example to teach *Alkimy*;
That one maie be perceived by that other,
As is the Child perceived by the Mother.

Chap.5. If Heate in moyst matter and grosse withall;
Warke, thereof *Black* Colour ingender shall;
Example hereof if ye of me desire,
Behold when you see greene Wood set on a fire;
When Cold worketh in matter thick and drye,
Black Colour shall be, this is the cause whie;
Such matter is compacted and more thick,
With Cold constreyning, enimy to all quick,
Thicknes made Darknes with privation of Light,
Soe Collour is private, then Black it is to Sight,
Therefore evermore remember this,
How cleere matter is matter of Whitenes;
The cause efficient maie be manyfold,
For somewhile it is Heate, and sometime Cold:
But White and Black, as all men maie see,
Be Colours contrary in most extremitie:
Wherefore your warke with Black must beginn,
If the end shulde be with Whitenes to winn.
The midle Colour as *Philosophers* write,
Is *Red* Colour betweene Black and White:
Nethlesse trust me certainly,
Red is last in work of *Alkimy*.
Alsoe they say in their Doctrine,
How theis two Colours Rufe and Citrine,
Be meane Colours betweene White and Red,
And how that Greene, and Colour wan as Lead,
Betweene Red and Black be Colours meane,
And freshest Colour is of matter most Cleane.
Physitians in *Urines* have Colours Nynteene,
Betweene White and Black as thei weene;
Whereof Colour underwhite *Subalbidus* is one,
Like in Colour to *Onychyne* stone:
Of such like Colour *Magnetia* found is,
But *Magnetia* glittereth with Cleerenes:

In

In our ſuttill warke of *Alkimy* *Chap.5.*
Shall be all Colours that hath beene ſeen with Eye:
An hundreth Colours more in certeyne,
Then ever hath been ſeene in *Urine.*
Wherein ſo many Colours mought not be,
But if our *Stone* conteyned every degree,
Of all Compoſitions found in warke of kinde,
And of all Compoſitions imaginable by minde.
Of as manie Colours as ſhall therein be ſaine,
So manie graduations your wiſdome muſt attaine:
And if you knowe not ſuch graduations all,
Lerne them of *Raymond* in his *Atre Generall.*
Gilbert Kymer wrote after his deviſe,
Of 17. Proportions, but thei maie not ſuffice
In this *Science*, which he coude never finde;
And yet in *Phiſick* he had a nobil minde.
Wher the royalty of the nature of Man,
Advaunceth ofte Medicines of the Phiſitian:
And ſo honoreth oft times his Crafte,
When that the Medicines peradventure mought be lafte;
But it is not ſo in Phiſick of *Mines*,
For that Arte exceedeth all other engines:
And reſteth only in the wiſdome of Man,
As by experience wiſe men witnes can.

AND ſoe of *Alkimy* the trew foundation,
Is in *Compoſition* by wiſe graduation:
Of Heate and Cold, of Moiſt and of Drye,
Knowing other Qualities ingendered thereby;
As hard and ſoft, heavy and light,
Rough and ſmoothe, by ponders right,
With Number and Meaſure wiſely ſought,
In which three reſteth all that *God* wrought:
For *God* made all things, and ſet it ſure,

Chap. 5. In Number Ponder and in Measure,
Which numbers if you doe chaunge and breake,
Upon *Nature* you must doe wreake.
Wherefore *Anaxagoras* said Take good heede,
That to *Conjunction* ye not proceede,
Till ye know the Ponders full compleate
Of all Components which shulde therein meete;
Bacon said that old Men did nothing hide,
But only *Proportion* wherein was noe guide:
For none old Auctor, King, Prince, ne Lord,
Writing of this *Science* with others did accorde
In the Proportions; which if ye would reach,
Raymond, with *Bacon*, and *Albert*, done it teach,
With old *Anaxagoras*, of them fowre ye shall
Have perfect knowledge, but not of one have all:
And if you would joyne fowre Qualities to intent,
Then must ye Conjoyne every Element:
As Water and Erthe after your desire,
Well compounded with Ayer, and Fier:
Knowing the worthiest in his activitie,
The second, the third, every-each in his degree;
The fourth, and the vilest maie not be refused,
For it is profitable and best to be used;
And best maie extend his Multiplication,
In whome is the virtue of our Generation;
And that is the Erthly *Lytharge* of our *Stone*,
Without him Generation shall be none;
Neyther of our Tincture fixation,
For nothing is fixt but Erthe alone;
All other Elements moveable be,
Fier, Ayer, and Water, as ye daily see:
But Fier is cause of extendibility,
And causeth matters permiscible to be,
And cleere brightnes in Colours faire

Is caused of kinde evermore of Ayer,
And Ayer also with his Coaction,
Maketh things to be of light liquefaction:
As Wax is and Butter, and Gummes all,
A little heate maketh them to melt and fall:
Water clenseth with ablution blive,
And things mortifyed causeth to revive.
Of multiplying of Fier is no greater wonder,
Than is of multiplying of Erth set under:
For Erth beareth Herbes daily new and newe,
Without number, therefore it is trewe
That Erth is wonderfull as well as Fier,
Though one sparke maie soone fill a Sheere:
If all a Sheere were filled with Flaxe,
One sparke than would wonderfully waxe:
Fier and Erth be multipliers alone,
And thei be causers of multiplying our *Stone.*
Of this Erth showeth *Albert* our great Brother,
In his *Mineralls*, which *Lytharge* is better than other.
For the white *Elixir* he doth it there rehearse,
And the booke of *Meeter* showeth it in a verse.

NOw to *Conjunction* let us resorte,
And some wise Councell thereof reporte:
Conjoyne your Elements *Grammatically*,
With all their Concords conveniently:
Whiche Concords to healpe a Clerke,
Be cheefe Instruments of all this werke:
For nothinge maie be more contrary nowe,
Than to be fixt and unperfectly flowe:
All the *Grammarians* of *England* and of *Fraunce*,
Cannot teach you this Concordance:
This *Ordinall* telleth where ye maie it see,
In *Phisick* in the Boke *de Arbore.*

Chap.5. Joyne them also in *Rhetoricall* guise,
With Natures Ornate in purified wise.
Sithens our Tincture must be most pure and faire,
Be sure of pure Erth, Water, Fier and Ayre.
In *Logicall* wise be it early or late,
Joyne trewe kindes not sophisticate;
Ignorance hereof hath made many Clerks,
Lewdly to leese their labour and their werkes.
Joyne them together also *Arithmetically*,
By suttill Numbers proportionally.
Whereof a litle mention made there was,
When *Boetius* said *tu numeris elementa ligas*.
Joyne your Elements *Musically*,
For two causes, one is for Melody:
Which there accords will make to your mind,
The trewe effect when that ye shall finde.
And also for like as *Diapason*,
With *Diapente* and with *Diatesseron*,
With *ypate ypaton*, and *Lecanos muse*,
With other accords which in Musick be,
With their proporcions causen Harmony,
Much like proportions be in *Alkimy*,
As for the great Numbers Actuall:
But for the secreate Numbers Intellectuall;
Ye must seeche them as I said before,
Out of *Raymond* and out of *Bacons* lore.
Bacon sheweth it darkly in his three letters all,
And *Raymonde* better in his *Arte Generall*:
Many men weene which doth them reade,
That theie doe understonde them when theie doe not (indeede.
With *Astrologie* joyne Elements also,
To fortune their Workings as theie goe:
Such simple kindes unformed and unwrought,
Must craftily be guided till the end be sought.

All

All which ſeaſon theie have more obedience, *Chap.5.*
Above formed Natures to Sterrs influence.
And Science *Perſpective* giveth great evidence;
To all the Miniſters of this *Science.*
And ſo done other Sciences manie moe
And ſpecially the Science *de Pleno & Vacuo,*
But the chiefe Miſtris among Sciences all,
For helpe of this *Arte*, is *Magick Naturall.*

WHen the foure Elements wiſely joyned be;
And every-each of them ſet in his degree,
Then of divers degrees and of divers digeſtion,
Colours will ariſe towards perfection.
For then worketh inward heate naturall,
Which in our ſubſtance is but Intellectuall:
To ſight unknowne, hand maie it not feele,
His working is knowne to few Men and ſeild;
And when this heate naturall moved be ſhall
By our outward heate artificiall,
Then Nature excited to labour will not ceaſe
Many diverſities of degrees to increaſe.
Which is one cauſe by reaſon you maie ſee,
Whie in our warke ſo manie Colours be:
Therfore it cauſeth in this *Arte* great doubt,
Ignorance of heate within and without,
To know how theis two heates ſhulde accord,
And which of them in working ſhulde be Lord.

D*Igeſtion* in this warke hath great likeneſſe
To digeſtion in things of Quicknes:
And before other (as I witneſſe can)
It is moſt like to digeſtion of Man.
Therefore ſaid *Morien*, our *Stone* in generation
Is moſt like thing to Mans Creation,

Chap. 5. In whom saith *Raymond* the fowre degrees all
Of the fowre Complexions together finde ye shall,
And that actually, which ye cannot finde
Amongst Creatures in none other kinde.
Wherefore amonge Creatures theis two alone
Be called *Microcosmus*, *Man* and our *Stone*.
Now of Digestion the aliment and foode
Perfectly to know is needfull and full good.
It is humor sollid constant with siccitie,
Mightily medled after some degree,
In opposite passives mixed duly,
Ingendered by inward and outward heat trewly.
Soe nothing else is our Digestion,
But of humour substantiall a create perfection.
I pray ye *Laymen* have me excused,
Though such Tearmes with you be not used,
I must use them, for all Auctors affirmes,
How *every Science hath his proper Tearmes*.
Digestion sometimes advanced maie be
By outward cold, as yearly ye maie see
How in Winter men eaten more meate
Than in Summer, when expansed is their heate;
For colde maketh heate inward then to flye,
And ligge nigh together, then stronger is he;
Which by his strength his power is more
To make Digestion than he mought before.
But our cheefe Digesture for our intent,
Is virtuall heate of the matter digerent;
Nethles heate of the digestible thinge,
Helpeth digestion and her working:
Feaverly heate maketh no digestion,
Baines maie helpe and cause also destruction.
Wine digested hath more heate naturall,
Than hath new Muste, whose heate is accidentall:

Coagula-

Coagulation is noe forme ſubſtantiall,
But onlie paſſion of things materiall.

MOre ye muſt know, when Colours appeare,
Who is principall Agent in that matter Cleere.
For ſometimes it is Heate, and ſometimes Cold it is,
And ſometime Moyſture, and ſomewhile Drines.
The principall Agent to know at every ſeaſon,
Requireth great ſearch made by ſuttill reaſon:
Which is not perceived but of *Maſters* fewe,
For thei mark not how Colours ariſe by rewe:
The principall Agent of the qualities fowre,
Hath power royall as Lord of moſt honour
The remnant of qualities to Converte to his kinde,
Of which converſion *Anaxagoras* maketh minde
In his Boke of *Converſions Naturall*,
Whereof *Raymond* ſheweth cauſes ſpeciall:
It is no Jape neither light to lerne
Your principall Agent all ſeaſons to diſcerne:
Which I teach you to knowne by ſignes fowre,
By *Colour*, *Odour*, *Sapor* and *Liquore*.

ANd firſt by *Colour* to ſerve your intente,
To know thereby your principall Agent.
Looke in your Veſſell which Colour ſheweth moſt;
He that cauſeth him is principall of the hoſt
As for that ſeaſon, whoſe pride ye maie ſwage,
By this our Doctrine, if ye ſee him rage:
Which ye maie doe when ye well underſtonde,
The cauſe of all Colours which ye have in honde.
Which I woll teach you now ſhortly withall,
Bycauſe here and there ſeeke them ye ne ſhall:
Whitnes is cauſed of manie matters cleere,
In another thing termined, and ſoe it isheere;

Blacknes

Chap. 5. *Blacknes* is when parts of a body darke,
With thicknes oppresseth the cleernes of the Warke;
Or els it is of a Combust terrestrietie;
But of such Combustion greate hardnes shall be;
And by Commixion of Darke Cleere and Cleane,
Shall be ingendered all the Colours meane:
Every cleere thinge perspicuate and fayre,
Standeth by the matters of Water and Aire,
Whome a pure Erth doth apprehend,
Such as shall not their cleerenes offend;
And if in such cleerenes and perspicuitie,
Ye can noe speciall Colour see,
Thereupon to Judge you maie be bold,
The cause of such things was exceeding Colde:
As *Christall*, *Berill*, and other things moe,
Diversitie betweene them lerne ere ye goe;
Christall hath Water declyning toward Ayer,
Wherefore it is cleere, perspicuous and faire;
But where it declineth towards Water more,
It is darke as Berill or Ice hard frore;
But when matters draweth toward siccitie,
Darknes with hardnes ingendred shall be;
As it appeareth in the *Adamant Stone*,
And in other things manie one.
Twinckling and glittering as in *Magnetia* is,
Light is cause thereof within matter of Cleerenes;
Which is superduced upon waterly vapour,
Beforetyme incenced with Heate be ye sure;
Now after cleerenes and Colours in extremitie,
Of meane Colours a litle shew will I.
Ruby colour is of a thinn fume succended
In a cleere Body, which alsoe is amended
When in that Body reyneth plenty of light,
For more or les thereof maketh more or les bright:

As

Chap. 5.

As the *Amatist* followeth the Ruby in dignity,
In less Cleerenes and more Obscuritie:
And a *Calcedonie* in Slymy substance,
Followeth the *Berill* in degrees of variance.
Greene as a *Smaragde* is of Water cleere,
With Erthy substance Combust mixt full neere:
And the cleerer substance that the Erth be,
The cleerer greeness thereof ye shall see.
Tawney is of Cleerenes terminate,
Infused with thick Fumosity congregate
Of Water, and alsoe of Erth succended,
Whereby the cleerenes of Aier is suspended.
Wann or leady Colour ingendred is
Of Waterie and Erthy parts without amisse;
And where such parts be cold and thick,
Ever Wann Colour theron shall stick;
As it appeareth in old layen Lead,
And in Men that be wellneere dead:
This Wann Colour called Lividitie,
In Envious Men useth much to be;
Naturall heate and blood done resorte,
To the Hert, them to comfort,
And leaveth Cold and Dry the Face,
For heate and blood is parted fro that place.
Likewise when Fevers be in extremitie,
The Nailes of Hands of this Colour wilbe.
The *Saphire* Colour, that Orient Blewe,
Like in Colour to the heavenlie hue,
Is much fairer than Wann Colour to sight,
For therein is more of Aier Water and Light
Than is in Wann Colour, and that by manifold,
Wherefore such Colour is more deerer solde;
All other *Blewes* the sadder that they be,
Thei have lesse of Aier and more of Terrestriety.

Chap.5. Silver to Azure ſoone broght will be;
The cauſe thereof is perſpicuitie,
Which is in Silver cauſed of Ayer,
Wherefore it turneth to hevenly Colour faire;
And Quickſilver plenty within him is,
Cauſeth in Silver all this brightnes:
Subtiler Erth, pure Water, with cleerenes of Air,
Cauſeth ſuch brightnes to Quickſilver to repaire.
Citrine Colour Yellowe as ye ſee in Gould,
Is Colour moſt liking for ſome men to behould:
Cauſed of mighty and ſtrong digeſtion,
For humor in him have ſtrong decoction;
Such Colour with Heate ingendred be ſhall,
As it in Honey, Urine, Lye, and Gall:
The ſhining of *Gould* is cauſed as I tell,
Of pure and ſubtile Water termined full well,
Perſpicuouſly condenſed; for Water pure and fine,
The more it is Condenſed, the better it woll ſhine;
For of a Mirrour the cauſe none other is,
But moiſture termined, as all Clerks geſſe,
Soe that it be polible withall;
For Aier Figures receive never ſhall;
For Aier maie not be terminate in his kinde;
So cauſe of ſhining in Water ye ſhall finde.
With White and Red well medled pure and fine
Woll be ingendred faire Colour Citrine.
Soe divers Comixtions of *Elements*,
Maketh divers Colours, for divers intents:
With divers Digeſtions, and divers degrees,
All Colours be made which your Eyen ſees.
Of Elements ye muſt the proper Colour lerne,
Whereby of Colours ye maie better diſcerne;
Phiſitians ſaie of good Herbs and ſoote,
Some be colde outward and hot within the roote;

Example

Example hereof if ye list to gett,
Behold the working of the gentle Violet:
Common Philosophie the cause doth disclose,
Whie colde is within and red without the Rose:
Anaxagoras said in his *Coversions naturall*,
Inward and Outward be contrary in things all,
Which is trewe except such things as be
Of little composition, and nigh simplicitie;
As is Scammonye, and Lawrell the Laxative,
Which be not nourishing to vegetative.
Remember how in every mixt thinge,
Evermore one Element desireth to be Kinge:
Which proude appetite of Elements and vicious,
Moveth men to be Ambitious:
Wherefore our *Lord* that best dispose cann,
Hath made Ordeynance for sinfull Man,
All proude appetites to equalitie to bringe;
When *Requiem æternam* the Church shall singe,
Than shall everie ambitious thought,
Plainely appeare how that it was nought:
Lords, and Beggars, and all shall be
In the Charnell brought to equalitie.
Your Principall Agent so rebate shall ye,
When he usurpeth above equality;
Therefore *Aristotle* said Compound ye our Stone
Equall, that in him repugnance be none;
Neither division as ye proceede;
Take heede thereto, for it is greate neede;
And when it falleth that ye shall see
All Colours at once that named maie be;
Than suffer Nature with her operation,
At her owne leasure to make Generation:
Soe that amonge so manie Colours all,
Nature maie shew one principall:

Chap. 5. Such as ſhall draw towards your intent,
According to your deſired Element.
This wiſe by Colours yee maie provide
How in your workes yee ſhall yee guide.
Manie moe things of Colours I maie write,
But this is ſufficient my promiſe to acquite,
As farr forth as Colours maie ſerve your intent,
By them to know your principall agent.
But manie Clerks wonder why you may ſee
Soe manie Colours as in our Stone woll be,
Before that perfect White and Cleere,
And unchaungeable woll appeare,
Conſidering the fewnes of the ingredients;
I woll that anſwer to pleaſe their intents,
And teach them the trewth of that greate doubte.
By kinde of *Magneſia* ſuch Colours paſſe out,
Whoſe nature is of ſuch Convertibilitie,
To everie proportion, and to everie degree,
As Chriſtall to his Subject is founde;
For of everie thing that is upon the grounde,
Which that ye woll Chriſtall ſet under,
Such Colour hath Chriſtall, therefore ceaſe to wonder:
Wherefore *Hermes* ſaid not untruly ne Envious,
Ad perpetranda miracula rei unius:
God hath ſo ordeyned ſaith *Hermes* the Kinge,
To fulfill the miracles of one thinge:
Common *Philoſophers* thereof cannot finde
The vertues of our *Stone* exceeding far their minde.

S*Melling* maie helpe forth your intente,
To know your reigning Elemente;
And be with Colour a Teſtimony,
To know your principall Agent thereby;
And ye which would by ſmelling lerne

Of

Of your principall Agent trewly to difcerne. Chap. 5.
As White, and Black, be Colours in extremitie,
Soe of Odors, foote and ftinking be:
But like as Fishes know not by fight
Noe meane Colours, becaufe their Eyne bright
Have none Eyelidds for their fight clofinge,
Soe meane Odors fhall not by fmellinge
Be knowne of you, this is the caufe whie,
For Noftrills be open as the fifhes Eye:
Therefore meane Odors be not in certaine
Smelled by the Nofe, as meane Colours be feene.
Heavie Smell is not as Clerks thinke
The midle Odor, but only the leffe Stinke.
Old Fathers wrote by their Doctrine,
Of their Experience which is maturine,
That if ye medle fweete Savour and redolente
Equally with ftinking to prove your intent;
The foote fhall be fmelled, the ftinking not foe,
The caufe ye may lerne now ere ye goe;
All fweete fmelling things have more puritie,
And are more fpirituall than ftinking maie be:
Wherefore it is in Aier more penetrative,
And is more extendible, and is alfoe to life
More acceptable, as friend to Nature,
And therefore rather received be ye fure.

ODor is a fmokifh vapour refolved with heate,
Out of fubftance, by an invifible fweate;
Which in the Aier hath free entringe,
And chaungeth the Aier and your Smellinge;
As Sapor of Meates chaungeth your Taftinge,
And as Sounds chaungeth your Hearinge,
And as Colour chaungeth your Sight,
Soe Odor chaungeth Smelling by might.

Chap.5. The cauſe of Odours to know if you delight,
Foure things thereto be requiſite;
Firſt that ſuttill matter be Obedient
To the working of Heate, for to preſent
By a fume the liknes of the ſame thinge,
From whome that fume had his beginninge;
Alſo to beare forth that pure fume and faire,
There is required a cleere thinn Aier:
For thick Aier woll not beare it farr,
But it woll reteyne it much faſter;
And ſoe thick matter Obedience hath none,
To the working of Heate, as it ſheweth in Stone:
Heate maketh Odours, Cold ſhrinketh, by reaſon
Dunghills in Summer ſtink more than in Winter ſeaſon;
Pleaſant Odours ingendered be ſhall
Of cleane and Pure ſubſtance and fumigale,
As it appeareth in Amber, Narde, and Mirrhe,
Good for a Woman, ſuch things pleaſeth her;
But of Pure ſubſtance with a Meane heate,
Be temperate Odours, as in the Violet;
Of a Meane heate with ſubſtance Impure,
Is Odours miſliking, as Aloes and Sulphure:
But when Naturall heate beginneth to ſpill,
Then thereof ariſeth heavie ſmell;
As Fiſh ſmelleth that is kept too longe,
Naturall heate rotteth, ſoe the ſmell is ſtronge;

STinch is a Vapour, a reſolved fumoſitie
Of things which of Evill Complexions be.
And when Humor onlie is in Corruption,
Soe that the Subſtance be not in Deſtruction,
Thereof ſhall onlie heavie ſmell ariſe,
But not verie Stinch come in that wiſe.
Of everie Stinch the cauſe of that Chaunce

Is

Is only corruption of the ſelfe ſubſtance;
And when Evill ſubſtance ſhall putrifie,
Horrible Odour is gendred thereby:
As of Dragons and Men that long dead be,
Their ſtench maie cauſe greate Mortalitie.
It is not wholſome to ſmell to ſome Cole,
For quenching of ſome Snuffe a Mare woll caſt her Foale.
When the Qualities of a thing according is
To your Nature, good Odour will not miſſe:
But when the ſubſtance is contrary to your kinde,
The Odours thereof odious you ſhall finde.
Fiſhes love Soote ſmell, alſo it is trewe,
Thei love not old Kydles as thei doe the new.
All things that are of good Odour,
Have naturall Heate for their ſuccour;
Though Camphire, Roſes, and things colde,
Have ſoote Odours, yet Auctors tould,
How Heate virtually incloſed is the skell,
With Purenes of ſubſtance, whic they ſo ſmell:
This olde opinion you maie teach your Brother,
How noe good Odour is contrary to another;
But it is not ſoe of ſtinking ſmells,
For ſtinch of Garlick voydeth ſtinch of Dunghills.
Of Odours this Doctrine is ſufficiente,
As in *Alkimy* to ſerve your intente,
Your Warks to underſtonde thereby,
When things begin to putrifie;
Alſoe by Odours this you maie lerne,
Suttilnes and groſnes of Matters to diſcerne:
Alſoe of Meane ſubſtance knowledge ye may get,
With knowledge of Corruption of Naturall heate;
And knowledge of Diverſitie by good attendance,
When Humour corrupteth and when the Subſtance.
But our Subſtance was made ſo pure and cleane,

Chap. 5. And is conserved by vertue of the meane,
That ye no stinke thereof shall finde,
Albeit that it putrifie fro his owne kinde.

THe third signe and the third Testimony
To understand your principall Agent by,
Is *Sapor* called, of Mouth the Taste,
Which evermore is cause of waste
Of the substance of the same thinge
Whereof ye make proofe by Tastinge
Sapor shulde be much better Judge
Then Colour or Odour, and more refuge,
Were not Taste a perillous thinge,
While our *Stone* is in workinge;
For it is hurting to health and life,
It is so greatly penetrative;
Above all subtill things it hath Victory,
And peirceth solid things hastily,
Wherefore it is perill and not good,
Much or oft to Tast of that foode:
It Comforteth Mettalls as we well finde,
But it is Perillous for all Mankinde,
Till perfect Red thereof be made,
Such as in Fier woll never fade.
A lewde Man late that served this Arte,
Tasted of our *white Stone* a parte,
Trusting thereby to find releefe
Of all sicknes and of all greefe,
Whereby the Wretch was sodenly,
Smitt with a strong Paralisie;
Whom my *Master* with great Engine,
Cured with *Bezoars* of the Mine.
Therefore though Tast by Common reason,
Shulde be best judge at every season,

You

Yet for that Taſt is abominable
Sapor is heere not profitable.
Yet of ſome parts ſeperable,
A Taſt maie well be Convenable
Before Conjunctions to make aſſay,
Whether they be well wrought or nay;
Howbeit a Wiſeman hath helpe ſufficient,
By Colour and Odour to have his intent:
For manie Men can chuſe good Wine,
By Colour and Odour when it is fine;
But for new Wine not fined in generall,
The trew Taſt is moſt ſuertie of all;
For Smelling hath Organalls but one,
Nothing diſcerning but fumous things alone;
But Taſt hath ſix Organalls without doubt,
To feele qualitie of things within and without,
Which Nature ordain'd againſt perill and ſtrife,
For more ſuertie of things haveing life:
An Ape chuſeth her Meate by Smelling,
Men and Popinjayes truſten to Taſting:
For manie things be of good Smell,
Which to Taſt be found full ill:
For they maie be abhominable ſower,
Over-ſharpe, too bitter, or of greate horrour,
Or Venamous, ſtinking, or over-ſtronge,
The Taſt is judge and voideth ſuch wronge.
Old men wrote in antient time,
How that of *Sapors* there be fully Nyne;
Which ye maie lerne in halfe an hower,
As Sharpe taſt, Unctuous, and Sower,
Which three doe ſuttill matter ſignifie;
And other three doe meane matter teſtifie,
As Bitinge taſt, Saltiſh and Weeriſh alſo,
Other three come thicke ſubſtances fro,

Chap.5. As Bitter tast, under Sower, and Douce;
Thes Nyne be found in manie a Noble House;
Five of these Nyne be ingendred by Heat,
Unctuons, Sharpe, Salt, Bitter, and Doulcet;
But of the Nyne the remnant all fower,
Be made with cold, as is the Sapor Sower,
And so is Sowerish tast called Sapor Pontick,
And lesse Sower allso called Sapor Stiptick,
Also is Weerish tast called Unsavoury,
With Cold ingendered effectually.
Sapor of two things hath his Conception,
Of divers Substance and of divers Complection.

OF Hot and Moyst in the Second degree,
With a Thick substance, Doulcet Tast will be;
The same degrees of the same Complexion,
To a Meane substance knit by connexion,
Unctuous Sapor ingender ever shall;
But where it is Hott and Dry withall,
With a Meane substance in the Second degree,
The Tast thereof must needs Saltish be;
When a thing in the Third degree Hot and Dry is,
With a substance Thick, there is Bitternes;
But in the Fowerth degree matter Hot and Dry,
With a Suttill substance, Sharpe Tast is thereby;
So five Tasts, as I said before,
Be ingendered with Heat, and not one more.
Of Cold and Dry in the Second degree by kinde,
With a Suttill substance, full Sower ye shall it finde;
As by Faces of People ye maie Deeme,
When thei tast Crabs while thei be greene:
The same Complexion in the same degree,
In a thing which of Meane substance shall be,
Of that is ingendred ye maie well suppose,

A Bitinge Taſt as is of the Roaſe, *Chap.5.*
But Sower, and Sowriſh, and leaſt Sower, all three
Be of Cold and Dry in High and Low degree:
And Cold and Moyſt in the Firſt degree of all,
A Weeriſh Taſt ingender ever ſhall,
As of an Egg it ſhoweth in the glaere,
And in pale Women over White and Fayer:
For ſuch be Cold, and of Humiditye
Thei have trewly greate ſuperfluity,
Therefore to Men thei have leſſe delight;
Cold rebateth luxurious appetite.
Iſaac ſaid there be but Taſtes ſeaven,
For Sower and leſſe Sower was one but uneven,
But in Complexion thei were of one foundation,
For Unſavoury was but of Taſt privation;
Compound Taſts be found alſo,
As Doulce Eger and others manie mo;
So by Taſt men maie Craftily know
Divers complexions and degrees high and low;
And when ye doubt by Taſt to make report,
Than to your other teſtimonies reſort.
As in *Phiſicke* truſt not to Urine
Onely, but alſo take witnes and Doctrine
Of your Pulſes, and wiſely conſidering
Six things not naturall the Body concerning,
Having reſpect alſo therewithall,
Unto theſe Seaven things naturall;
And take heed if ye woll be ſure,
Of Three things contrary to nature:
Compleat theis Sixteene wiſely to your ground,
A lewd *Phiſition* leaſt that ye be found:
For ſo of (*had I wiſt*) ye maie beware,
And helpe the Sick man from his care:
So ſo this *Science* if ye woll advaunce,

Chap. 5. Your works, take heed of everie Circumſtance,
Wiſely Conſidering your teſtimonyes fower,
Three be now paſſed, the fowerth is Liquor.

LIquor is the Comfort of this Werke;
Liquor giveth evidence to a Clerke
Thereby to faſten his Elements,
And alſo to looſe them for ſome intents;
Liquor conjoyneth Male with Female Wife,
And cauſeth dead things to reſort to Life;
Liquors clenſeth with theire ablution,
Liquors to our *Stone* be Cheefe nutrition;
Without Liquor no Meate is good;
Liquors conveieth all Aliment and Food
To every part of Mans Body,
And ſo thei doe with us in *Alkimy*.
Ye muſt conſider the puritie
Of all your Liquors and quantitie;
And how thick thei be or thinn,
Or elſe thereof ſhall ye litle winn;
But not as *Phiſitions* maketh mention,
For *Elixir* is a thing of a ſecond intention;
Wherefore ye ſhall more Wondrous natures find
In his working, than in all other kind;
Phiſitions ſay the thicker Urine be,
The more it ſignifieth Humidity,
Where thick Liquor with us hath ſiccity,
And ſuttill Liquor betokneth Humidity.:

MAnie Liquors be requiſit
To our *Stone* for his appetite.
In the Booke of *Turba Ariſteus* depoſed,
How Ayre in Water was ſecreatly incloſed,
Which bare up Erth with his Aierly might.

Pithagoras

Pithagoras said that was spoke with right. Chap.5.
Aristotle Craftilye his words set he,
Saying, *cum habueris aquam ab Aere.*
Plato wrote full sapiently,
And named it *stilla roris madidi:*
Which was kindly spoken for *Alkimy.*
But common Students in first Philosophie,
Say Ayre condensed is turned into Raine,
And Water rarified becomes Ayre againe.
Some said how *May* was first season and faire
To take such Water as is made of Ayre.
Some said such Waters come heaven fro,
When the *Sunn* entereth into *Scorpio.*
Some said all Liquors shulde be refused,
Which Frost infected shulde not be used:
The cause whie as telleth Autors old,
Is that theire accuity is duld with cold.
Some *Philosophers* said that ye shulde take
Milke for the Liquor *Elixir* to make:
And other sort said after their intent,
No Liquor so good for the Complement,
As Water of *Litharge* which would not misse,
With Water of *Azot* to make *lac virginis:*
But *Democrit* said best Liquor to present
Elixir withall was Water permanent:
Whose naturall vertue and propertie,
Was fier to abide and never to flye:
Rupiscissa said that cheese Liquor
Was *Aqua-vitæ Elixir* to succour;
For she was spirituall, and would revive
Dead things fro death to live,
Shee was *Quintessence*, the fift thing,
Whereof *Aristotle* by his writing
In his Boke of *Secrets* saith soe,

Chap. 5. How that all perfection was *in quinario.*
Rupiscissa called it best Liquor of all,
For it maketh grosse matter spirituall:
But of *Pithagoras* ye maie finde,
Our *Aqua-vitæ* of another kinde;
He saith it was *Vivificans* in his sentence,
Fac fugiens fixum & fixum fugiens,
For in such wise with strong Coaction,
Fixt matters were made of light liquefaction.
Another sort said no Liquor was above
The Liquor which Congers most desier and love:
Therefore such Liquors are best found,
Nigh to Islands, and to such ground
Which the Ocean Sea hath compassed about,
For there such Liquors be soonest set out.
Of another Liquor wise men tell,
Which is fresher than Water of the Well;
Fresher Liquor there is none in tast,
Yet it woll never consume ne waste;
Though it be occupied evermore,
It will never be lesse in store;
Which *Democrit* named for his intent,
Lux umbra carens, Water most Orient;
Hermes said no Liquor so necessarie,
As was Water of crude Mercury:
For he shall stand said that Noble Clerke,
For the Water within our werke.
Now lerne ye which for this *Science* have sought,
By all these Liquors our *Stone* must be wrought.

L*iquor* is a thing moveable,
Of fleeting substance and unstable.
All such things follow the *Moone*,
More then standing kindes doone;

And that appeareth to a Clerke,
In working of the white Werke;
Liquors waſhen and maken cleane
Both Extremities and the Meane;
God made Liquors for Mans uſe,
To clenſe foule things in everie howſe;
Liquor bringeth without doubt,
Hidden things in Bodyes out,
As Landres witnes evidently,
When of Aſhes thei make their Lye;
Liquor comforteth the roots of Graſſe,
And of Trees ſuch as drye was;
For Liquors of Nature woll reſtore
Humors that were loſt before.
Liquors departeth Qualities aſunder,
Subſtance reſolving in Attomes with wonder;
Liquors alſo bringeth into one
Many things to be one Stone.
Liquors helpeth to flux and to flowe
Manie things, and lerne ye maie now
How Liquor is in manie manners found
Out of things that be on the ground,
Some by cutting, as Turpentine;
Some with Preſſing, as Sider and Wine;
Some with grinding, as Oyle is had;
Some with ſtilling, as Waters be made;
Some with Brenning, as Colophonie;
And ſome with Water, as Women make Lye;
Some be otherwiſe brought about,
And by naturall working ſet out,
As Urin, Sweat, Milk, and alſo Blood,
And Renniet which for Cheeſe is good:
By as manie manners and moe by one,
We ſeek Liquors for our *Stone*.

Every

Chap.5. Every of the forenamed woll cleave
To that thei touch, and ſome deale leave:
But Quickſilver albeit it is fleeting,
Yet he woll never cleave to any thinge,
But to a Mettall of one kinde or other,
For there he findeth Siſter or Brother.
Medling with ſuttill Erth doth him let,
To cleave to things ſuch as he meet:
All the ſaid Liquors which rehearſed be,
Conteyne fower Elements as well as he;
As Milke conteyneth Whey, Butter, and Cheeſe,
So done trewly every-each of all theſe:
Which fower maie be departed a twinn,
And after conjoynd to make ye winn.
But much more craftily they be heere ſought,
Then Cheeſe, and Butter, and Whey be wrought;
And drawe neerer to ſimplicitie,
Then Cheeſe, Butter, or Whey maie be.
Of all Liquors which be in our *Stone*,
None is called ſimple but Water alone.
Of every Liquor which to our *Stone* ſhall goe,
Ye muſt know complexion and degree allſo,
And than with Liquor ye maie abate
The principall Agent from his Eſtate,
If he permanent and abiding be,
In any point of ſuperfluitye:
As if the reigning qualitie be Drineſs,
Ye maie amend it with humour of Moiſtnes.
Now more, now leſſe, as ye ſee need,
And ſo in all qualities proceede:
And in ſuch wiſe order at your will,
The principall Agent, your purpoſe to fulfill:
With knowledge of diverſity, contrarietie, and accord,
Ye maie chuſe which quality ſhall be Lord.

Your

Your Liquors be ordained to add and ſubtray, *Chap.*5.
To make equalitie by wiſdome of aſſay;
But truſt not that any thing maie be
Hot and Moiſt both in one Degree:
For all that truſt two qualities to be ſoe,
Shall be deceived where ever thei goe.
Common Schooles (ſo teaching) be not true,
Leave that Opinion, and lerne this of new
All Old men in that were overſeene,
To ſet in one degree anie qualities twaine:
Elſe thei ſaid ſo that Schollers ſhulde not finde
The ſecret mixtures of Elementall kind.
Therefore who cannot his graduations,
Maie not be perfect in our operations:
For in true Number *God* made every thing;
Without true Number no Man trulie maie ſing;
Who faileth of his Number faileth of his Song,
Who faileth with us muſt doe Nature wrong.

COnſider alſo the nature of the meane,
When it is in the Third degree made cleane;
The purer that your meanes be,
The more perfection thereof ye ſhall ſee.
The meanes reteyne a great part
Of the vertues of this *Arte*:
For the Principle maie not give influence
To the Finall end, neither the refluence
Unto his Principall without ſuccour and aid
Of meanes conteyning the extremities aforeſaid:
For like as by meanes of a treble Spirit,
The Soule of Man is to his Body knit,
Of which three Spirits one is called Vitall,
The ſecond is called the Spirit Naturall.
The third Spirit is Spirit Animall,

Chap. 5. And where they dwell now lerne ye ſhall:
The Spirit Vitall in the Hert doth dwell,
The Spirit Naturall as old Auctors tell
To dwell in the Liver is thereof faine,
But Spirit Animall dwelleth in the Braine:
And as long as theſe Spirits three
Continue in Man in there proſperitie:
So long the Soule without all ſtrife
Woll dwell with the Body in proſperous life,
But when theis Spirits in Man maie not abide,
The Soule forthwith departeth at that tide:
For the ſuttill Soule pure and immortall,
With the groſſe Body maie never dwell withall,
He is ſo heavie, and She ſo light and cleane,
Were not the ſuttilneſſe of this Spirit meane.
Therefore in our worke as Auctors teach us,
There muſt be *Corpus Anima & Spiritus*:
Alſo in our worke ye ſhall ſo finde,
That our meanes muſt accord in every kinde
Of both extremities with wiſdome ſought,
Els all our worke ſhall turne cleere to nought:
For prudent Nature maie not by workinge,
Make Complement of appetite of a thing,
And ſo paſſe betweene extremities,
But if ſhe firſt paſſe by all degrees
Of everie meane, this is truth unfained,
Wherefore Nature manie meanes ordained.

Now after all this to lerne ye had need,
Of ſeven Circulations of Elements for your ſpeede,
According to number of the Planets ſeaven;
Which no man knoweth but he have grace from heaven.
Old *Philoſophers*, men of great engine,
Said how of Circulations there ſhulde be Nine;

It

Chap. 5.

It is the ſurer to doe by their advice,
Nethles Seaven maie your worke ſuffice,
By inventions late found of new,
Of later *Philoſophers* whos workes be trewe.
But for Circulations of Elements,
Some Clerks ween to have their intents.
When they fro Fier ordaine to deſcend,
To Aire (thei ween not to offend)
If thei to Water doe then proceed,
And thens to Erth when thei ſee need,
And in ſuch wiſe by order fall,
From the higheſt to the loweſt of all:
Upon theſe words they tooke their ground,
That *Aer eſt cibus ignis* found.
But truſt me that ſuch Circulation,
Is but only a rectification,
Better ſerving for ſeparation,
And for correction than for tranſmutation
But the truth is that appetite of the Fier,
Hath to worke in Erth his cheefe deſire,
As upon his cheefe foode materiall,
For Fier with Erth hath moſt concord of all;
Becauſe that ſiccitie is the lyme of heate,
But Ayre of her kind is moſt wet;
Yet Fire without Ayre worketh not,
For Faces of Elements be knit with a knot
Of *Gods* hand that they maie not depart,
By noe engine ne craft of Mans art;
As in Plomps ye have example faire,
Where heavie Water ariſeth after Ayre;
Whereof noe cauſe reaſonable ye ſhall finde,
But Connexion of faces of Elementall kinde.
But our Circulation is from Fier on high,
Which endeth with Water his moſt contrary.

 Ano-

Chap. 5. Another Circulation beginneth with Ayre,
Ending with his Contrary cleane Erth and faier.
Fro Fier to Erth, fro thence to Water cleane,
Fro thence to Ayre, then fro thence by a meane,
Passing to Erth, then eftsoones to Fier,
To such Circulations the Red worke hath desire.
Other Circulations be better for the White,
That be rehearsed for her appetite.
Every Circulation hath her proper season,
As her lightnesse accordeth with reason.
For as one Planet is more ponderous
Then is another and slower, in his course:
So some Circulations which Clerks seeks,
Must for her time have full thirtie Weeks;
Other Circulations shall oft time have lesse,
As one Planet is lighter then another was:
But the time of one with another will amount
To twenty six Weekes proved by accompt.
After all grosse workes made before hand,
And after all Circumstances had I understande;
Ignorance hereof deceiveth manie a Man,
Causing them to cease where Wisemen began.
Common People which for this *Science* have sought,
Ween how in forty dayes it mought be wrought.
They know not how Nature and things of Arte,
Have a proper time assigned for their part,
As it appeareth by this Similitude,
The Elephant for that she is great and rude,
Goeth with Foale years full twayne,
And fifty yeares ere that Foale gender againe.
Anaxagoras said in his Consideration,
That Mettals had for their generation
A thousand Yeares, wherefore him list to say,
In respect thereof our Worke is but one Day.

Alsoe

Also ye must worke by good advice, *Chap.5.*
When ye see Erth above Water rise;
For as Water beareth Erth which we goe on,
So woll it doe in working of our *Stone*:
Wherefore Well-springs with strokes soft,
Soberly make ye must in tymes oft;
Whereby Water maie soberly flowe,
For violent Fluxes be perilous as nowe.

MOreover it healpeth in *Alkimy*
To know seaven Waters effectually:
Which be Coppied with manie a Man,
While thei be common seeke them as ye can,
Desire not this Boke to show things all,
For this Boke is but an *Ordinall*.
By those Waters men Weene in mind
All faults to amend of Metaline kinde;
Also thei weene of the Elements fower,
The effects to weene by their succour:
For thei suppose with confidence unfeined,
That all Vertues requisit in them be conteyned;
Some to molifie Mettalls hard wroght,
And some to harden Mettalls that be soft,
Some to purifie, some to make malleable;
Everie-each according that he was able,
Such Liquors to know it is profitt and good,
Howbeit thei maie not to our *Stone* be food:
Noble Auctors men of glorious fame,
Called our *Stone Microcosmus* by name:
For his composition is withouten doubt,
Like to this World in which we walke about:
Of Heate, of Cold, of Moyst and of Drye,
Of Hard, of Soft, of Light and of Heavy,
Of Rough, of Smooth, and of things Stable,

 Medled

Chap. 5. Medled with things fleetinge and moveable;
Of all kinds Contrary broght to one accord,
Knit by the doctrine of *God* our blessed *Lord*:
Whereby of Mettalls is made transmutation,
Not only in Colour, but transubstantiation,
In which ye have need to know this thing,
How all the vertues of the Elements transmuting,
Upon the transmuted must have full domination,
Before that the substance be in transmutation;
And all partes transmuted must figured be
In the Elements transmuting impressed by degree.
So that the third thinge elemented of them all,
Of such condition evermore be shall.
That it trewly have it maie be none other,
But her Substance of that one, and her Vertue of that (other.
A Child at his Nativitie can eate his meate and cry,
Our *Stone* at his Nativity woll Colour largly.
In three years after a Child can speake and goe,
Then is our *Stone* more Colouring also.
One upon a Thousand his tincture trewly is,
Of clean washen Mettall I am trew witnes,
Fastiely (beleeve it) and fully in your thought,
It maketh good Silver as of the Myne is wrought;
And also our *Stone* woll augment and increase,
In quantitie, and qualitie, and thereof never cease;
And therefore his growing and augmentation,
Is likned to Man in waxing and creation.
Nathles one pointe of trewth I woll reporte,
Which to some Men maie be discomforte;
At the first making of our *Stone*,
That time for winninge looke for none;
If ye then cease, I understande
Ye shall departe with loosinge hand,
The Costs be so great before,

Expended

Expended and ſet upon the ſcore;
But at the firſt augment of all
Which tyme our *Stone* depart ye ſhall
In parts twaine full equally,
With ſubtill ballance and not with Eye:
One for the Red, that other for the White,
To mainteyne both for your delight;
Then winning firſt beginneth to ariſe:
But afterwards if ye be wiſe,
At every augment continually,
Profit ſhall grow comodiouſly;
In this our White Warke alone,
As well as in the Ruby Stone;
Whereof ſaid *Maria* Siſter of *Aron*,
Lyfe is ſhort, and Science is full long.
Nathles it greately retardeth Age,
When it is ended by ſtrong Courage;
But ſome that have byne tought trewlie,
Have forſooke their worke lewdly;
When their greate labour have byne paſte,
For thei know not how at the laſte
Groweth the profit and the winninge,
Which thei would have at the beginninge,
Therefore I finde that it is neede,
The trewth to tell when ye ſhulde ſpeede,
For when I am paſt and out of minde,
This my Witnes ſhall reſt behinde,
For which cauſe I doe not ſpare,
Of this *Arte* the trewth to declare;
As much as I dare, that I be not ſhent
For breaking of *Gods* Commandement.
This wiſe endeth all our *White Werke*
Shewed ſufficiently for an able Clerke,

Chap. 5.

AFter all this upon a day
I heard my noble *Master* ſay,
How that manie men patient and wiſe,
Found our *White Stone* with Exerciſe;
After that thei were trewlie tought,
With great labour that *Stone* they Caught;
But few (ſaid he) or ſcarcely one,
In fifteene Kingdomes had our *Red Stone*:
And with that word he caſt his Eye,
Looking on me full ſteadilye,
Of his words he ſaw me woe,
I ſaid alas what ſhall I doe?
For above all Erthly thinge,
I moſt deſire and love Cunninge.
And for the *Red Stone* is preſervative,
Moſt precious thinge to length my Life;
The *Red Stone* ſaid I is lever to me,
Then all were Gould that I would ſoe to be.
He ſaid I was to younge of Age,
Of Body luſty and likely to outrage,
Scantly of the age of twenty eight yeares,
He ſaid *Philoſophers* had noe ſuch Compeers;
This woefull anſwer then he made to me,
Till ye be elder he ſaid it maie not be.
Alas good *Maſter* remember ſaid I,
Howbeit my Body be light and luſtie,
Prove and aſſay and you ſhall finde
Age ſufficient within my Minde,
He held his words full ſtill that tyde,
And ſo long tyme he did abide;
After this ſudainely in wonderous wiſe,
He tempted me after the *Philoſophers* guiſe.
Which to reherſe it were too longe,
And to ſhew how I ſhould doe wronge;

For

For that must be kept secreate,
For them which shall with this *Science* meete;
Yet at the last with leasure and with space
I wan his love, by help of *Gods* Grace;
So that I had with Grace the trewe doctrine
Of Confection of the *Red medicine*;
Whom to seeke it availeth right nought,
Till the *White medicine* be fully wrought.
Alsoe both Medicines in their beginninge
Have one manner of Vessell and Workinge,
As well for the White as also for the Red,
Till all quick things be made dead;
Then Vessells and forme of operation
Shall chaunge, in Matter, Figure, and Graduation.
But my herte quaketh, my hand is tremblinge,
When I write of this most selcouth thinge.
Hermes brought forth a true sentence and blounte,
When he said *Ignis & Azot tibi sufficiant.*
The Expositor of *Hermes* and *Aristotle* joynte,
In that joynte worke shewd a straunge pointe,
He said *Albertus Magnus* the Black Freere,
Nether Freer *Bacon* his compeere,
Had not of our *Red stone* consideration,
Him to increase in multiplication.
The Expositor knew it sufficiently,
And my *Master* tought me trewly,
Albeit that I never made assaye
Of the *Red worke* before this Daye:
The cause appeareth in this Boke before,
When I was robbed then I would no more.
Nethlesse I have put me so farr in preass,
That secreate Trewth to shew I cannot ceasе;
Rehersing such as were greately too bold,
So great secreats to shew as thei tolde:

Chap.5. Thei ſaid that within the Center of incompleate White
Was hid our *Red Stone* of moſt delight:
Which maie with ſtrength and kinde of Fier,
Be made to appeare right as we deſier.
Pandalphus in *Turba* ſaide, *mente ſecura,*
Et ejus umbra in vera tinctura.
Maria confirmed it *in fide oculata,*
Quod in ipſa albedine eſt rubedo occultata.
The Boke *Laudabile Sanctum* made by *Hermes,*
Of the *Red Worke* ſpeaketh in this wiſe:
Candida tunc rubeo jacet uxor nupta marito,
That is to ſaie, if ye take heede thereto,
Then is the faire White Woman
Married to the Ruddy Man.
Underſtandinge thereof if ye would gett,
When our *White Stone* ſhall ſuffer heate,
And reſt in Fier as red as Blood,
Then is the Marriage perfect and good;
And ye maie trewly know that tyme,
How the ſeminall ſeed Maſculine,
Hath wrought and won the Victory,
Upon the menſtrualls worthily;
And well converted them to his kinde,
As by experience ye ſhall finde:
Paſſing the Subſtance of *Embrion,*
For then compleate is made our *Stone;*
Whom wiſe Men ſaid that ye ſhulde feede
With his owne Venome when it is need.
Then ride or goe where ye delight,
For all your Coſts he woll you quite.
Thus endeth the *ſubtill Warke* with all her ſtore,
I need not, I maie not, I woll ſhew no more.


Libra. 24.
Leo. 15.
Virgo: 28.
Scorp: 12
Can: 0.
Sagit 2
Gem: 2.
Capri:
Tau: 12
Pisses 28
Aquar: 15.
Aries 24.
Figura superior dividit, Seperat, et Corrigit.
Hæc operationē Naturæ Secretā comfortat.
Superior figura est Elementorū conjunctionis atque Elementatorum. Inferior hæc perficit et terminat omnia.
Vaughan sculp.

Chap. VI.

TOwards the Matters of Concordance,
Consider there be no variance
Betweene such things as shulde accorde;
For of variance maie grow discord,
VVhereby your VVarkes maie be lost,
VVith all your labour and all your cost:
He that wol take our VVarke in hande,
Five Concords he must understande.
The *first Concord* is neede to marke
VVhether his *Minde* accorde with the *Warke*,
VVhich shalbe Lord to paie for all,
Els all your labour destroy ye shall.
The *second Concord* is needfull to kenn,
Between this *Crafte* and her *Workemen*.
The *Third* shall serve well your intents,
VVhen *Warke* accordeth with *Instruments*.
The *fourth Concord* must welbe sought,
VVith the *Place* where it shall be wrought:
For trewlie it is no little grace
To find a perfect working Place.
The *Fift* is of *Concord* and of *Love*,
Betweene your VVarkes and the Spheare above.
Of theis *five Concords* reherse we shall,
Beginning with the first of all.

FOr the *first* ye shall well finde
That full few Lords be stable of *Minde*;
Thei be hasty, the VVarke is longe,
Thei woulde have you doe Nature wronge.
Some now be onward as hasty as fier,

Halfe

Halfe a yeare after have noe desire;
And some in a Weeke, it is noe Nay,
Woll chaunge their mindes, and some in a day;
And for one Moneth have full beleife,
And the next Moneth thei woll the *Arte* repreeve.
It were much better for such to cease,
Than for this *Arte* to put them in preasse;
Let such like Butterflies wander and passe,
And lerne this lesson both more and lasse,
Following the Sentence of this holie letter,
Attingens à fine usq; ad finem fortiter,
Disponens omnia suaviter:
That is, proceede mightily to the End
From the Beginning, maugre the feinde,
All things disposing in the meane space,
With great suavity that commeth of grace.
All short-witted Men and mutable,
Such must needs be variable;
And some doe every Man beleive,
Such credence doth their Cofers greive;
To everie new Tale to them tolde,
They give Credence and leave the olde.
But some Lords be stable of wit,
Such be apt to finish it.
Everie such *Lord* or *Master* of this Werke,
Be he *Layman* or be he *Clerke*,
Be he rich man, *Knight*, *Abbot* or *Lorde*,
He hath with this *Arte* greate Concorde.

THe *seconde Concorde* with this *Arte* is,
When ye can finde apt *Ministers*.
Noe Minister is apt to this intent,
But he be sober, wise, and diligent;
Trewe, and watchfull, and also timerous,

Chap.6. Close of Tongue, of Body not vitious,
Clenly of hands, in Tuching curious,
Not disobedient, neither presumptuous;
Such Servants maie your workes of Charge
Minister, and save from all outrage;
But trust not that two such Servants or three,
Maie sufficient for your worke be;
If your Matter be of quantity reasonable,
Then Eight such Servants be convenable;
But upon litle quantity, finde ye shall
Foure men able to performe all;
That one halfe of them must werke
While the other Sleepeth or goeth to Kerke;
For of this *Arte* ye shall not have your praye,
But it be ministred as well by Night as Daye
Continually, except the holy Sonday alone;
From Evensong begin till Evensong be done.
And while thei worke thei must needes eschewe
All Ribaudry, els thei shall finde this trewe,
That such mishap shall them befall,
Thei shall destroy part of their Works or all;
Therefore all the Ministers must be Men,
Or else thei must be all Weomen;
Set them not occupied one with another,
Though some to you be Sister or Brother:
Yet thei must have some good disporte
Their greate labours to recomforte:
Then nothinge shall better avaunce
Your worke than shall this Concordance.

THe *Third Concord* is to manie full derke,
To ordeyne *Instruments* according to the Werke:
As everie *Chapter* hath divers intents,
Soe hath it divers Instruments,

Both in Matter and alſo in Shape,
In Concord that nothing may mis-happ:
As workes of Diviſion and Seperation
Have ſmall Veſſells for their Operation;
But Veſſells broade for Humectation,
And ſome deale broad for Circulation;
But longe Veſſells for Precipitation;
Both ſhort and long ſerve Sublimation:
Narrowe Veſſells and foure inches high
Serve Correction moſt properly.
Of Veſſells, ſome be made of Leade,
And ſome of Clay both quick and deade;
Dead Clay is called ſuch a thinge
As hath ſuffered greate roaſtinge;
Such medled in powder with good raw Claye,
Will Fier abide and not goe away;
But manie Claies woll leape in Fier,
Such for Veſſells doe not deſire.
Other Veſſells be made of Stone,
For Fier ſufficient but few or none;
Amonge Workemen as yet is founde
In any Country of Engliſh grounde,
Which of Water nothing drinke ſhall,
And yet abide drie Fier withall,
Such Stones large for our intente,
Were a precious Inſtrument;
All other Veſſells be made of Glaſſe,
That ſpirituall matters ſhould not out-paſſe;
Of Aſhes of Ferne in this Lond everi-each one
Be made, but els-where be of Stone:
Of our Glaſſes the better kinde,
The morning ſtuffe ye ſhall it finde,
Which was Aſhes the night before,
Standing in Heate all night and more,

The

Chap. 6.

The harder ſtuffe is called Freton,
Of clipping of other Glaſſes it come:
Tincture with anealing of Glaſiers
Will not perſe him as thei reherſe.
By this Doctrine chuſe or refuſe,
Take which you woll unto your uſe,
But for figures of Veſſells kinde,
Everie Man followeth his owne minde,
The beſt faſhion is ye maie be ſure,
She that beſt concordeth with Veſſell of Nature;
And figure that beſt Concordeth with quantity,
And with all Circumſtances, to matter beſt is ſhe,
And this ſheweth well *Albertus Magnus*,
In his Boke *De Mineralibus.*
Hereof a Secreate diſcloſed was,
By my good *Maſter*, to more and leſſe,
Saying, *Si Deus non dediſſet nobis vas*
Nihil dediſſet, and that is Glaſſe.

INſtruments needefull there be more,
As be *Furnaces* ordeyned therefore.
Olde Men imagined for this *Arte*
A ſpeciall Furnace for everie parte,
Everie each diviſing after his owne thought;
But manie Furnaces of them be naught;
Some were too broade and ſome too longe,
Manie of them did Nature wronge:
Therefore ſome Furnaces maie be well uſed,
But manie of them muſt be refuſed,
For theie were made but by advice
Of them which ſeemed, and were not wiſe:
The moſt Commendable Faſhion of them all,
In this Boke portraied finde ye ſhall.
One Furnace by me is found of newe,

Such

Such as Olde Men never knewe,
Whose secreate Power with study sought,
And with greate Cost was dearely bought;
In him wilbe at one tyme wrought,
Threescore Warkes, and cost right nought,
More than it shulde for one Warke or twaine,
Therefore profitable it is certaine;
Threescore degrees divers ye maie gett;
For threescore warkes, and everie-ech of divers Heate,
Within that Furnace, to serve your desire,
And all thei served with one litle Fier,
Which of a Foote square onlie shalbe,
Yet everie-ech of the threescore as greate space as he:
Manie purposes ye maie thereby fulfill,
For here you shall have Heate after your will.
Of this Instrument all Men maie not be sure,
Therefore it is not formed in Picture.
Another Furnace woll serve threescore
Glasses trewly, and yet farr more,
Everie-ech of them standing in like Heate,
As by the Picture, Doctrine ye maie gett:
Another Furnace for this operation,
By me was found by Imagination,
Notably serving for Seperation
Of dividents, and for Altification,
And for Dis-junction called Division,
And for Correction called Ablution,
Yt woll for some things serve Desiccation,
Yt serveth full well for Preparation;
Soe for six things it serveth well,
And yet for all at once as I can tell:
This is a new thinge which shall not be
Set out in Picture for all men to see;
Another Furnace in Picture be shall,

Chap. 6. More full of perills than other Furnaces all,
Made for *Magnetia*, whereof bould Men had doubte,
To tuch with hands a poore lynine Cloute,
Which in the midle thereof unbrenned ſtoode,
For feare of flames brenning fierce and woode;
Which ſuttill Furnace I deviſed alſoe,
In which I found manie wonders moe
Then is convenient at this ſeaſon to tell,
Whoſe graduation is doubtfull and caſuell:
Wherein *Magnetia*, matter of greate coſte,
Muſt quickly be ſerved or ſuddainly be loſte:
Of whoſe graduation if you woll not miſſe
Conſider your Stoples, and lerne well this,
The more is the Stople the leſſe is the Heate,
By manifould Stoples Degrees ye maie gett;
Whoe knoweth the power, the working and kinde,
Of everie Furnace, he maie well trewth finde,
And he which thereof dwelleth in Ignorance,
All his Warke faleth upon Chaunce:
Noe man is ſure to have his intent,
Without full concord of *Arte* with Inſtrument.
Manie more Inſtruments occupied ye ſhall ſe,
Than in this *Chapter* now rehearſed be,
Which ye muſt ordeyne by good or ſad advice
And prove them before hand oft if ye be wiſe.

THe *fourth Concord* is full notable
Betweene this *Arte* and *Places Convenable.*
Some Places muſt needes be evermore dry,
Cloſe from Aier, no waies Windy;
Some muſt be darke and dimme of ſight,
In which Sun-beames none maie light;
But for ſome Places the trewth ſo is,
Thei cannot have to much brightnes:

Some

Some Places must needes be Moist and Cold Chap.6.
For some workes as Auctors toulde;
But in our Workes in everie place,
Winde will hurt in everie Case:
Therefore for everie Worke in season,
Ye must ordaine Places by reason.
Philosophers said by their engine,
How it shulde be wrought within locks Nyne:
Astrologers said it was a grace,
To finde a Chosen Working Place;
For manie things woll wonderous doe
In some Places and elsewhere not soe,
But contrarie wonders be of one thinge
In contrarie Countries wrought without leasing;
Whereof none other cause maie appeare,
But only contrarie places of the *Sphere*:
Whereto Places contrarie of the grounde,
To them Concordaunt and Obedient be found;
Hereof great Evidence and wittnes full cleere,
In the *Magnets Stone* openly doth appeare,
Whose North pointe draweth toward his Countrie,
Which under the Southe starr driveth Needles awaye;
Wherefore wise Men which for this *Arte* sought,
Found some Places concordant, some Places nought;
Trewly such Places where Lechery is used
Must for this *Arte* be utterly refused.

THe *fift Concord* is knowne well of *Clerks*, (*Werks*.
Betweene the *Sphere of Heaven* and our *Suttill*
Nothing in Erth hath more Simplicitie,
Then th'elements of our *Stone* woll be,
Wherefore thei being in warke of Generation,
Have most Obedience to Constellation:
Whereof Concord most kindly and convenient,

Chap.6. Is a direct and firie *Ascendent*,
Being signe common for this Operation,
For the multitude of their Iteration:
Fortune your *Ascendent* with his *Lord* also,
Keeping th' aspect of *Shrewes* them fro;
And if thei must let, or needely infect,
Cause them to looke with a *Trine* aspect.
For the *White warke* make fortunate the *Moone*,
For the Lord of the *Fourth house* likewise be it done;
For that is *Thesaurum absconditum* of olde Clerks;
Soe of the *Sixt house* for *Servants* of the Werks;
Save all them well from greate impediments,
As it is in Picture, or like the same intents.
Unlesse then your *Nativity* pretend infection,
In contrariety to this Election,
The vertue of the Mover of the Orbe is formall,
The vertue of the Eight Sphere is here Instrumentall,
With her Signes and Figures and parts aspectuall,
The Planets vertue is proper and speciall,
The vertue of the Elements is here materiall,
The vertue infused resulteth of them all:
The first is like to a workmans Minde,
The second like his Hand ye shall finde.
The third is like a good Instrument,
The remnant like a Thing wrought to your intent.
Make all the Premises with other well accord,
Then shall your merrits make you a greate Lord.
In this wise the *Elixir* of whom ye make mention,
Is ingendered, a thing of a second intention.
Trust not in *Geomantie* that superstitious Arte,
For *God* made Reason which there is set aparte.
Trust not to all *Astrologers*, I saie whie,
For that Arte is as secreat as *Alkimy*.
That other is disproved and plainely forbod,

By

By holy *Saincts* of the Church of *God*.
Trust not, ne love not *Negromancy*,
For it is a property of the Devill to lye.
Trust to this *Doctrine*, set herein your desires,
And now lerne the Regiment of your Fiers.



CHAP. VII.

A parfet *Master* ye maie him call trowe,
Which knoweth his Heates high and lowe.
Nothing maie let more your desires,
Than ignorance of Heates of your Fiers.
Of manie Auctors written ye maie see,
Totum consistit in ignis regimine:
Wherefore in all Chapters you must so proceed,
That Heate worke not more ne lesse then it need;
Wherein manie of *Gebars Cookes*,
Deceived were though thei be wise in Bokes.
Such Heate wherewith Pigg or Goose is Scalded,
In this *Arte* Decoction it is called;
For Minerall meanes serveth such heate,
And to make our *Letharge* to give sweate.
Such Heate as dryeth lawne Karcheefes fayre,
In thirty operations serveth for our Ayre;
But for Divisions you must use such heate,
As Cookes make when they roast grosse Meate;
The same Heate with a circular Fier,
For Separation of dividents we desire;
But for Circulation of Elements,
Ignis candens observeth our intents;
Which Fier must ever be Coequall
In every minute, and yet perpetuall:
For it maie never abate ne increase,
And yet the Fier maie never cease.
Study wisely and looke about,
Such a Fier trewlie to finde out.
And in that Fier no moisture maie be,
Which Hand maie feele or Eye maie see.

Ignis

Chap. 7. *Ignis humidus* an other Fier alſoe
Is, and yet it ſeemeth *oppoſitum in adjecto:*
Such Heate diſſevereth at certaine tydes
Matters cleving to Veſſells ſides.
Manie moe things that Heate maie wynn,
It maketh oft thick Matters to be thynn.
A *Philoſopher* miſtely ſpake of this Heate,
And ſaide, the higheſt degree thereof to get
Shall cauſe and gender ſuch Siccitie,
As of drie heate ſhall be in the Firſt degree.
Another Fier is Fire of Diſiccation,
For matters which be imbibed with Humectation.
An other Fier is Fier of Conſervation,
For all drie things of his operation;
For *Magnetia* is Fier of effuſion,
Full of perills and full of illuſion;
Not onely perill which to the Warke maie fall,
But ſuch alſoe which the *Maſter* hurte ſhall;
Againſt which once received is noe boote,
Ordaine therefore to fetch breath from your foote;
Provide for Mouth, Eyes, Eares, and Noſe,
For it is worſe than ten times the Poſe.
Men hereby hath found paines ſore,
Becauſe they had not this warning before.
Ignis corrodens ſerveth in this *Arte*,
Elementa propinqua wiſely to departe.
By one point of exceſſe all your Warke is ſhent,
And one point too little is inſufficient;
Who can be ſure to finde his trewe degree,
Magiſter magnus in igne ſhall he be.
It is the harder to know trewly his might,
There is no triall for it but our Eyeſight:
Therefore all men faile in his preſence,
Where Heate is lerned with coſt of Experience.

Of

Of this Heate in speciall *Anaxagoras* said thus,
Nemo primo fronte reperitur discretus.
Another is Heate of mighty Coaction,
For Mineralls that be of hard Liquefaction:
This Heate cannot be too stronge,
Be he continued never so longe.
Another is Heate of Calcination:
For fowle Mettalls for their Preparation;
Which maie not brenn, ne doe them melte,
For so all thei maie soone be spilte.
The twelfte is Heate for to Sublime
All rhe Spirits of the Mine.
The last Heate of theis goeth for all,
When to Projection our *Stone* shall fall.
Use maketh Masterie, there is noe more to sayne,
But he that faileth must needs begin againe.
Now have I tought you everie thing by name,
As Men teach other the way to *Walsingham*,
Of every Village, Water, Bridge, and Hill,
Whereby wise Men their Journey maie fulfill:
Soe maie a Clerke by this Doctrine finde
This *Science* well if he be cleere of minde;
All other maie finde himselfe hereby a foole
To deale therewith, which litle can of Schoole;
For this is the end of all worldly Cunninge,
Where to attaine can neither Pope ne King
By their Honours, ne by their great Councell,
But only by Vertue and Grace as Auctors tell.
This precious *Stone* will not be found ne wrought
But he be right devotely sought.
The Auctors forenamed with this Boke of mine,
Sheweth of *Alkimy* all the Doctrine,
If ye compleate their Sentences all,
Not by Opinion, but after this *Ordinall*;

Chap. 7. For in this *Ordinall* I ſet you from all doubt,
Is nothing ſet wronge, nor one point left out.
The dayes were when that this Doctrine and ground
Had pleaſed me more than a Thouſand pound;
Three Hundred pounds was not for my deſire,
As would have byne this *Chapter* of the Fier.
And mervaile not Lords, ne ye freinds all,
Why ſoe noble a *Scyence*, as all Men this *Arte* call,
Is here ſet out in *Engliſh* blunt and rude,
For this is ſoe made to teach a Multitude
Of rude people which delen with this Werkes,
Ten Thouſand *Laymen* againſt ten able *Clerks*:
Whereby yearely greate Riches in this *Londe*
Is lewdly loſt, as Wiſemen underſtonde;
And manie men of Everie degree
Yearely be brought to great Povertee.
Cease *Laymen*, cease, be not in follie ever;
Lewdnes to leave is better late than never.
All that hath pleaſure in this Boke to reade,
Pray for my Soule, and for all both Quick and deade.
In this yeare of *Chriſt* One thouſand foure Hundred (ſeaventy and ſeaven,
This Warke was begun, *Honour to God in Heaven.*

The

THE *COMPOUND* OF ALCHYMIE.

A most excellent, learned, and worthy worke, written by Sir *George Ripley*, Chanon of *Bridlington* in *Yorke-shire*, Conteining twelve Gates.

Titulus Operis.

HEre begynneth *The Compound of Alchymie*,
Made by a Chanon of *Bridlington*,
After his learning in *Italy*
At *Yxning* for tyme he there did wonne:
In which be declared openly
The ſecrets both of *Sunne* and *Moone*,
How they their kinde to multiplye,
In one body togeder muſt wonne.

Which Chanon Sir *George Ripley* hight,
Exempt from Clauſtrall obſervance,
For whom pray ye both day and night,
Sith he did labour you to advance.
He turned darknes into light,
Intending to helpe you to happy chaunce,
Gyving Counſell that ye live right,
Doeing to God no diſpleaſaunce.

GEORGE RIPLEY UNTO King EDWARD the fourth.

O Honorable Lord, and most victoryous Knyght,
With Grace and Fortune abundantly endewed,
The savegard of England *& maynteyner of right;*
That God you loveth indeede he hath well shewed:
Wherefore I trust thys Lond shalbe renewed
With Joy and Riches, with Charyty and Peace,
So that old ranckors understrewed,
Tempestuous troubles and wretchednes shall cease.

And now syth I see by tokens right evident,
That God you guydeth, and that ye be vertuous,
Hating synne, and such as be insolent,
How that also Manslaughter to you is odious,
Upon the Indygent also that ye be piteous,
Greate ruth it were if ye should not lyve longe:
For of your great fortune ye be not presumptuous,
Nor vengeable of mynde to wreke every wrong.

Theis considered, with others, in your most noble Estate,
Like as God knoweth, and people doe witnesse beare,
So entyrely me meveth, that I must algate
Recorde the same, and therein be no flatterer:
And that not onely, but also to write here,
And to your Highnes humbly for to present
Great Secretts which I in farre Countryes did lere,
And which by grace to me most unworthy are lent.

Once

Once to your Lordſhip ſuch thyngs I did promiſe,
What tyme ye did command to ſend unto me;
And ſince that I wrote in full ſecret wiſe,
Unto your Grace from the Univerſitie
Of Lovayne, *when God fortuned me by Grace to ſee*
Greater ſecretts and moch more profyte,
Which onely to you I wyll diſcloſed to be:
That is to ſay the great Elixirs *both Red and White.*

For like it you to truſt that trewlie I have found
The perfect waye of moſt ſecrete Alchimy,
Which I wyll never trewly for Merke ne for Pounde
Make common but to you, and that conditionally
That to your ſelfe ye ſhall keepe it full ſecretly,
And onely it uſe as may be to Gods pleaſure,
Els in tyme comming, of God I ſhould abye
For my diſcovering of his ſecrete treaſure.

Therefore adviſe you well wyth good delyberation,
For of this Secrete ſhall know none other Creature
But onely you, as I make faithfull Proteſtation,
For all the tyme that I here in lyfe endure:
Whereto I wyll your Lordſhip me to enſure,
To my deſyre in thys by othe to agree,
Leaſt I ſhould to me the wrath of God procure;
For my revealing his greate gift and previtie.

And yet moreover I wyll your Hyghnes to pardon me,
For openly wyth pen I wyll it never wryte,
But when that ye liſt by practice ye ſhall ſee;
By Mouth alſo this pretious ſecret moſt of delyght,
How may be made Elixirs *Red and Whyte,*
Playne unto your Hyghnes it ſhall declared be,
And if it pleaſe you with eaſy expence and reſpyte
To help, I wyll them make by helpe of the Trinitie.

But

But notwythstanding for perill that might befall,
Though I dare not here plainly the knot unbinde,
Yet in my writeing I wyll not be so Mysticall,
But that ye may by studie the knowleige finde:
How that eche thing multiplicable is in hys kinde,
And that likenes of bodies Metalline be transmutable
I wyll declare, that if ye feele me in your minde
Ye shall prove my wryting true and noe fayned fable.

And if God graunt you by me to wynne thys treasure,
Serve him devoutly with more Laud and thanking,
Praying his Godhead in lyfe ye may so endure,
His gifts of grace and fortune to use to his pleasing,
Most specially intending over all thing,
To your power and connyng his precepts tenne
So to keep, that into no daunger your selfe ye bring;
But that ye may in glorie see him hereafter, Amen.

As the Philosopher *in the boke of* Meteors *doth wryte,*
That the lykenesse of bodyes Metalline be not transmutable,
But after he added theis words of more delyte,
Without they be reduced to theyr beginning materiable.
Wherefore such bodies which in nature be liquable,
Minerall and Mettaline may be Mercurizate,
Conceave ye may that this Scyence is not opinable,
But very true by Raymond *and others determynate.*

In the said Boke the Philosopher *speaketh also,*
Therein if it please your Highnes for to reade,
Of divers Sulphurs, *but especially of two;*
And of two Mercuryes *Joyned to them indede:*
Whereby he doth true understanders leade
To the knowledge of the principles which be true;
Both Red most pure, and White, as have I spede,
Which be neverthelesse founden but of right few.

And

And theſe two things be beſt he addeth anone
For them that worketh the Alchimy *to take,*
Our Gold and our Silver therewith to make alone;
Wherefore I ſay, who will our Pearle and Ruby make,
The ſaid principles looke that he not forſake:
For at the beginning if his principles be trewe,
And that he can by crafte them ſo bake;
Trewly at the end his Worke ſhall him not rewe.

But one greate ſecret ryght nedefull it is to knowe;
That though the Philoſophers *ſpeake plurally,*
All is but one Thing, ye may me trowe;
In kinde, which is our Baſe principally,
Whereof doth ſpring both Whyte and Red naturally;
And yet the Whyte muſt come fyrſt of the Red:
Which thyng is not wrought manually,
But naturally, Craft helping oute of our Leade.

For all the parts of our moſt precious Stone,
As I can preve, be Coeſſentiall and concrete;
Moreover there is no true principle but one;
Full longe it was er I therwith could mete:
Who can reduce it, and knoweth his Heate,
And only kinde with kinde can redreſſe,
Till filth originall be clenſed from his Seat,
Likely he is to finde our ſecrets both more and leſſe;

Onlie therefore worke Kynde with his owne Kynde,
And all your Elements Ioyne that they not ſtrive,
This poynte alſo for any thing beare in myndе;
That paſsive natures ye tourne into active,
Of Water, Fire, and Winde, of Erthe make blive;
And of the Quadrangle make ye a Figure round,
Then have ye honie of our bene hive;
One ounce well worth a thouſand pound.

The

The principall ſecrete of ſecretes all
Is true Proportion which may not be behinde,
Wherein I councell yow be not ſuperficiall,
The true concluſion if ever ye thinke to fynde,
Turne Erth to Water, and Water into Wynde,
Therof make Fire, and beware of the Floode
Of Noe, *wherein many one be blinde;*
That by this Science *thei get but little good.*

I councell you to eate and drinke temperatly,
And be well ware that Ipoſarcha *come not in place;*
Neſh not your Wombe by drinking ymmoderatly,
Leſt ye quench your naturall Heate in lyttle ſpace;
The colour wyll tell appearing in your Face:
Drinke no more therefore, then ye may eate;
Walke up and downe after an eaſie pace,
Chafe not your Body too ſore for to ſweate.

With eaſy Fire after meving when ye ſweate,
Warme your Body and make it dry againe;
By Rivers and Fountaines walke after meate:
At morrowe tymely viſit the high Mountaine,
That Phiſicke *ſo byddeth I reade certeyne:*
So hygh the Mountaine nevertheles ye not aſcende,
But that ye may downeward the way have plaine,
And with your Mantell from cold ye yow defende.

Such labour is holſome, your ſweat if ye wyll drie
With a napkin, and after it take no cold;
For groſſe humors be purged by Sweat kindly;
Uſe Diacameron, *then confect with perfect Gold*
Hermodactilus *for watrie humors good I hold,*
Uſe Hipericon Perforate *with mylke of* Tithimall;
And Sperma Cete *ana with redd Wyne when ye wax old,*
And Gotes Mylke ſoddē with Gold nouriſheth moiſture radical.

But a good Phiſytian who ſo intendeth to be,
Our lower Aſtronomy *him nedeth well to knowe*
And after that to lerne, well, Urine in a glaſſe to ſee,
And if it nede to be chafed, the Fyre to blowe,
Then wyttily, it, by divers wayes to throwe,
And after the cauſe to make a Medicine blive,
Truly telling the ynfirmities all on a rowe:
Who thus can doo by his Phyſicke is like to thrive.

We have an Heauen yncorruptible of the Quinteſſence,
Ornate with Elements, Signes, Planetts, and Starrs bright;
Which moiſteth our Erthe by Suttile influence:
And owt thereof a Secrete Sulphure hid from ſight,
It fetteth by vertue of his attractive might;
Like as the Bee fetcheth Hony out of the Flowre
Which thing can doo none other Erthly wight;
Therefore to God only be glory and honour.

And like as Yſe to Water doth relente,
Whereof congealed it was by violence of greate Cold,
Whence Phebus it ſmiteth with his Heate influent:
Right ſo to Water mynerall, reduced is our Gold,
(As writeth playnly Albert, Raymond, *and* Arnold)
With heate and moiſture by craft occaſionate,
With congelation of the Spyrite, Lo! now have I told
Howe our materialls togeather muſt be proportionate.

Att the Dyers craft ye may lerne this Science,
Beholding with Water how they decoctions make
Uppon theyr Woad and Maddre eaſyly and with patience,
Till the Tinctures appeare which the Cloath doth take
Therein ſo fixed that they wyll never forſake
The Cloth for waſhing after they joyned be;
Right ſo our Tinctures with Water of our Lake
We draw by boyling with Aſhes of Hermes tree.

Which

Which Tinctures when they by craft are made parfite,
So dieth Mettalls with Colours evermore permanent,
After the qualitie of the Medycine Red or White;
That never away by eny Fire, will be brente:
To this Example, if you take good tent
Unto your purpoſe the rather ſhall ye wynne,
And ſee your Fire be eaſy and not fervent;
Where Nature did leave off, what tyme look ye begynn.

Firſt Calcine, and after that Putrefye,
Dyſſolve, Dyſtill, Sublyme, Deſcende, and Fyxe,
With Aquavite oft times, both waſh and drie,
And make a marriage the Body and Spirit betwixt;
Which thus togeather naturally if ye can myxe,
In loſinge the Body the Water ſhall congealed bee,
Then ſhall the Body dy utterly of the Flixe,
Bleeding and chaunging Colours as ye ſhall ſee.

The third daye againe to Life he ſhall upriſe,
And devour Byrds, and Beaſts of the Wildernes,
Crowes, Popingayes, Pyes, Pekocks, and Mavies;
The Phenix, the Egle whyte, the Griffon of fearfulnes,
The Greene Lyon and the Red Dragon he ſhall deſtres;
The white Dragon alſo, the Antlope, Unicorne Panther,
With other Byrds, and Beaſts both more and leſſe;
The Baſiliske alſo which allmoſt eche one doth feare.

In Bus *and* Nubi *he ſhall ariſe and aſcend*
Up to the Moone, *and ſith up to the* Sonne,
Through the Ocean Sea, which round is without end:
Only Shypped within a little glaſen Tonne,
When he commeth thither, then is the Maiſtrie Wonne:
About which Iourney greate good ſhall ye not ſpend,
And yet ye ſhall be glad that ever it was begonne;
Patiently if ye liſte to your worke attend.

For then both Body and Spirit alſo both Oyle and Water,
Sowle and Tincture one thing both White and Red,
After Colours variable it conteyneth what ſo men clatter;
Which alſo called is when he hath once bene Dedd:
And is revived our Marchaſite, *our* Magnete, *and our* Lead,
Our Sulphure, *our* Arſenicke, *and our true* Calcevive:
Our Sonne, *our* Moone, *our* Ferment *of our Bread:*
Our Toade, *our* Baſiliske, *our unknowne* Body, *our* Man,
(*our* Wife.

Our Body thus naturally by crafte when it is renovate
Of the firſt ordre is Medicine called in our Philoſophy,
Which oftentimes muſt againe be Spiritualizate:
The rounde Whele turning of our foreſaid Aſtronomy:
And ſo to the Elixir *of Spirites muſt ye come, for why*
Till the ſame of the fixed by the ſame of the flier be over-
Elixir *of Bodyes named it is only;* (*gone*
And this ſecrete poynt truly deceaveth many one.

This naturall proceſſe by helpe of craft thus conſummate
Diſſolveth the Elixir *ſpirituall in our unctuous Humiditie;*
Then in Balneo *of* Mary *togeather let them be Circulat,*
Like new Hony or Oyle till they perfectly thicked be,
Then will that Medicine heale all manner Infirmitie,
And turne all Mettalls to Sonne *&* Moone *moſt perfectly:*
Thus ſhall ye have both greate Elixir, *and* Aurum Potabile,
By the grace and will of God, to whom be lawd eternally.

The

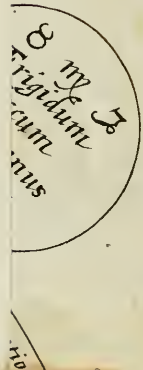
Here followeth the Figure conteyning all the secrets of the Treatise both great & small



Our heaven this Figure called is
Our table also of the lower Astronomy
Which vnderstood thou may not misse
To make our Medicen parfetly
On it therefore set thy study
And vnto God both night and day
For grace and for yᵉ Author pray

Cælum Philosophorum.

John Goddard sculpsit.



The

Incipit Prologus.

CHyld of thys Dyſſyplyne incline to me (thyne Ere,
And harkyn to my doctryne with all thy (dylygence;
Thes words of wyſdome in mynde doe thou bare,
Which of old Fathers be trew in ſentence; (thou bare,
Live clene in ſoule, to God doe none offence:
Exalt thee not but rather keepe thee Lowe,
Ells wyll thy God in thee no Wyſdome ſowe.

Fro fayned Doctryne and wycked thought,
The holy ſpryt doth hym wythdraw;
Nylling to dwell where Syn is wrought,
Dred God therefore and obay his Lawe,
A ryghteous Man forſooke I never ſawe:
Nether hys ſeed begg bread for need,
In holy *Scrypture* thus doe I rede.

Make Wyſdome therefore thy Siſter to be,
And call on Prudence to be thy Frynd,
By pathes of truth they wyll gyde thee,
Wyth love and honeſty wher ſo thou wend:
Both vertuoſe to be, curteous and hend:
Pray God therefore that thou may fynde
Wyſdome and Prudence with mouth and mynde.

All manner good cum wyth them ſhall,
And honeſtie by ther hands innumerable,
Then into combraunce ſhall thou not fall;
Soe be they in ryches Incomparable:
To worſhyp and profyt they wyll thee able,
To conyng and to all manner of grace,
Both here and after thy lyvys ſpace.

For theſe benefyts which they don bryng,
In parte ynnumeryd by ſapyence,
To them I can compare no thyng;
No rychys, no ſpyces of redolence:
Above all treſure ſuch is ther exellence,
That whatſoever erthly that precyous ys,
To them comparyd ys but as cley ywys.

Infynyte treaſure to Man they be,
Who uſyth them ſhall fryndſhyp have
With God in Heven, and there hym ſe,
After them vyvelyche therefor thou crave,
For Body and Soule both wyll they ſave;
And herein Goods doth multiplye,
And afore Prynces they dygnyfy.

Thynke how *Adam* loſt hys wyſdome,
Sampſon hys myght that was ſoe ſtrong,
Kyng *Saule* alſo loſt hys Kyngdome;
And *Davyd* was punnyſhed ſoare for hys wrong:
In the Oake by the here fayre *Abſolon* hong,
Kyng *Ezeky* by ſyckneſſe had puniſhment,
And many one moe for ſynne was ſhent.

But

But ſee how other that livyd well,
And to their God did none offence,
Such chaſtyſment did never fele,
But God ſhewed ever to them benevolence;
Enok and *Ely* were caryed hence,
To Paradyſe, and other good livers were
Of God rewarded in dyvers manner.

Sum had gret Fortune, ſum gret Cunnynge,
Sum had gret Peace, ſum gret Ryches,
Sum conquered Londs to ther wonyng;
Sum were exalted for ther gret mekenes,
Sum other were ſaved fro the cruelnes
Of Tyrants, Lyons, and hot Fornacys,
As *Danyell* and other in many places.

Thus to good Livers God ſend gret grace,
And unto Synners ſore poniſhment;
Sum to amend in thys lyfe had ſpace,
Sum ſodenly with fyre fro Heavyn were brent,
Synfull *Sodomyts* for ever were ſhent;
With *Dathan* and *Abyron* and other moe,
Which ſank for Syn to endles wo.

Thus ever ſyth the World was wrought,
God hath rewardyd both evyll and good;
Thus yf it maye reſt in thy thought,
Fro ſynfull livyng wyll chaung thy moode.
If ſynfull people thys underſtood,
They ought to be aferd God to offend,
And ſoone ther ſynfull lyfes to amend.

Therefore

Therefore with God looke thou begyne,
That he by grace may dwell with thee,
So ſhall thou beſt to Wyſdom wyn,
And knowledge of our grete prevyte;
Noryſh Vertues, and Vices looke thou flee,
And truſtyng thou wylt thee well diſpoſe,
Our ſecrets to thee I wyll dyſcloſe.

Keep thou them ſecret and for me pray,
Looke that you uſe them to Gods pleaſure;
Do good wyth them what ever thou may,
For tyme thou ſhalt thys lyfe endure,
That after thy endyng thou may be ſure
In Hevyn for to rewardyd be,
Whych God graunt both to thee and me.

The Preface.

O Hygh Yncomprehenſyble and gloryous (Mageſte,
Whoſe Luminos Bemes obtundyth our (ſpeculation;
One-hode in Subſtance, O Tryne-hode (in Deite,
Of Hierarchycall Jubyleſtes the gratulant gloryfycation;
O pytewouſe puryfyer of Soules and puer perpetuation;
O deviaunt fro danger, O drawer moſt deboner;
Fro thys envyos valey of vanyte, O our Exalter.

O Power, O Wyſdom, O Goodnes inexplycable;
Support me, Tech me, and be my Governour,
That never my lyvyng be to thee dyſplycable,
But that I aquyte me to thee as a trew profeſſor:
Att thys begynnyng good Lord here my prayer;
Be nygh with Grace for to enforce my wyll,
Graunt well that I may my entent fulfyll.

Moſt curyoſe Coffer and copyoſe of all treſure
Thou art, fro whom all goodnes doth deſſend,
(To Man) and alſo to every-ech Creature;
Thyne Handy-warke therefore vouchſafe to defend,
That we no tyme in lyvying here myſpend,
With truth thou graunt us our lyvelode to wyn
That in no daunger of Synfulnes we renne.

And for soe much as we have for thy sake
Renowncyd the World, our Wylls, and the Fleshys Lust,
As thyne owne wylfull professyors us take;
Syth in thee only dependyth all our trust,
We can no ferther, to thee enclyne we must:
Thy secret Tresorars, vouchsafe to make us,
Show us thy Secrets, and to us be bounteous.

Among other which be professyd to thee
I me present, as one wyth humble Submyssyon,
Thy Servant besechyng that I may bee,
And trew in levyng acording to my professyon:
In order Chanon reguler of *Brydlyngton*;
Besechyng the Lord that thou wylt me spare,
To thy trew Servaunts thy secretts to declare.

In the begynnyng when thou madyst all of nought,
A globose Mater and darke under confusyon,
By thee Begynner merveloufly was wrought,
Conteynyng naturally all thyngs withoute dyvysyon,
Of whych thou madyst in six Dayes dere dystynction;
As Genesys apertly doth recorde
Then Heavyn and Erth perfeytyd were wyth thy word.

So thorow thy Wyll and Power owte of one Mase
Confusyd was made all thyngs that being ys;
But yn thy glory afore as maker thou was,
Now ys and shall be wythout end I wys:
And puryfyed Sowls upp to thy blys
Shall come a pryncyple, thys may be one,
For the declaryng of our *Stone*.

For

For as of one Mase was made all thyng,
Ryght soe must hyt in our practyse be,
All our secrets of one Image must spryng:
In *Phylosophers* Bokes therefore who lust to se,
Our *Stone* ys callyd the *lesse World* one and three,
Magnesia also of *Sulphure* and *Mercury*,
Propotionat by Nature most perfytly.

But many one mervelyth whych mervel may,
And muse on such a mervelous thyng,
What ys our *Stone* syth *Phylosophers* doth say,
To such as ever be hyt sechyng:
Yet Fowles and Fyshys to us doth yt bryng,
Every-ech Man yt hath, and ys in every place,
In thee, in me, in every tyme and space.

To thys I answer, that *Mercury* it ys I wys
But not the comyn callyd Quicksylver by name,
But *Mercury* withoute whych nothyng beyng ys;
All true *Phylosophers* record and say the same:
But symple serchers puttyth them in blame,
Saying they hyd hyt, but they beblame worthy,
Which be no *Clerks*, and medlyth with *Phylosophy*.

But though hyt *Mercury* be yett wysely understond,
Wherein it ys, where thou shalt it seech,
Ells I thee Councell take not this warke in hond,
For *Philosophers* flattryth Foolys with fayre Speche:
But lyst to me, for trewly I wyll thee teche,
Whych ys thy *Mercury* most profyttable,
Beyng to thee nothing dysseveable.

It ys more nythe in ſum things than in ſum,
Therefore take tent what I unto the wiyt,
For yf thou never to the knowledge cum,
Therof yet ſhalt thou me not twytt:
For I wyll trewly now thee excite,
To underſtand well *Mercurys* three,
The keys which of our *Scyens* be.

Raymond hys Menſtrues doth them call,
Without which trewly no truth ys done,
But two of them are Superfycyall:
The third eſſentyall of Soon and Moone;
Theyr propertyes I wyll declare ryght ſoone,
And *Mercury* of other Mettalls eſſencyall,
Ys the pryncipall of our *Stone* materyall.

In Soon and Moone our Menſtrue ys not ſene
Hyt not appeareth but by effect to ſyght,
That ys the *Stone* of whych we mene;
Who ſo our wrytyng concevyth aryght,
Hyt ys a Soule, a ſubſtance bryght:
Of Soon and Moone, a ſubtyll influence,
By whych the Erth receyveth reſplendence.

For what ys Gold and Sylver ſayth *Avycen*,
But Erth whych ys pure Whyte and Red,
Take fro that the ſayd clernes, and then
That Erth wyll ſtond but lyttyll in ſtede;
The hole compound ys called our Lede,
The qualyte of clernes fro Soon and Moone doth com
Theſe be our Menſtrues both all and ſum.

Bodyes

Bodyes wyth the fyrſt we Calcene naturally
Perfyt, but none whych be unclene,
Except one whych uſually
Namyd by *Phyloſophers* the *Lyon Greene*,
He ys the meane the Soon and Moone betweene:
Of joynyng Tynctures wyth perfytnes,
As *Geber* thereto beryth wytnes.

Wyth the Second whych ys an Humydyte
Vegetable revyvyng that earſt was dede,
Both pryncyples materyalls muſt looſed be;
And formalls, els ſtandyth they lytle in ſtead:
The Menſtrues therefore know I the rede:
Wythout whych neyther trew Calcynatyon,
Don may be, nether yet naturall Dyſſolutyon.

Wyth the thyrd humydyty moſt permanent
Incombuſtyble and unctuous in hys nature,
Hermes Tre to aſhes muſt be brent:
Hyt is our *Naturall Fyre* moſt ſure,
Our *Mercury*, or *Sulphure*, or *Tyncture* pure:
Our *Soule*, our *Stone*, borne up wyth wynd
In the Erthe ingendered, bere thys in thy mynde.

Thys *Stone* alſoe tell thee I dare,
Is the vapor of Mettalls potentyall,
How thou ſhall gett hyt thou muſt beware:
For invyſible ys truly thys Menſtruall:
Howbehytt with the ſecond Water phyloſophycall,
By ſeperatyon of Elements yt may appeare,
To ſyght in forme of Water cleere.

Of our Menſtrue by labour exuberate
And wyth hyt may be made *Sulphure* of nature
If itt be well and kyndly acuate;
And cyrculate into a Spryt pure:
Then to dyſſolve thou muſt be ſure
Thy Baſe wyth hyt in dyvers wyſe,
As thou ſhalt know by thy practyſe.

That poynt therefore in hys dew place
I wyll declare wyth other mo,
If God wyll graunt me ſpace and grace:
And mep reſerve in lyfe from wo;
As I thee teche loke thou doe ſo,
And for thy fyrſt ground pryncypall
Underſtond thy Water menſtruall.

And when thou haſt made true Calcination,
Encreſyng and not Waſtyng moyſture radycall,
Tyll thy Baſe by ofter ſubtylyatyon
Wyll lyghtly flow as Wex uppon Mettall;
Then lowſe hyt wyth thy vegetable Menſtruall,
Tyll thou have Oyle thereof in Colour bryght,
Then ys your Menſtrue viſible to ſyght.

And Oyle is drawne owte in colour of Gold,
Or lyke thereto out of our fine Red Lead,
Whych *Raymond* ſayd when he was old,
Much more then Gold wold ſtond hym in ſtede,
For whan he was for age nygh dede,
He made thereof *Aurum Potabile*,
Whych hym revyvyd as Men myght ſee.

For ſo together may they be Cyrculate,
That ys to ſay, Oyle and the vegetable Menſtruall,
Ether ſo by labour exuberate,
And made by Crafte a Stone Celeſtyall:
Of Nature ſo fyrye that we yt call
Our *Baſelysk*, otherwyſe our *Cokatryſe*,
Our great *Elixir* moſt of pryſe.

Whych as the ſyght of a *Baſylysk* hys object
Kylyth, ſo ſleyth it crude *Mercury*,
When thereon itt ys project,
In twynke of an Eye moſt ſodenly,
That *Mercury* teynyth permanently;
All bodyes to Son and Moone perfyt,
Thus gyde thy baſe both Red and Whyte.

Aurum potabile thus ys made,
Of Gold, not comyn calcynat;
But of our Tyncture whych wyll not vade,
Out of our Baſe drawen wyth the Menſtrue circulate,
But naturall Calcynatyon muſt Algate
Be made, ere thy Gold dyſſolved be,
That Pryncypall fyrſt I wyll tell thee.

But into Chapters thys Treatis I ſhall devyde,
In number Twelve with dew Recapytulatyon;
Superfluous rehearſalls I ley aſyde,
Intendyng only to geve trew Informatyon,
Both of the Theoryke and Practycall operatyon:
That by my wrytyng who ſo wyll guyded be,
Of hys intente perfytly ſpeed ſhall he.

The

The Fyrſt Chapter ſhalbe of naturall *Calcination*;
The Second of *Dyſſolution* ſecret and Phyloſophycall;
The Thyrd of our Elementall *Separation*;
The Fourth of *Conjunction* matrymonyall;
The Fyfthe of *Putrefaction* then followe ſhall;
Of *Congelatyon*, albyfycative ſhall be the Syxt,
Then of *Cybatyon* the Seaventh ſhall follow next.

The ſecret of our *Sublymation* the eyght ſhall ſhew
The nynth ſhall be of *Fermentation*,
The Tenth of our *Exaltation* I trow;
The Eleventh of our merveloſe *Multyplycatyon*;
The Twelfth of *Projectyon*; then *Recapytulatyon*;
And ſo thys Treatyſe ſhall take an end,
By the help of God as I entend.

Of Calcination.

The first Gate.

CAlcinacion is the purgacyon of our *Stone*,
Restauryng also of hys naturall heate;
Of radycall moysture it lesyth none;
Inducyng Solucion into our *Stone* most mete,
After *Philosophy* I you behyte,
Do not after the comyn gyse,
Wyth Sulphure and Salts preparat in dyvers wyse.

Nether with Corrosyves nor with Fire alone,
Nor with Vyneger nor Water ardent,
Nether with the vapour of Lede our *Stone*
Is Calcyned to our intente:
All they to Calcyne whych so be bent
Fro thys hard *Scyence* withdraw theyre hond,
Till they our *Calcyning* better understonde.

For by such Calcynyng theyre bodyes be shent,
Whych mynysheth the moysture of our *Stone*;
Therefore when bodyes to powder be brent,
Dry as askys of Tre or Bone,
Of such Calx then wyll we none,
For moysture we multiply radycall,
In Calcynyng, mynyshyng none at all.

4. And for a ſure ground of our trew *Calcynacyon*,
Woorch wyttyly kynde only wyth kynde ;
For kynd to kynde hath appetyble inclynacyon ;
Who knoweth not thys yn knowledge is but blynd:
He may forth wander as Myſt doth wyth the Wynd;
Woting never wyth perſytnes where to lyght,
Becauſe he cannot conſeve our words aryght.

5. Joyne kynd to kynd therefore as reaſon ys,
For every Burgeon anſwereth to his owne Seed;
Man begetteth Man, a Beaſt a Beaſt lykewyſe;
Ferther of thys to trete it is no need,
But underſtond thys poynt yf thou wylt ſpede;
Every thyng ys fyrſt Calcyned in hys owne kynd,
Thys well conſevyng, frute thereyn ſhalt thou fynde.

6. And we make Calxes unctious both Whyte and Red,
Of three degrees or our Baſe be perfyt;
Fluxyble as Wex, ells ſtond they lyttle in ſted;
By ryght long proceſſe as *Phyloſophers* wryte,
A yere we take or more for our reſpyte:
For in leſſe ſpace our Calxe wyll not be made,
Able to tayne with colour whych wyll not vade.

7. As for the Proporcyon thou muſt beware,
For therein many one ys beguylyd,
Therefore thy warke that thow not marre;
Lat the Body be ſotelly ſylyd
With *Mercury*, as much then ſo ſubtylyd:
One of the *Sonn*, two of the *Moone*,
Tyll altogether lyke pap be done.

Then

Then make the *Mercury* foure to the *Sonne*,
Two to the *Mone* as hyt ſhould be,
And thus thy worke muſt be begon,
In fygure of the Trynyte;
Three of the Body and of the Spryt three:
And for the unytye of the ſubſtance ſpirituall,
One more than of the ſubſtance corporall.

By *Raymonds Reportory* thys ys trew,
Proporcyon there who lyſt to looke,
The ſame my *Doctour* to me did ſhew;
But three of the Spryt *Bacon* tooke,
To one of the Body for thys I wooke:
Many a nyght or I hyt wyſt,
And both be trew take whych you lyſt.

If the Water be equall in Proporcyon
To the Erthe whych here in dew meſure,
Of hym ſhall ſpryng a new burgyon;
Both Whyte and Red in pure tyncture,
Whych in the Fyre ſhall ever endure:
Kyll than the quyck, the ded revyve,
Make Trynyte Unyte wythout any ſtryve.

Thys ys the beſt and the ſureſt Proporcyon,
For here ys left of the part ſpyrytuall,
The better therefore ſhall be Solucyon;
Then yf thou dyd it wyth Water ſmall,
Thyne Erth over glutyn whych loſyth all:
Take heede therefore to potters loome,
And make you never to neſh thy wome.

 That

12. That loome behold how yt tempered ys,
The meane alſo how thou hyt Calcenate;
And ever in mynd loke thou bare thys,
That never thyne Erth wyth Water be ſuffocate,
Dry up thy moyſture wyth heate moſt temperate:
Helpe *Dyſſolucyon* wyth moyſture of the Mone,
And *Congellacyon* wyth the Son, then haſt thou done.

13. Foure Natures ſhall into the fyfth ſo turne,
Whych ys a Nature moſt perfect and temperate;
But hard hyt ys with thy bare foote to ſpurne,
Agaynſt a brodyke of Iyron or Stele new acuate:
Soe many one doth whych bene infatuate,
When they ſuch hygh thyngs don take in hond,
Whych they in noe wyſe underſtonde.

14. In Eggs, in Vitryoll, or in Blod,
What ryches wene they there to fynde;
Yf they *Phyloſophy* underſtode,
They wold not in worchyng be ſo blynd,
Gold to ſeke or Sylver out of kynd:
For lyke as Fyre of brennyng the pryncyple ys,
So ys the pryncyple of gildyng, Gold I wys.

15. Yf thou intend therefore to make
Gold and Sylver by craft of our *Philoſophy*;
Therto nother Eggs nor Blood thou take,
But Gold and Sylver whych naturally,
Calcyned wyſely, and not manually,
And new generacyon wyll forth bryng,
Increſyng theyr kynde as doth ech thyng.

And

And yf yt true were that perfyt myght be,
In thyngs which be not mettallyne:
In which be Colours plesaunt to see,
As in Blood, Eggs, Here, Uryn, and Wyne,
Or in meane Mettalls dyggyd out of the Myne:
Yet must theyr Elements be putrefyed and separate,
And wyth Elements of perfyt Bodys be dysponsate.

But fyrst of these Elements make thou Rotacyon,
And into Water thy Erth turne fyrst of all;
Then of thy Water make Ayre by Levygacyon;
And Ayre make Fyre; then MASTER I wyll thee call
Of all our secretts greate and small:
The Wheele of Elements thou canst turne about,
Trewly consevyng our Wrytyngs wythowt dowte.

Thys done, go backward, turnyng thy Wheele againe,
And into thy Water then turne thy Fyre anon;
And Ayre into Erth, ells laboryst thow but in vayne:
For soe to temperment ys brought our *Stone*,
And Natures contraryose, fower be made one,
After they have three times ben Cyrculat,
And alsoe thy Bace perfytly consummate.

Thus under the moysture of the *Moone*,
And under the temperate hete of the *Sonne*,
Thy Elements shalbe incynerate sone,
And then thow hast the Maistery wone;
Thanke God thy worke was then begon:
For there thow hast one token trew,
Whych fyrst in blacknes to thee wyll shew.

20. The hede of the Crow that tokyn call we,
And ſum men call hyt the Crows byll;
Sum call hyt the Aſhes of *Hermes* Tre,
And thus they name hyt after theyer wyll,
Our Tode of the Erth whych etyth hys fyll:
Sum name hyt by whych it ys mortyfycat
The ſpyryt of the Erth wyth venome intoxycate.

21. But hyt hath Names I ſay to the infynyte,
For after each thyng that Blacke ys to ſyght;
Namyd hyt ys tyll the tyme that hyt wex Whyte,
For after blackneſſe when yt wexeth bryght,
Then hath hyt names of more delyght:
After Whyte thyngs, the Red after the ſame,
Rule of Red thyngs, doth take hys name.

22. At the *fyrſt Gate*, now art thou in,
Of the *Phyloſophers Caſtle* where they dwell;
Procede wyſely that thou may wyne
In at mo Gates of that Caſtell,
Whych Caſtle ys round as any Bell:
And Gates hath Eleven yet mo,
One ys conquered, now to the *Second* go.

The end of the firſt Gate.

Of Solution.

The second Gate.

1. OF *Solucion* now wyll I speke a word or two,
Whych sheweth owt that err was hyd from syght,
And makyth intenuate thyngs that were thyk also;
By the vertue of our fyrst Menstrue clere and bryght,
In whych our Bodyes eclypsyd ben to syght:
And of ther hard and dry Compactyon subtylyat
Into ther owne fyrst nature kyndly retrogradate.

2. One in Gender they be and in Nomber not so,
Whose Father the Son, the Moone truly ys Mother,
The mean ys Mercury, these two and no mo
Be our *Magnesia*, our *Adrop*, and none other;
Thyngs there be, but only *Syster* and *Brother*:
That ys to wene *Agent* and *Pacyent*,
Sulphure and *Mercury* coessentyall to our entent.

3. Betwyxt these two in qualyte cotraryose,
Ingendred ys a Mene most mervyllosely
Whych ys our *Mercury* and Menstrue unctuose;
Our secrett *Sulphur* worchyng invysybly,
More fersely than Fyre brennyng the body,
Into Water dyssolvyng the Body myneral,
Which Nyght fro darknes in the North parte we call.

But

4. But yet I trow thou underſtandyſt not utterly
The very ſecrett of Phyloſopers *Dyſſolucion*;
Therefore conceve me I councell thee wyttyly:
For I wyll tell thee trewly wythout deluſyon;
Our *Solucyon* ys cauſe of our *Congelacyon*;
For the *Dyſſolucyon* on the one ſyde corporall
Cauſyth *Congelacyon* on the other ſyde Spyrytuall.

5. And we Dyſſolve into Water whych weytyth no hond.
For when the Erth ys integrally yncynerat;
Then ys the Water congelyd, thys underſtond;
For the Elements be ſo concatenat,
That when the body fro hys fyrſt forme ys alterate:
A new forme ys inducyd immediately,
For nothyng being wythout all forme ys utterly.

6. And here a ſecret to thee I wyll dyſcloſe,
Whych ys the ground of our ſecrets all;
And yf thou hyt not know thou ſhalt but loſe
Thy labour and coſts both great and ſmall,
Take hede therefore in Errour that thou not fall:
The more thyne Erth and the leſſe thy Water be,
The rather and better *Solucyon* ſhall thou ſee.

7. Behold how Yſe to Water doth relent,
And ſo hyt muſt, for Water hyt was before;
Ryght ſoe agayne to Water our Erth is bent,
And Water thereby congelyd for evermore,
For after all *Phyloſophers* whych ever was bore:
Every Mettall was ons Water myneral,
Therefore wyth Water they turne to Water all.

In

3. In whych Water of kynde occasyonate
Of qualytes bene repugnaunce and dyversyte,
Thyngs into thyngs must therfore be rotate,
Untyll dyversyte be brought to parfyt unyte,
For Scrypture recordyth when the Erth shall be
Trowbelyd, and into the depe Sea shall be cast
Mountaynes, our Bodyes lykewyse at the last.

1. Our Bodyes be lekenyd convenyently
To Mountaynes whych after hygh Planets we name;
Into the depenes therfore of *Mercury*.
Turne them and kepe the out of blame,
Then shall ye se a Nobyll game;
How all shall become powder soft as sylke,
So doth our Runnett by kynde curd our Mylke.

1. Then hath our Bodys ther fyrst forme loste,
And other be enducyd ymedyately;
Then hast thow well beset thy cost,
Wheras some other uncunning must goe by,
Not knowyng the secretts of our *Phylosophy*:
Yet one poynt I more must tell thee,
Every Body how hyt hath dymencyons three.

1 *Altytude*, *Latytude*, and *Profundyte*,
By whych algates turne we must our Whele;
Knowyng thy entraunce in the West shall be;
Thy passage forth into the North yf thou do well,
And there thy Lyghts lose theyre Lyght eche-dele:
For there thou must abyde by Ninety Nyght
In darknes of Purgatory wythowten Lyght.

12. Then take thy courſe up to the Eſte anon
By Colours paſſyng varyable in manyfold wyſe,
And then be Wynter and Vere nygh over-gon
To the Eſt, therfore thyne aſſendyng devyſe,
For there the Son wyth Day-lyght doth upryſe
In Somer, and there dyſporte the wyth delyght,
For there thy Warke ſhall becom parfyt Whyte.

13. Forth fro the Eſt ynto the South aſſend,
And ſett thou up therein thy Chayre of Fyre,
For there ys Harveſt, that ys to ſay an end
Of all thys Warke after thyne owne deſyre:
Ther ſhynyth the Son up in hys owne ſphyre,
And after the Eclyps ys in rednes wyth glory
As Kyng to rayne uppon all Mettalls and Mercury.

14. And in one Glaſſe muſt be done all thys thyng,
Lyke to an Egg in ſhape, and cloſyd well,
Then muſt you know the meſure of fyryng;
The whych unknowen thy Warke ys loſt ech dele,
Lett never thy Glaſſe be hotter then thow may feele:
And ſuffer ſtyll in thy bare hand to holde
For dread of loſyng as *Philoſophers* have the tolde.

15. Yett to my Doctryne furthermore intend,
Beware thy Glaſſe thou never opyn ne meve
Fro thy begynnyng, tyll thou have made an end;
If thou do contrary thy Warke may never cheve:
Thus in thys *Chapter* whych ys ſo breve,
I have the taught thy trew *Solucion*;
Now to the *Thyrd Gate* goe, for thys ys won.

OF

Of Separation.

The third Gate.

SEparacyon, doth ech parte from other devyde,
The subtill fro the groce, fro the thyck the thyn;
But Separacyon manuall look thou put asyde:
For that pertaynyth to folys whych lyttyll good don
But in our Separacyon nature doth not blyn: (wyn,
Makyng dyvysyon of qualytes Elementall
Into the fyfth degree tyll they be turned all.

Erth ys turnyd into Water black and bloe,
And Water after into Ayre under very whyte:
Ayre ys turned into Fyre, Elements there be no mo;
Of thys ys made by crafte our Stone of grete delyte,
But of thys Separacyon much more must we wryte;
And Separacyon ys callyd by Phylosophers dyffynycyon
Of the sayd Elements tetraptatyve dyspersyon.

And of thys Separacyon I fynde a lyke fygure
Thus spoken by the Prophet yn the Psalmody,
God brought out of a Stone a flud of Water pure,
And out of the hardyst Stone Oyle abundantly:
Ryght so of our precyose Stone yf thou be wytty,
Oyle incombusteble and Water thou shalt draw,
And thereabout thou nedyst not at the Coles to blow.

4. Do thys wyth hete esy and mesuryng
Fyrst wyth moyst Fyre, and after wyth the dry;
The flewme by Pacyence owt drawyng;
And after that thy other natures wyttyly,
Dry up thyne Erth tyll hyt be thrysty:
By Calcenyng els thou laboryst all in vayne,
And then make hyt drynke up his moysture agayne.

5. *Separacyon* thus must thou ofte tymes make,
Thy Matter dyvydyng into parts two;
So that the Symple fro the groce thou take
Tyll Erth remayne benethe in color bloe,
That Erth ys fyx for to abyde all wo:
The other parte ys Spyrytuall and fleyng,
But thou must turne hem all into one thyng.

6. Than Oyle and Water wyth Water shall dystyll
And thorow her help receve menyng:
Kepe well thys two that thou not spyll,
Thy Wark for lack of dew closyng,
Make thy Stopell of glas meltyng
The top of thy Vessle together wyth yt,
Than Phylosopher-lyke usyd ys hyt.

7. The Water wherwyth thou must renew thy *Stone*
Looke thou dystyll afore thou warke wyth hyt
Oftentymes by it selfe alone:
And by thy syght thou shalt well wyt,
Fro feculent feces when hyt ys quytt:
For sum men can wyth *Saturne* it multeply,
And other Substance which we defye.

Dystyll.

8 Dyſtyll hyt therfore tyll hyt be clene,
And thyn lyke Water as hyt ſhold be,
As Hevyn in Color bryght and ſhyne,
Kepyng both fygure and ponderoſyte,
Therwith dyd *Hermes* moyſture hys Tre:
Wythyn hys Glas he made to grow upryght,
Wyth Flowers dyſcoloryd bewtyoſely to ſyght.

9. Thys Water ys lyke to the venemous Tyre,
Wherewyth the myghty Tryacle ys wrought;
For yt ys Poyſon moſt ſtronge of yre;
A ſtronger Poyſon can none be thought:
Att the Potecarys therfore oftyn yt ys bought:
But no man ſhall be by hyt intoxycate,
After the tyme yt ys into Medycyne Elevate.

0. For then as ys the Tryacall trew,
Hyt ys of poyſons moſt expulſyfe;
And in hys working doth mervells ſhewe,
Preſervyng many from deth to lyfe,
Loke thou meng yt wyth no corroſyve:
But cheſe hyt pure and quick rennyng,
Yf thou thereby wylt have wynnyng.

1. It ys a merveloſe thyng in kynde,
And Wythout hyt may nought be done;
Therefore *Hermes* calleth hyt hys *Wynde,*
For it ys up flying fro Sonn and Mone,
And makyth our *Stone* flye wyth hyt Sone:
Revyvyng the ded and gevyng lyfe
To Son and Mone, Husband and Wyfe.

 Which

12. Whych yf they were not by craft made quick,
And ther fatnes wyth Water drawn out;
And so the thyn dyssevered from the thyke,
Thou should never bryng thys worke about:
Yf thou wylt speed therefore wythout doubt,
Reyse up thy Byrds out of theyre nest,
And after agayne bryng them downe to rest.

13. Water wyth Water accord wyll and assend,
And Spryt wyth Spryt, for they be of kynde;
Whych after they be exalted make to dyssend,
And soe thou shalt devyde that nature before dyd bynde,
Mercury essencyall turnyng into wynde:
Wythout whych naturall and subtyll *Seperacyon*,
May never be compleat profytable Generacyon.

14. Now to help thee in at thys *Gate*,
The last Secret I wyll tell to thee;
Thy Water must be seven tymes Sublymate,
Ells shall no kyndly Dyssolucyon be,
Nor Putryfyyng shall thou none see,
Like lyquyd pytch nor colours apperyng,
For lack of fyre wythin thy Glasse workyng.

15. Fower Fyers there be whych you must understond
Naturall, Innaturall, against Nature, alsoe
Elementall whych doth bren the brond;
These foure Fyres use we and no mo:
Fyre against Nature must doe thy bodyes wo;
That ys our *Dragon* as I thee tell,
Fersely brennyng as Fyre of Hell.

Fyr

16 Fyre of Nature ys the thyrd Menſtruall,
That fyre ys naturally in every thyng;
But fyre occaſionat we call Innaturall,
And hete of Askys and balnys for putrefying:
Wythout theſe fyres thou may not bryng
To Putrefaccyon for to be ſeperat,
Thy matters togeather proportyonat.

17 Therefore make fyre thy Glaſſe wythin,
Whych brennyth the Bodyes more then fyre
Elementall; yf thou wylt wyn
Our Secret accordyng to thy deſire,
Then ſhall thy ſeeds both roote and ſpyre,
By help of fyre Occaſionate,
That kyndly after they may be ſeperat.

8 Of *Seperacyon* the Gate muſt thus be wone,
That furthermore yet thou may procede,
Toward the Gate of ſecret *Conjunccion*,
Into the Caſtle whych wyll the Inner leade,
Do after my Councell therefore yf thou wylt ſpede;
Wyth two ſtrong locks thys Gate ys ſhyt,
As conſequently now thou ſhalt wyt.

The end of the third Gate.

Of Conjunction.

The fourth Gate.

1. AFter the Chapter of naturall *Separacion*
By which the Elements of our *Stone* dyſſeveryd be
The Chapter here followyth of ſecret *Conjunccion*;
Whych natures repugnant joyneth to perfyt Unyte,
And ſo them knyttyth that none from other may fle;
Whan they by Fyre ſhall be examynate,
Soe be they together ſurely conjugate.

2. And therfore *Phyloſophers* geveth thys deffynycyon,
Seyng thus *Conjunccion* ys nought ells
But of dyſſeveryd qualytes a Copulacyon;
Or of Pryncypylls a coequacyon as other tells,
But ſome wyth *Mercury* whych the Potecarys ſells,
Medleth Bodyes whych cannot dyvyde
Ther matter, and therefore they ſtep aſyde.

3. For unto tyme the Sowle be Separate
And clenſyd from hys orygynall Syn
Wyth the Water and purely ſpyrytuallyzate:
Thy trew *Conjunccion* may thou never begyn,
Therfore the Soule fyrſt fro the Body twyn:
Then of the corporall parte and of the ſpyrytuall,
The Soule *Conjunccion* ſhall cauſe perpetuall.

Of

Of two *Conjunccions Phylosophers* don mentyon make,
Groce when the Body with *Mercury* ys reincendat,
But let hyt passe, and to the second tent thou take,
Which as I sayd ys after *Separacion* celebrat:
In whych the partys be left whych left so collygate;
And so promotyd unto most perfyt temperance,
Then never after may be among them Repugnance.

Thus causyth *Separacion* trew *Conjunccion* to be had
Of Water, Ayre, Earth and Fyre,
But that every Element may into other be lad,
And so abyde for ever to thy desyre;
Do as done Laborours with Clay and Myer,
Temper them thyke, and make them not to thyn,
For so to up drying thou shalt the rather wyn.

But manners there be of thys *Conjunccion* three,
The fyrst ys callyd by *Phylosophers* Dyptative,
Betwyxt the Agent and the Patyent which must be
Male and Female, *Mercury* and *Sulphure* vive;
Matter and forme, thyn and thyke to thryve.
Thys lesson wyll helpe thee wythout any dowte,
Our *Conjunccion* trewly to bryng about.

The second manner ys called Tryptative,
Whych ys *Conjunccion* made of thyngs three,
Of Body, Sowle, and Spyrit tyll they not stryve,
Whych Trynite must be brought to perfyt unyte,
For as the Sowle to the Spyrit the bond must be;
Ryght to the Body the Sowle to hym must knyt,
Out of thy mynde let not thys lesson flyt.

8. The thyrd manner and alſo the laſt of all,
Fowre Elements together whych joynyth to abyde,
Tetraptative contently *Phyloſophers* doth hyt call,
And ſpecyally *Guydo de Montayno* whoſe fame goyth wyde;
And therfore the moſt laudable manner thys tyde,
In our *Conjunccion* four Elements muſt be aggregat,
In dew proportion fyrſt whych aſonder were ſeparat.

9. Therefore lyke as the Woman hath Vaynes fyfteene,
The Man but five to the act of her fecundyte,
Requyryth in our *Conjunccion* fyrſt I mene,
So muſt the Man our Sun have of hys water three;
And (nine) hys Wyfe, whych three to hym muſt be:
Then lyke whych lyke wyll joy have for to dwell,
More of *Conjunccion* me nedyth not to tell.

10. Thys Chapter I will conclude right ſone therefore,
Groce *Conjunccion* chargyng the to make but one,
For ſeldome have Strumpetts Chyldren of them I bore,
And ſo thou ſhalt never cum by our *Stone*,
Wythout you ſuffer the Woman to lygg alone;
That after ſhe hath conceyved of the Man,
The Matryce of her be ſhyt from all other than.

11. For ſuch as addyth evermore crude to crude,
Openyng theyr veſſells, and lettyng ther matter kele:
The ſperme concevyd they noryſh not, but delude
Themſelfes, and ſpyllyth ther work every dele;
If thou therefore lyſt for to do well,
Cloſe up the Matryce and noryſh the ſeed,
Wyth heat contynuall and temperate if thou wilt ſpede.

And

And whan thy Veſſle hath ſtond by Monyths five,
And Clowds and Clypſys be paſſed ech one;
That lyght apperen increaſe thy hete then blyve,
Tyll bryght and ſhyneing in Whytneſſe be thy *Stone*,
Then may thou opyn thy Glaſſe anone,
And ſede thy Chyld whych ys then ybore
Wyth mylke and mete ay more and more.

For now both moyſt and dry be ſo contemperate,
That of the Water erth hath recevyd impreſſyon;
Whych never aſſunder after that may be ſeperate,
And ryght ſoe Water to Erth hath given ingreſſyon,
That both together to dwell hath made profeſſyon:
And Water of Erth hath purchaſyd retentive,
They fower be made one never more to ſtrive.

And in two thyngs all our entent doth hing,
In dry and moyſt whych be contraryous two;
In dry that hyt the moyſt to fyxing bryng,
In moyſt that hyt geve lyquyfaccion the Erth unto,
That of them thus contemperate may forth go
A temperament not ſo thyk as the Body ys,
Nother ſo thyn as Water wythout mys.

Loſyng and knyttyng therefore be Princypalls two
Of thys hard *Scyence*, and Poles moſt pryncypall;
How be hyt that other pryncyples be many mo,
As ſhyneyng fanells whych ſhew I ſhall:
Proceed therefore unto another wall
Of thys ſtrong Caſtle of our wyſdome,
That Inner at the *Fyſt Gate* thou may come.

Of Putrefaction.

The fift Gate.

1. NOw begynnyth the Chapter of *Putrefaccion*,
Wythout whych Pole no ſede may multyply,
Whych muſt be done only by contynuall accyon
Of hete in the body, moyſt, not manually,
For Bodies ells may not be alterat naturally: (Whete
Syth Chryſt do it wytnes, wythowt the grayne of
Dye in the ground, encreſe may thou not gete.

2. And in lykewyſe wythout thy Matter do Putrefye,
It may in no wyſe trewly be alterate,
Nor thyne Elements may be devyded kyndly;
Nor thy *Conjunccion* of them perfytly celebrat:
That thy labor therfore be not fruſtrate,
The prevyte of *Putrefying* well underſtond,
Or ever thou take thys Warke in hond.

3. And *Putrefaccyon* may thus defyned be,
After Phyloſophers ſayings it ys of Bodyes the ſleyng,
And in our Compound a dyvyſyon of thyngs thre,
The kyllyng Bodyes into corrupcyon forth ledyng,
And after unto Regeneratyon them ablyng:
For thyngs beyng in Erth wythowt dowte
Be engendryd of rotacyon of the Hevyns aboute.

And

And therfore as I have seyd afore
Theyn Elements comyxt and wysely coequat,
Thou keepe intemperat heate, eschuyng evermore,
That they by violent hete be never incynerat;
To powder dry unprofytably Rubyfycate,
But into powder blacke as a Crowes byll
Wyth hete of Balne, or ells of our Dounghyll.

To tyme that Nyghts be past nynty,
In moyst hete kepe them fro eny thyng;
Sone after by blacknes thow shalt espy
That they draw fast to putrefying,
Whych thow shalt after many colers bryng
To perfyt Whytenes wyth Pacyence esyly,
And so thy sede in hys nature shall multeply.

Make ech on other to hawse and kysse,
And lyke as Chyldren to play them up and downe,
And when ther sherts be fylyd wyth pysse,
Then lat the Woman to wash be bound,
Whych oftyn for fayntnes wyll fall in a sound:
And dye at the last wyth her Chyldren all,
And go to Purgatory to purg ther fylth orygynall.

When they be there, by lyttyll and lyttyll encrese
Ther paynys by hete ay more and more,
The Fyre from them lat never cese:
And se thy Fornace be apt therfore,
Whych wyse men do call *Athenor*:
Conservyng hete requyryd most temperately,
By whych the Water doth kyndly putrefy.

8. Of thys Pryncypull ſpekyth Sapyent *Guydo*,
And ſeyth by rottyng dyeth the Compound corporall,
And then after *Moryen* and other mo,
Upryſyth agayne Regenerat, Sympill, and Spyrytuall,
And were not hete and moyſture contynuall,
Sperme in the wombe myght have now abydyng,
And ſo ther ſhold therof no frute upſpryng.

9. Therfore at the begynnyng our Stonys thou take,
And bery ech on wyth other wythin ther Grave;
Then equally a Marryage betwyxt them make
To ly together ſix wekys; then lat them have
Ther ſede conſevyd kyndly to noryſh and ſave;
From the ground of ther grave not ryſyng that while,
Whych ſecret poynt doth many on begyle.

10. Thys tyme of Conceptyon wyth eſye hete abyde,
The Blacknes ſhowing ſhall tell the when they dye;
For they together lyke lyquyd Pyche that tyde,
Shall ſwell and burbyll, ſetyll, and *Putrefye*,
Shyning Colors therin thou ſhalt eſpye:
Lyke to the Raynbow mervelose unto ſyght,
The Water then begynnyth to dry upryght.

11. For in moyſt Bodys hete noryſhyng temperate,
Ingendryth Blacknes fyrſt of all which ys
Of kyndly Commyxyon to the tokyn aſſygnate;
And of trew *Putrefying*, remember thys,
For then to alter perfytly thou may not myſſe;
And thus by the Gate of Blacknes thou muſt cum in
To lyght of Paradyce in Whytenes yf thou wylt wyn.
For

2. For fyrst the Son in hys uprysyng obscurate
Shalbe, and passe the Waters of *Noyes* flud
On Erth, whych were a hundred dayes contynuate
And fyfty, away or all thys Waters yode,
Ryght so our Waters as wyse men understode
Shall passe, that thou wyth *Davyd* may say
Abierunt in sicco flumina: bare thys away.

3 Sone after that *Noe* plantyd hys Vyneyard,
Whych really floryshed and brought forth Graps anon:
After whych space thou shalt not be aferd;
For in lykewyse shall follow the floryshyng of our *Stone:*
And sone uppon that thyrty dayes overgone,
Thou shalt have Graps ryght as the Ruby red,
Whych ys our *Adrop*, our *Ulyfer* red and our *Lede.*

4 For lyke as Sowles after paynys transytory
Be brought into paradyce where ever ys yoyfull lyfe;
So shall our *Stone* after hys darknes in Purgatory
Be purged and joynyd in Elements wythoute stryfe,
Rejoyse the whytenes and bewty of hys wyfe:
And passe fro the darknes of Purgatory to lyght
Of paradyce, in Whytnes *Elyxer* of gret myght.

5 And that thou may the rather to *Putrefaccyon* wyn
Thys Exampull thou take to the for a trew conclusyon,
For all the secrett of *Putrefaccyon* restyth therein;
The heart of Oke that hath of Water contynuall infusyon
Wyll not sone putrefy, I tell the wythout delusyon:
For though yt in Water ly a hundred yeres and more,
Yet shold thou fynd it sound as ever it was afore.

But

16. But and thou kepe hyt somtyme wete,& sometyme dry,
As thow many se in Tymber by usuall experyment,
By prosses of tyme that Oke shall utterly Putrefy:
And soe in lykewyse accordyng to our entent,
Sometyme our Tre must wyth the Son be brent:
And then wyth Water sone after we must hyt kele,
That by thys menes thou shalt to rottyng bryng hyt (weke

17. For nowe in wete and nowe agayne in dry,
Now in grete hot and now agayne in cold
To be, shall cause yt sone for to putrefy:
And so shalt thow bryng to rottyng thy Gold,
Entrete thy Bodys therfore as I have thee told:
And in thy Putrefying wyth hete be not so swyft,
Lest in the Askys thou seke after thy thryft.

18. Therfore thy Water out of the Erth thow draw,
And make the soule therwyth for to assend;
Then downe agayne into the Erth hyt throw,
That they oft tymes so assend and dessend,
From vyolent hete and sodayne cold defend
Thy Glasse, and make thy fyre so temperat,
That by the sydys thy Water be never vytryfycate.

19. And be thou wyse in chesing of thy Water,
Medyll with no Salt, Sulphure, nor mene Minerall,
For whatsoever any Water to the do clatter;
Our *Sulphure* and *Mercury* be only in Mettall,
Which Oylys and Waters som men call:
Fowlys, and Byrds wyth other namys many one,
Because that folys shold never know our *Stone*.

For

2 For of thys World our *Stone* ys callyd the sement,
Whych mevyd by craft as Nature doth requyre;
In hys encrese shall be full opulent,
And multeply hys kynd of thyne owne desyre:
Therfore yf God vouchsafe thee to enspyre
To know the trewth, and fancies to eschew,
Lyke unto the shalbe in ryches but few.

2 But many be mevyd to worke after ther fantasy
In many subjects in whych be Tynctors gay,
Both Whyte and Red, devydyd manually
To syght, but in the Fyre they fle away,
Such brekyth Potts and Glassys day by day:
Enpoysonyng themselfs, and losyng of theyr syghts
Wyth Odors and smoks and wakeyng up by nyghts.

2 Their Clothes be bawdy and woryn threde-bare,
Men may them smell for Multyplyers where they go;
To fyle theyr fyngers wyth Corrosyves they do not spare
Theyr Eyes be bleryd, & theyr Chekys both lene & bloe:
And thus for *(had I wyst)* they suffer losse an d wo;
Such when they have lost that was in theyr purse,
Then do they chyd and *Phylosophers* sore accurse.

2 For all the whyle that they have *Phylosophers* ben,
Yet cowde they never know our *Stone*.
Som sought in Soote, Dung, Uryne, som in Wyne:
Som in Sterr slyme, for thyng yt ys but one;
In Blood, Eggs; Som tyll theyr thryst was gone:
Devydyng Elements, and brekyng many a pott,
Multyplying the sherds, but yet they hyt yt not.

24. To se theyr Howsys it ys a noble sport,
What Fornaces, what Glassys there be of divers shape;
What Salts, what Powders, what Oyles, and waters fort,
How eloquently, *de materia prima* they clape,
And yet to fynde the trewth they have no hap:
Of our *Mercury* they medle and of our *Sulphur vyve*,
Wherein they dote, and more and more unthryve.

25. They take of the Red Man and hys whyte Wyfe,
That ys a speciall thyng and of *Elixers* two,
Of the *Quintessence* and of the *Elixers* of lyfe,
Of Hony, Celydony, and of Secundyns also,
These they devyde into Elements wyth other mo;
No Multeplyers but *Phylosophers* callyd wyll they be,
Whych naturall Phylosophye dyd never rede nor see.

26. Thys felyshyp knowyth our *Stone* ryght wele,
They thynke them rycher then ys the *Kyng*;
They wyll hym helpe, he shall not fayle
Fraunce for to wyn, a wonders thyng;
The *holy Cresse* home wyll they bryng:
And yf the *King* were prysoner I take,
Anon hys Raunsome would they make.

27. A mervell yt ys that *Westminster* Church,
To whych these *Phylosophers* do haunte;
Syth they so much ryches can woorche,
As they make boste of and avaunte,
Drynkyng dayly the wyne a due taunte,
Ys not made up perfytly at ons,
For truly hyt lackyth yet many Stonys.

Folys

28 Folys doe folow them at the tayle,
Promotyd to ryches wenyng to be;
But wyll ye here what worshyp and avayle,
They wyn in *London* that nobyll cyte,
Wyth Sylver Macys as ye may se:
Sarjaunts awayting on them every owre,
So be they men of great honour.

29 Sarjaunts sekyth them fro Strete to Strete,
Marchaunts and Goldsmyths leyeth after them watch;
That well ys he that wyth them do mete,
For the great advantage that they doe cache,
They hunt about as doth a Rache:
Wenyng to wyn so grete tresure,
That ever in ryches they shall endure.

30 Som wold cache theyr goods agayne,
And some more good would aventure;
Som for to have wold be full fayne,
Of Ten pound one I you ensuer:
Som whych hath lent wythout mesure
Theyr goods, and be with powerte bestad,
To cache a Nobyll wold be full glad.

31 But when the Sarjaunts do them arest,
Ther Paukeners be stuffed wyth *Parrys* balls;
Or wyth Sygnetts of *Seynt Martynes* at the lest,
But as for Mony yt ys pyssyd on the walls:
Then be they led as well for them befalls
To *Newgate* or *Ludgate* as I you tell,
Because they shall in safegard dwell.

32. Where ys my Mony becom ſeyth one,
And where ys myne ſeyth he and he?
But wyll ye here how ſuttell they be anon,
In anſweryng, that they excuſed may be,
Saying, Of our *Elyxers* robbyd we be:
Ells myght we have payd you all your Gold,
Yf yt had been more by ten folde.

33. And then theyer Creditors they begyn to flatter,
Promyſyng to worke for them agayne;
The *Elyxers* two in ſhort ſpace after,
Dotyng the Merchaunts that they be fayne
To let them go, but ever in vayne:
They worke ſo long, tyll at the laſt
They be agayne in Pryſon caſt.

34. Yf any then aske them why they be not ryche,
They ſey they make fyne Gold of Tynn;
But he they ſey may ſurely ſwym in dyche,
Whych ys upholden by the chyn,
We have no ſtock, therefore may we nought wyn:
Whych yf we had we wold ſome worche,
I now to fynyſh up *Weſtmynſter* Churche.

35. And ſome of them be ſo Devowte,
They wyll not dwell out of that place;
For there they may wythowten dowte,
Do what them lyſt to their Solace,
The *Archedeacon* ys ſo full of grace:
Yf that they pleaſe hym wyth the Croſſe,
He forſyth lyttyll of other menys loſſe.

And

16 And when they there ſyt at the wyne,
Theſe Monkys they ſey have many a pound,
Wolde God (ſeyth one) that ſom were myne;
Hay hoe, careaway, lat the cup go rounde:
Drynk on, ſeyth another, the mene ys founde:
I am a Maſter of that Arte,
I warrant us we ſhall have parte.

7 Such cauſyth the Monkys then evyll to don,
To waſt ther Wagys thorow theyr dotage;
Som bryngeth a Mazer and ſom a Spone;
There *Phyloſophers* gevyth them ſuch corage,
Behotyng them wynnyng wythout damage:
A pound for a peny at the leſt agayne,
And ſo fayre promys makyth folys fayne.

8. A ryall Medycyne one upon twelve
They promys them thereof to have,
Whych they could never for themſelfe
Yet bryng abowte, ſo God me ſave:
Beware ſuch *Phyloſophers*, no man deprave:
Whych helpyth theſe Monkys to ryches ſo,
Wyth thread-bare Cowlys that they do go.

The *Abbot* well ought to cheryſh thys Company,
For they can tech hys Monkys to leve in poverte,
And to go clothyd and monyed relygyouſly,
As dyd *Seynt Benet*, eſchuyng ſuperfluyte,
Eſyng them alſo of the ponderoſyte
Of theyr purſys, wyth pounds ſo aggravate,
Whych by *Phyloſophy* be now allevyat.

40 Lo who so medlyth wyth thys rych Company,
Gret bost of ther wynnyng may they make,
For they shall have as much by ther *Phylosophy*,
As they of the tayle of an Ape can take;
Beware therfore for Jesus sake:
And medyll wyth nothyng of gret cost,
For and thou do, yt ys but lost.

41. These *Phylosophers* (of whych I spake afore)
Medlyth and blondryth wyth many a thyng,
Renuyng in errors more and more,
For lac of trew understandyng,
But lyke must lyke alway forth bryng:
So God hath ordeyned in every kynde,
Wold Jesus they wold thys bere in mynde.

42. Wene they of a Nettyll to have a Rose
Or of an Elder an Apple swete,
Alas that wyse men ther goods shold lose:
Trustyng such Lo:ells when they them mete,
Whych seyth our *Stone* ys trodyn under fete:
And makyth them therfore vyle thyngs for to styll
Tyll at theyr howsys wyth stench they fyll.

43. Som of them never lernyd a word in Scolys,
Such thynk by reason to understond *Phylosophy*:
Be they *Phylosophers*? nay, they be folys:
Therfore ther Waikes provyth unwytty;
Medyll not wyth them yf thou be happy:
Lest wyth theyr flatteryng they so the tyll
That thou agre unto ther wyll.

Spend

4 Spend not thy Mony away in waſte,
Geve not to every ſpeche credence;
But fyrſt examyn, grope and taſte;
And as thou provyſt, ſo put thy confydence,
And ever beware of grete expence:
But yf thy *Phyloſopher* lyve vertuoſely,
Truſt the better to hys *Phyloſophy.*

4 Prove hym fyrſt and hym oppoſe
Of all the Secretts of our *Stone*,
Whych yf he know not thou nedyth not to loſe;
Medyll thou not ferther, but let hym gone,
Make he never ſo pytyoſe a mone:
For than the Fox can fagg and fayne
When he wold faynyſt hys prey attayne.

5. Yf he can anſwer as ought a Clarke,
How be hyt he hath not provyd indede;
And yf thou wylt helpe hym to hys Warke,
Yf he be vertuoſe I hold hyt mede,
For he wyll thee quyte yf ever he ſpede:
And thou ſhalt weete by a lytyll anon
Yf he have knowledge of our *Stone.*

7. One thyng, one Glaſſe, one Furnace and no mo,
Behold thys pryncypyll yf he take,
And yf he do not, then lat hym go;
For he ſhall never thee rych man make:
Trewly yt ys better thou hym forſake,
Then after wyth loſſe and varyaunce,
And other manner of dyſpleſaunce.

But

48. But and God fortune the for to have
Thys *Scyence* by doctrine whych I have told;
Dyſcover yt not whoever thee crave,
For Favor, Fere, Sylver, nor Gold:
Be none Oppreſſor, Lecher, nor boſter bold;
Serve thy God, and helpe the powre among,
Yf thou thys lyfe lyſt to continew long.

49. Unto thy ſelfe thy ſecretts kepe
From ſynners whych hath not God in dred;
But wyll the caſt in Pryſon depe,
Tyll thou them tech to do hyt in dede,
Then ſlander on the ſholde ſpryng and ſprede,
That thou dyd coyne then wold they ſey,
And ſo undo the for ever and aye.

50. And yf thou teche them thys conyng,
Their ſynfull levyng for to mayntayne;
In Hell therfore myght be thy wonnyng,
For God of the then would diſdayne,
As thow nought cowd for thy ſelfe ſayne:
That Body and Soule you may bothe ſave,
And here in pece thy levyng have.

51. Now in thys Chapter I have the tought,
How thou the bodys muſt *Putrefy*:
And ſo to guide the thou be not cawght,
And put in duraunce, loſſe, and vylanye:
My doctryne therefore remember wyttyly,
And paſſe forth toward the *Syxth Gate*,
For thys the *Fyſthe* ys tryumphate.

OF CONGELATION.

The sixt Gate.

1 OF *Congelacyon* I nede not much to wryte,
But what yt ys now I wyll fyrst declare :
It ys of soft thyngs Induracyon of Colour Whyte,
And confyxacyon of Spyrits whych fleyng are:
How to congele thee nedyth not much to care ;
For Elements wyll knyt together sone,
So that *Putrefaccyon* be kyndly done.

2 But *Congelacyons* be made in dyvers wyse,
And Spyryts and Bodys dyssolvyd to water clere,
Of Salts also dyssolvyd ons or twyse,
And then to congele in a fluxyble Mater ;
Of such *Congelyng* folys do clatter:
And some dysolvyth devydyng manually
Elements, them after congelyng to powder dry.

But such Congelyng ys not to our desyre :
For unto owers yt ys contraryose.
Our *Congelacion* dredyth not the fire :
For yt must ever stond in yt unctuos,
And also in hys Tincture be full bounteous,
Whych in the Ayre congelyd wyll not relent
To Water, for then our Worke were shent.

4. Moreover Congele not into so hard a *Stone*
As Glasse or Crystall whych meltyth by fusyon;
But so that hyt lyke wax wyll melt anon
Wythouten blast: and beware of Delusyon;
For such Congelyng longyth not to our Conclusyon
As wyll not flow and ren to water agen,
Lyke Salts congelyd, then laboryst thou in vayne.

5. Whych *Congelacyon* avaylyth us never a dell,
Hyt longyth to Multyplyers whych Congele vulgarly;
Yf thow therefore lyst to do well,
(Syth thy Medcyne shall never flow kyndly,
Nether Congele, wythout thow fyrst yt Putrefye)
Fyrst Purge and Fyx the Elements of our *Stone*,
Tyll they together Congele and flow anone.

6. For when the Matter ys made parfyt Whyte,
Then wyll thy Spryte wyth the Body Congelyd be;
But of that tyme thou must have long respyte;
Yer yt appere Congelyd lyke Pearles unto the,
Such *Congelacyon* be glad for to see;
And after lyke graynys red as blod,
Rychyr then any worldly good.

7. The erthly Grosnes therefore fyrst mortyfyed
In Moystnes, Blacknes ingendryd ys;
Thys pryncypell may not be denyed,
For naturall *Phylosophers* so seyth I wys,
Whych had, of Whytenes thou may not mys:
And into Whytenes yf thou Congele hyt ons,
Thou hast a *Stone* most presyose of all Stonys.

And by the Dry lyke as the Moyſt dyd putrefy,
Whych cauſyd in colors Blacknes to appere;
Ryght ſo the Moyſt Congelyd by the Dry,
Ingendryth Whytenes ſhyneyng with myght full clere,
And Drynes procedyth as Whytyth the matter:
Lyke as in Blackyng Moyſture doth hym ſhow,
By colors varyante aye new and new.

The cauſe of all thys ys Hett moſt temperate,
Workyng and mevyng the Mater contynually;
And thereby alſo the Mater ys alterate,
Both inward and outward ſubſtancyally,
And not to as doth ſolys to ſyght ſophyſtycally:
But every parte all fyre for to endure,
Fluxybly fyxe and ſtabull in tyncture.

1. And *Phyſycke* determyneth of eche Dygeſtyon,
Fyrſt don in the Stomack in whych ys Drynes,
Cauſyng Whytnes wythout queſtyon,
Lyke as the ſecond Dygeſtyon cauſyth Rednes,
Complet in the Lyver by Hete and temperatnes;
And ſo our *Stone* by Drynes and by Hete,
Dygeſtyd ys to Whyte and Red complete.

1 But here thou muſt another ſecret knowe,
How the *Phyloſophers* Chyld in the Ayre ys borne:
Beſy thee not to faſt at the Cole to blowe,
And take that nether for mock nor ſkorne,
But truſt me truly elſe thy work ys all forlorne:
Wythout thyne Erth wyth Water revyvyd be,
Our trew *Congelyng* ſhalt thou never ſee.

12 A sowle betwyxt Hevyn and Erth beyng,
Arysyng fro the Erth as Ayre wyth Water pure,
And causyng lyfe in every lyvely thyng,
Incessably runnyng uppon our foresayd Nature,
Enforsyng to better them wyth all hys cure;
Whych Ayre ys the Fyre of our *Phylosophy*,
Namyd now Oyle, now Water mystyly.

13. And thus mene Ayre, whych Oyle, or Water we call,
Our Fyre, our Oyntment, our Spryte, and our *Stone*,
In whych one thyng we grownd our wysdomes all,
Goyth nether out nor yn alone,
Nether the Fyer but the Water anone;
Fyrst yt outeledyth, and after bryngyth yt yn,
As Water with Water whych wyll not lyghtly twyn.

14. And so may Water only our Water meve,
Whych mevyng causyth both Deth and Lyfe,
And Water doth kyndly to Water cleve
Wythout repugnance, or any stryfe,
Whych Water to Folys ys nothyng ryfe;
Beyng of the kynd wythowten dowte
Of the Spryte, callyd Water and leder owte.

15. And Water ys the secret and lyfe of every thyng
That ys of substance in thys world y found;
For of the Water eche thyng hath begynnyng,
As showyth in Woman when she shallbe unbound
By water whych passyth afore, if all be found,
Callyd *Albyen*, fyrst from them rennyng,
Wyth grevose throwys afore ther chyldyng.

And

6. And truly that ys the cause pryncypall,
Why *Phylosophers* chargyd us to be pacyent
Tyll tyme the Water were dryed to powder all,
Wyth nurryshyng hete contynuall but not vyolent,
For qualytes be contrarious of every element,
Tyll after Black in Whyte be made a unyon,
And then forever congelyd wythout dyvysyon.

7 And furthermore the preparacion of thys conversyon
Fro thyng to thyng, fro one state to another,
Ys done only by kyndly and descrete operacion
Of Nature, as ys of Sperme wythin the Mother:
For Sperme and Hete as Syster be and Brother,
Whych be converted wythin themself as Nature can
By accion, and passyon, and at the last to parfyt Man.

8 For as the bodely part by Nature whych ys consumate
Into Man, ys such as the begynner was,
Whych though yt thus fro thyng to thyng was alterat,
Not owt of kynd to menge with other kynds dyd yt pas;
And so our Mater spermatycall wythin one Glas,
Wythin hyt selfe must turne fro thyng to thyng,
By hete most temperate only hyt noryshyng.

9. Another example naturall I may thee tell,
How the substance of an Egg by nature ys wrought
Into a Chyk, not pasyng out of the shell,
A playner example cowd I not have thought,
And there conversions be made tyll forth be brought
Fro state to state the lyke by lyke yn kynd,
Wyth nurryshyng hete: only bere thys yn mynd.

20. Another example here may you also rede,
Of Vegetable thyngs takyng consyderacyon;
How every Plant growyth of hys owne sede,
Thorow Hete and Moysture by naturall operacyon,
And therefore Mineralls be nurryshyd by mynystracyon;
Of Moysture radycall, whych theyr begynnyng was,
Not passiyng theyer kynd wythin one Glas.

21. There we them turne fro thyng to thyng agayne,
Into ther Moder the Water when they go;
Whych pryncyple unknowen thou labourest in vayne:
Then ys all Sperme, and thyngs ther be no mo,
But kynd wyth kynd in number two;
Male and Female, Agent and Pacyent,
Wythin the matryce of the Erth most oryent.

22. And these be turnyd by Hete fro thyng to thyng
Wythin one Glas, and so fro state to state,
Tyll tyme that Nature do them bryng
Into one substance of the Water regenerate,
And so the Sperme wythin hys kynde ys alterate,
Abyll in lykenes hys kynde for to Multeplye,
As doth in kynde all other thyngs naturally.

23. In the tyme of thys seyde processe naturall,
Whyle that the Sperme consevyd ys growyng,
The substance ys nurryshed wyth hys owne Menstruall,
Whych Water only out of the Erth dyd bryng,
Whose colour ys Greene in the fyrst showing,
And for that tyme the Son hydyth hys lyght,
Taking hys course thorow owte the North by nyght.

The

1. The seyd Menstrue ys, (I say to the in councell)
The blod of our *Grene Lyon*, and not of Vytrioll,
Dame *Venus* can the trewth of thys the tell,
At thy begynnyng to councell and yf thou her call;
Thys secret ys hyd by *Phylosophers* grete and small;
Whych blode drawen owte of the seyd *Lyon*,
For lac of Hete had not perfyt Dygestyon.

2. But thys blode our secret Menstruall,
Wherewyth our Sperme ys nurryshed temperatly,
When it ys turnyd into the fecys Corporall,
And becom Whyte perfytly and very Dry,
Congelyd and Fyxyd into hys owne body;
Then brustyn blod to syght yt may well seme,
Of thys warke namyd the *mylke whyte Dyademe*.

2. Understonde now that our fyery Water thus acuate,
Is called our Menstruall water, wherein
Our Erth ys losyd and naturally Calcenat
By *Congelacyon* that they may never twyne:
Yet to Congele more water thou may not blyn
Into thre parts of the acuate water seyd afore,
Wyth the 4th part of the Erth congelyd & no more.

2 Unto that substance therefore so congelat,
The fowerth part put of water Crystallyn
And make them then together to be Dysponsat
By *Congelacyon* into a myner metallyne,
Whych lyke a sworde new slypyd then wyll shyne,
After the Blacknes whych fyrst wyll showe,
The fowerth parte geve yt them of water new.

Mo

28. Mo *Inbybyčyons* many muſt we have yett;
Geve yt the ſecond, and after the thyrd alſo,
The ſeyd proportyon kepe well in thy wyt;
Then to another the fowerth tyme loke thou go,
The fyfth tyme and the ſyxth, paſſe not there fro:
    But put two parts at eche tyme of them three,
    And at the ſeventh tyme fyve parts let there bee.

29. When thou haſt made thus ſeven tymes *Inbybyčion*,
Ageyne then muſt thow turne thy Whele,
And Putrefy all that Matter wythowte addycyon:
Fyrſt Blackneſſe abydyng yf thow wylt do well,
Then into Whytenes congele yt up eche dele,
    And by Rednes into the Sowth aſſend,
    Then haſt thou brought thy Baſe unto an end.

30. Thus ys thy Water then devydyd in partyes two,
Wyth the fyrſt party the Bodys be Putryfycat,
And to thyne *Inbybyčions* the ſecond part muſt go,
Wyth whych the Matter ys afterwards Denygrat,
And ſone uppon by eſy *Decoccyon* Albyfycate:
    Then yt ys namyd by *Phyloſophers* our *Sterry Stone*,
    Bryng that to Rednes, then ys the *ſyxth Gate* woon.

Of

Of Cibation.

The seventh Gate.

1. NOw of *Cibacion* I turne my pen to wryte,
Syth yt must here the seventh place occupye;
But in few words yt wylbe expedyte,
Take tent therto, and understond me wyttyly;
Cibacion ys callyd a fedyng of our Matter dry
Wyth Mylke, and Mete, whych moderatly they do,
Tyll yt be brought the thyrd order unto.

2. But geve yt not so much that thou hyt glut,
Beware of the Dropsy, and also of *Noyes* Flood;
By lyttyll and lyttyll therfore thou to hyt put
Of Mete and Drynke as semyth to do hyt good,
That watry humors not overgrow the blood:
The Drynke therfore let hyt be mesuryd so,
That kyndly appetyte thou never quench therfro.

3. For yf yt drynke to much, then must yt have
A Vomyte, ells wyll yt be syk to long;
Fro the Dropsy therfore thy Wombe thou save,
And fro the Flux, ells wyll hyt be wrong,
Whych rather lat yt thyrst for drynke amonge:
Then thou shold geve yt overmuch at ons
Whych must in youth be dyattyd for the nons.

4. And yf thou dyatt hyt (as Nature doth requyre)
Moderatly tyll hyt be growen to age,
Fro Cold hyt kepyng and nurryshyng wyth moyst Fyre;
Than shall yt grow and wax full of corrage,
And do to thee both plesure and advauntage:
For he shall make darke Bodys hole and bryght,
Clensyng theyer Leprosenes thorow hys myght.

5. Thre tymes thus must thou turne about thy Whele
Abowte kepyng the rewle of the seyd *Cibacyon*,
And then as sone as yt the Fyre doth fele,
Lyke Wax yt wylbe redy unto Lyquacyon;
Thys Chapter nedyth not longer protestacion:
For I have told thee the dyatory most convenyent
After thyne Elements be made equypolent.

6. And also how thou to Whytnes shalt bryng thy Gold,
Most lyke in fygure to the lenys of an hawthorn tre,
Callyd *Magnesya* afore as I have told;
And our *Whyte Sulfur* wythowte conbustebyllyte,
Whych fro the fyer away wyll never fle:
And thus the *seventh Gate* as thow desyred
In the upspryng of the Son ys conqueryd.

Of

Of Sublimation.

The eight Gate.

1. HEre of our *Sublimacion* a word or two,
I have to ſpeke, whych the eyghth *Gate* ys
Folys do Sublyme, but Sublyme thou not ſo,
For we Sublyme not lyke as they do I wys;
To Sublyme trewly therfore thou ſhall not mys:
If thou can make thy Bodys firſt ſpirituall,
And then thy Spyryts as I have tought the corporall.

2. Som do *Mercury* from *Vitriall* and *Salt* ſublyme,
And other ſpryts fro Scales of Yern or Steele,
Fro Eggſhells calcynyd and quyk lyme,
And on theyer manner hyt they Sublyme ryght well,
But ſuch Sublymyng accordyth never adele
To our entent, for we Sublyme not ſo,
To trewe *Sublymyng* therfore now wyll I go.

. In *Sublymacyon* fyrſt beware of one thyng,
That thou Sublyme not to the top of thy Veſſell,
For without vyolence thou ſhalt yt not downe bryng
Ageyne, but there yt wyll abyde and dwell;
So hyt rejoyſyth wyth refrygeracion I the tell:
Kepe hyt therfore wyth temperat hete adowne
Full forty dayes, tyll hyt wex black abowen.

4. For then the Sowle begynnyth for to com owte,
Fro hys owne vaynys ; for all that ſubtyll ys,
Wyll wyth the Sprytsaſſend withouten dowte:
Bere in thy mynde therfore and thynkeon thys,
How here eclypſyd byn thy Bodys:
As they do Putrify Sublymyng more and more,
Into the Water tyll they be all up bore.

5. And thus ther venom when they have ſpowtyd out
Into the water, than Black yt doth appeare,
And become ſpirituall every dele withoute dowte,
Sublymyng eſyly on our manner
Into the water which doth hym bere:
For in the Ayre one Chyld thus muſt be bore
Of the Water ageyne as I have ſeyd before.

6. But when theſe to *Sublymacyon* continuall
Be laboryd ſo, wyth hete both moyſt and temperate,
That all ys Whyte and purely made ſpirituall ;
Than Hevyn uppon Erth muſt be reitterate,
Unto the Sowle wyth the Body be reincorporate:
That Erth becom all that afore was Hevyn,
Whych wyll be done in *Sublymacyons* ſevyn.

7. And *Sublymacyon* we make for cauſys thre,
The fyrſt cauſe ys to make the Body Spirituall ;
The ſecond that the Spryt may Corporall be,
And becom fyx wyth hyt and ſubſtancyall:
The Thyrd cauſe ys that fro hys fylth orygynall
He may be clenſyd, and hys fatnys ſulphuryoſe
Be mynyſhyd in hym whych ys infectuoſe.

Then

Then when they thus togeder depuryd be,
They wyll Sublyme up whyter then Snow;
That syght wyll gretly comfort the;
For than anon parfytly shalt thou know
Thy Sprytts shall so be a downe I throw:
That thys *Gate* to the shalbe unlockyd,
Out of thys *Gate* many one be shyt and mockyd.

Of Fermentation.

The ninth Gate.

1. TRew *Fermentacyon* few Workers do understond,
That secrett therfore I wyll expounde to the,
I travelyd trewly thorow many a Lond:
Or ever I myght fynde any that cold tell hyt me;
Yet as God wolde, (evermore blessed he be,)
At the last I cum to knowledge therof parfyt,
Take heede therfore, therof what I do wryte.

2. *Fermentyng* in dyvers maners ys don,
By whych our Medcyns must be perpetuate,
Into a clere Water, som lesyth *Son* and *Mone*;
And wyth ther Medcyns makyth them to be Congelate;
Whych in the Fyer what tyme they be examynate,
May not abyde nor alter wyth Complement,
For such *Ferments* ys not to our intent.

3. But yet more kyndly ſom other men don
Fermentyng theyer Medcynes in thys wyſe,
In *Mercury* dyſſolvyng both *Son* and *Mone*,
Up wyth the Spryts tyll tyme wyll aryſe,
Sublymyng them together twyſe or thryſe:
Then *Fermentacyon* therof they make,
That ys a way, but yet we hyt forſake.

4. Som other ther be whych hath more hap
To touch the trothe in parte of Fermentyng;
They *Amalgam* ther Bodys wyth *Mercury* lyke papp;
Then theruppon ther Medcyns relentyng,
Theſe of our Secretts have ſom hentyng:
But not the trewth wyth parfyt Complement,
Becauſe they nether Putrefy nor alter ther Ferment.

5. That poynt therfore I wyll dyſcloſe to thee,
Looke how thou dydyſt wyth thy unparfyt Body,
And do ſo wyth thy parfyt Bodys in every degre;
That ys to ſey fyrſt thou them Putrefye
Her prymary qualytes deſtroying utterly:
For thys ys wholey to our entent,
That fyrſt thou alter before thou Ferment.

6. To thy Compound make Ferment the fowerth parte,
Whych Ferments be only of *Son* and *Mone*;
If thou therfore be Maſter of thys *Arte*,
Thy *Fermentacion* lat thys be done,
Fyx Water and Erth together ſone:
And when the Medcyn as wax doth flowe,
Than uppon *Malgams* loke thou hyt throw.

And

And when all that together ys myxyd
Above thy Glaſſe well cloſyd make thy fyre,
And ſo contenew hyt tyll all be fyxid,
And well Fermented to deſyre;
Than make *Projeccyon* after thy pleaſure:
For that ys Medcyn than ech dele parfyt,
Thus muſt you Ferment both Red and Whyte.

For lyke as flower of Whete made into Paſt,
Requyreth Ferment whych Leven we call
Of Bred that yt may have the kyndly taſt,
And becom Fode to Man and Woman moſt cordyall;
Ryght ſo thy Medcyn Ferment thou ſhall,
That yt may taſt wyth the Ferment pure,
And all aſſays evermore endure.

And underſtond that ther be Ferments three,
Two be of Bodys in nature clene,
Whych muſt be altryd as I have told thee;
The thyrd moſt ſecret of whych I mene,
Ys the fyrſt Erth to hys owne Water grene:
And therfore when the *Lyon* doth thurſt,
Make hym drynke tyll hys Belly burſt.

Of thys a Queſtyon yf I ſhold meve,
And aske of Workers what ys thys thyng,
Anon therby I ſholde them preve;
Yf they had knowledge of our *Fermentyng*,
For many man ſpekyth wyth wondreng:
Of Robyn Hode, and of his Bow,
Whych never ſhot therin I trow.

But

11. But *Fermentacion* trew as I the tell
Ys of the Sowle wyth the Bodys incorporacyon,
Restoryng to hyt the kyndly smell;
Wyth tast and color by naturall conspysacyon
Of thyngs dyssceveryd, a dew redyntegracyon:
Wherby the Body of the Spryte takyth impression,
That eyther other may helpe to have ingression.

12. For lyke as the Bodys in ther compaccyon corporall
May not show out ther qualytes effectually
Untyll the tyme that they becom spyrituall:
No more may Spryts abyde wyth the Bodys stedfastly,
But they wyth them be fyrst confyxat proportionably:
For then the Body techyth the Spryt to suffer Fyer,
And the Spryt the Body to endure to thy desyre.

13. Therfore thy Gold wyth Gold thou must Ferment,
Wyth hys owne Water thyne Erth cleniyd I mene
Not ells to say but Element wyth Element;
The Spryts of Lyfe only goyng betweene,
For lyke as an Adamand as thow hast sene:
Yern to hym draw, so doth our Erth by kynde
Draw downe to hym hys Sowle borne up wyth Wynd.

14. Wyth mynd therfore thy Sowle lede out and in,
Meng Gold wyth Gold, that is to say
Make Elements wyth Elements together ryn;
To tyme all Fyre they suffer may,
For Erth ys Ferment wythouten nay
To Water, and Water the Erth unto;
Our *Fermentacion* in thys wyse must be do.

Erth

Erth ys Gold, so ys the Sowle also,
Not Comyn but Owers thus Elementate,
And yet the Son therto must go,
That by our Whele yt may be alterate,
For so to Ferment yt must be preparat:
That hyt profoundly may joynyd be
Wyth other nature s as I sey d to thee.

And whatsoever I have here seyd of Gold,
The same of Sylver I wyll thou understond,
That thou them Putrefye and alter as I have told;
Ere thou thy Medcyn to Ferment take in hond,
Forsowth I cowde never fynde hym wythin *England*:
whych on thys wyse to Ferment cowde me teche
Wythout errour, by practyse or by speche.

Now of thys Chapter me nedyth to trete no more,
Syth I intend prolixite to eschew;
Remember well my words therfore,
Whych thou shalt preve by practys trew,
And *Son* and *Mone* loke thou renew:
That they may hold of the fyfth nature,
Then shall theyr Tynctures ever endure.

And yet a way there ys most excellent,
Belongyng unto another workyng,
A Water we make most redolent:
All Bodys to Oyle wherwyth we bryng,
Wyth whych our Medcyn we make floyng:
A Quyntessens thys Water we call
In man, whych helyth Dysesys all.

19. But wyth thy Bace after my Doctryne preperat,
Whych ys our Calx, thys must be don;
For when our Bodys be so Calcenat,
That Water wyll to Oyle dyssolve them sone;
Make therfore Oyle of *Son* and *Mone*
Which ys *Ferment* most fragrant for to smell,
And so the 9th *Gate* ys Conquered of thys Castell.

OF EXALTATION.

The tenth Gate.

1. PRocede we now to the Chapter of *Exaltacion,*
Of whych truly thou must have knowledge pure,
Full lyttyll yt ys dyfferent from *Sublymacyon,*
Yf thou conceve hym ryght I thee ensure:
Herto accordyth the holy Scrypture:
Chryste seyng thus, *Yf I exalted be,*
Then shall I draw all thyngs unto me.

2. Ower Medycyn yf we Exalt ryght so,
Hyt shall therby be Nobylyzate,
That must be done in manners two;
Fro tyme the parts be dysponsate,
Whych must be Crusyfyed and examynat:
And then contumulate both Man and Wyfe,
And after revyvyd by the Spyryts of Lyfe.

Than up to Hevyn they must Exaltyd be,
Ther to be in Body and Sowle gloryfycate;
For thou must bryng them to such subtylyte,
That they assend together to be intronyzate,
In Clowds of clerenesse, to Angells consociate:
Then shall they draw as thou shalt se
All other Bodys to ther owne dygnyte.

Yf thou therfore thy Bodys wyll Exaltat,
Fyrst wyth the Spryts of Lyfe thou them augment,
Tyll tyme thy Erth be well subtylyate,
By naturall rectyfyyng of eche Element;
Hym up exaltyng into the Fyrmament:
Than much more presyose shall they be than Gold,
Because they of the Quyntessence do hold.

For when the Cold hath overcum the Hete,
Then into Water the Ayre shall turnyd be;
And so two contrarys together shall mete,
Tyll ether wyth other ryght well agre,
So into Ayre thy Water as I tell the;
When Hete of Cold hath gott domynacyon,
Shalbe convertyd by craft of *Cyrculacyon.*

And of the Fyer then Ayer have thou shall,
By losyng Putrefyyng and Sublymyng;
And Fyer thou hast of the Erth materyall:
Thyne Elements by craft thus dysseveryng,
Most specyally the Erth well Calcenyng:
And when they be eche on made pure,
Then do they hold all of the fyfth nature.

7. On thys wyse therfore make them to be Cyrculat,
Ech unto other exaltyng by and by,
And in one Glas do all thys surely sygylate,
Not wyth thy honds, but as I teche the naturally,
Fyer into Water then turne fyrst hardely;
For Fyer ys in Ayer wych ys in Water exystent,
And thys Conversyon accordyth to our entent.

8. Than ferthermore turne on thy Whele,
That into Erth thy Ayre convertyd be,
Whych wylbe don also ryght well:
For Ayre ys in Water beyng in the Erth trust me,
Then Water into Fyre contraryose in ther qualyte:
Sone turne thou may, for Water in Erth ys,
Whych ys in Fyer conversyon, true ys thys.

9. Thy Whele ys now nygh turnyd abowte,
Into Ayre turne Erth, whych ys the proper nest
Of other Elements ther ys no dowte,
For Erth in Fyre ys, whych in Ayre takyth rest,
Thys *Cyrculacyon* thou begyn must in the West:
Then forth into the Sowth tyll they exaltyd be,
Procede dewly as in the Fygure I have towght the.

10. In whych proces thou may clerly se,
From an extreame how to another thou may not go.
But by a mene, syth they in qualyte contraryose be;
And reson wyll forsoth that hyt be so,
As hete into cold wyth other contraryose mo:
Wythout theyr menys as moyst to hete and cold,
Examples suffycyent afore thys have I told.

Thus

11 Thus have I tawght the how for to make,
Of all thy Elements a parfyt *Cyrculacyon*,
And at thy Fygure example for to take,
How thou ſhalt make thys foreſayd *Exaltacyon*,
And of thy Medcyn in the Elements trew graduacyon:
Tyll hyt be brought to a quynaryte temperat,
And then thou haſt conqueryd the *Tenth Gate*.

Of Multiplication.

The eleventh Gate.

M*ultyplycacyon* now to declare I procede,
Whych ys by *Phyloſophers* in thys wyſe dyſynyd;
Augmentacyon yt ys of that *Elixer* indede,
In goodnes, in quantyte, both for Whyt and Rede,
Multyplycacyon ys therfore as they have ſeyd:
That thyng that doth Augment the Medcyns in ech (degre,
In Color, in Odor, in Vertue, and alſo in Quantyte.

And why thou may thy Medcyn multeply,
Infynytly the cauſe forſoth ys thys.
For yt ys Fyer whych tyned wyll never dye:
Dwellyng wyth the as Fyer doth in houſys,
Of whych one ſparke may make more Fyers I wys;
As musk in Pygments, and other ſpycys mo,
In vertue multyplyeth and our Medcyn ryght ſo.

3. So he ys ryche the whych Fyer hath les or more,
Because he may so gretly Multeply;
And ryght so ryche ys he whych any parte hath in store
Of our *Elixers* whych be augmentable infynytly:
One way yf thou dyssolve our Powders dry,
And oft tymes of them make Congelacyon,
Of hyt in goodnes thou makyst then Augmentacyon.

4. The second way both in goodnes and in quantyte,
Hyt Multyplyeth by Iterat *Fermentacion*,
As in that Chapter I showyd playnly unto the,
By dyvers manners of naturall Operacyon,
And also in the Chapter of our *Cybacyon*:
Where thou may know how thou shalt Multeply
Thy Medycyn wyth *Mercury* Infynytly.

5. But and thou bothe wyll Loose and also Ferment,
Both more in quantyte and better wyll hyt be;
And in such wyse thou may that so augment,
That in thy Glas yt wyll grow lyke a Tre,
The *Tre of Hermes* namyd, seemly to se:
Of whych one Pepyn a thowsand wyll *Multyply*,
Yf thou can make thy *Projeccyon* wyttyly.

6. And lyke as Saffron when yt ys pulveryzate,
By lyttyll and lyttyll yf hyt in Lycour be
Temperyd, and then wyth mykyll more Lycour dylate,
Tyngyth much more of Lycour in quantyte, (se
Than beyng hole in hys owne grose nature: so shall thou
That our *Elixers* the more they be made thyn,
The farther in Tyncture sothfastly wyll renne.

Kepe

Kepe in thy Fyer therfore both evyn and morow,
Fro house to house that thou nede not to renne
Amonge thy Neyghbors, thy Fyer to sech or borow,
The more thou kepyst the more good shall thou wyn,
Multyplyyng ey more and morethy Glas wythin:
By fedyng wyth *Mercury* to thy lyvys end,
So shall thou have more than thou nedyst to spend.

Thys mater ys playne, I wyll no more
Wryte now therof, lat Reson the guyde;
Be never the bolder to Syn therfore,
But serve thy God the better at ech tyde;
And whylls that thou shall in thys lyfe abyde;
Bere thys in mynde, forget not I the pray,
As thou shalt apere before thy God at domys day.

Hys owne gret Gyfts thefore and hys Tresure;
Dyspose thou vertuosely, helpyng the poore at nede,
That in thys World to the thou may procure
Mercy and Grace with Hevenly blys to mede,
And pray devoutly to God that he the lede
In at thys eleventh *Gate* as he can best,
Sone after then thou shalt end thy conquest.

Of

Of Projection.

The twelfth Gate.

1. IN *Projeccyon* hyt ſhalbe provyd yf our practiſe be profy-
Of wch yt behovyth me the ſecrets here to meve; (table
Therfore yf thy Tyncture be ſure and not vaiyable,
By a lyttyll of thy Medcyn thus ſhall thou preve
Wyth Mettall or wyth Mercury as Pyche yt wyll cleve:
And Tynct in *Projeccyon* all Fyers to abyde,
And ſone yt wyll enter and ſpred hym full wyde.

2. But many for Ignorans doth mar that they made,
When on Mettalls unclenſyd *Projeccyon* they make,
For be cauſe of corrupcyon theyr Tynctures muſt vade;
Whych they wold not awey fyrſt fro the Bodys take,
Whych after *Projeccyon* be bryttyl, bloe, and blacke:
That thy Tyncture therfore may evermore laſt,
Uppon *Ferment* thy Medcyn loke fyrſt that thou caſt.

3. Then brottyl wyll thy *Ferment* as any glas be,
Uppon Bodys clenſyd and made very pure,
Caſt thy brottyll ſubſtance and ſone ſhall thou ſe,
That they ſhalbe curyoſely coleryd wyth Tyncture,
Whych at all aſſays for ever ſhall endure:
But at the Pſalmys of the Sawter example thou take
Profytable *Projeccyon* parfytly to make.

On

4. On *Fundamenta* cast fyrst thys *Psalme Nunc Dimittis*,
Uppon *Verba mea* then cast *Fundamenta* blyve;
Than *Verba mea* uppon *Diligam*, conseve me wyth thy wytts;
And *Diligam* on *Attende* yf thou lyst to thryve:
Thus make thou *Projeccyons* thre fowre or fyve,
Tyll the Tyncture of thy Medcyn begyn to decrese,
And then yt ys tyme of *Projeccyon* to cese.

5. By thys mysty talkyng I mene nothyng ells,
But that thou must cast fyrst the lesse on the more,
Incresyng ever the Number as wyse men the tells,
And kepe thou thys Secrett to thy selfe in store,
Be covetuose of connyng yt ys no burden sore:
For who that joyneth not the *Elixers* wyth Bodys made clene,
He wot not what sykerly *Projeccyon* doth mene.

6. Ten yf thou Multyply fyrst into ten,
One hundreth, that number wyll make sykerly;
Yf one hundreth into an hundreth be Multyplyed then,
Ten thousand ys that number counte hyt wyttyly,
Then into as much more ten thousand multyply:
That ys a thousand thousand, whych multyplyeth I wys,
Into as much more as a hundred myllyons ys.

7. That hundred myllyons beyng multyplyed lykewys,
Into ten thousand myllyons, that ys for to sey,
Makyth so grete a number I wote not what yt ys,
Thy number in *Projeccyon* thus Multyply alwey:
Now Chyld of thy curtesy for me thou pray;
Syth that I have told the our secretts all and some,
To whych I beseche God by Grace thou may com.

8. Now thow hast conqueryd the *twelve Gates*,
And all the Castell thou holdyst at wyll,
Kepe thy Secretts in store unto thy selve;
And the comaundements of God looke thou fulfull:
In fyer conteinue thy glas styll,
And Multeply thy Medcyns ay more and more,
For wyse men done sey *Store ys no sore*.

The end of the Twelve Gates.

THE RECAPITULATION.

1. FOr to bryng thys *Tretys* to a fynall end,
And brevely here for to conclude these Secretts all,
Dylygently loke thou, and to thy Fygure attend:
Whych doth in hyt conteyne these secrets grete & small,
And yf thou conceve both Theorycall and Practycall:
By Fygures, and by Colors, and by Scrypture playne,
Whych wyttely consevyd thou mayst not work in vayn.

2. Consyder fyrst the Latytude of thy Precyous *Stone*,
Begynnyng in the fyrst syde notyd in the West,
Where the *Red Man* and the *Whyte Woman* be made one,
Spowsyd wyth the Spryts of lyfe to lyve in love and rest,
Erth and Water equaly proportyond that ys best;
And one of the Erth ys good and of the Spryts thre,
Whych twelve to fowre also of the Erth may be.

Three

3. Thre of the Wyse and one of the Man then must thou take,
And the lesse of the Spryts there be in thys dysponsation,
The rather thy *Calcynatyon* for certeyne shall thou make,
Then forth into the North procede by obscuratyon;
Of the *Red Man* and hys *Whyte Wyfe* callyd *Eclypsation*:
Losyng them and alteryng betyxt Wynter and Vere,
Into Water turnyng Erth darke and nothyng clere.

4. Fro thens by colors many one into the Est assends,
There shall the Mone be full apperyng by day lyght;
Then ys she passyd her Purgatory and course at an end;
There ys the uprysyng of the Son apperyng whyt and bryght,
There ys Somer after Vere, and day after nyght: (Ayre;
Than Erth and Water whych were so black be turnyd into
Than clouds of darknes be overblowyn & all aperyth faire.

5. And lyke as the West begynnyng was of the Practyse,
And the North the parfyt mene of profound Alteratyon,
So the Est after them the begynnyng of Speculacyon ys; (tion
But of thys course up in the Sowth the Son makyth Consuma-
Ther be thy Elements into Fyre turnyd by Cyrculacyon:
Then to wyn to thy desyre thou needst not be in dowte,
For the Whele of our *Phylosophy* thou hast turnyd abowte.

6. But yet ageyne turne abowte two tymys thy Whele,
In whych be comprehendyd all the Secretts of our *Phylosophy*,
In Chapters 12 made playne to the if thou conseve them well;
And all the Secretts by and by of our lower *Astonomye*,
How thou Calcin thy Bodys, parfit, dissolve, devide & putrefie:
Wyth parfyt knowledge of all the polys whych in our Hevyn
Shynyng with colors inexplycable never were gayer sene. (then

7. And thys one Secrett conclusyonal know thou wythouten fayle,
Our *Red Man* teyneth not tyll he teynyd be;
Therfore yf thou lyst thy selfe by thy craft to avayle,
The Altytude of thy Bodys hyde & show out theyr profundyte,
In every of thy Materyalls dystroyyng the fyrst qualyte:
And secundary qualytes more gloryose repare in them anon
And in one Glas wyth one governaunce 4 Naturs turne into one.

8. Pale, and Black, wyth falce Citryne, unparfyt Whyte & Red,
Pekoks fethers in color gay, the Raynbow whych shall overgoe
The Spottyd Panther wyth the Lyon greene, the Crowys byll (bloe as lede;
These shall appere before the parfyt Whyte, & many other moe
Colors, and after the parfyt Whyt, Grey, and falce Citrine also:
And after all thys shall appere the blod Red invaryable,
Then hast thou a Medcyn of the thyrd order of hys owne (kynde Multyplycable.

6. Thow must devyde thy *Elixer* whyte into partyes two,
After thou rubify and into Glassys let hym be don,
If thou wylt have the *Elixers* both for *Son* and *Mone* do so;
Wyth *Mercury* then hem Multeply unto gret quantyte sone:
Yf thow at the begynnyng had not as much as wold into a spone:
Yet moght thou them so Multeply both the Whyte & Red,
That yf thou levyd a thousand yere they shold the stond in (stede.

10. Have thou recourse to thy Whele I councell the unto,
And stody tyll thou understond eche Chapter by and by,
Medyll with no falce Fantesys, Multeplyers, let them go, (*phye*,
Which wyll the flatter & falcely sey they are connyng in *Phyloso-*
Do as I byd the and then dyssolve these foreseyd Baces wyttely;
And turne hym into parfyt Oylys with our trew water ardent,
By Cyrculacion that must be don accordyng to our entent.

These

1. These Oylys wyll fyx crude *Mercury* and convert Bodys all,
Into parfyt *Sol* and *Lune* when thou shalt make *Projeccyon*,
That Oylysh substance pure and fyx *Raymond Lully* dyd call
Hys *Basylyske*, of whych he made never so playne deteccyon,
Pray for me to God that I may be of hys eleccyon:
And that he wyll for one of hys on Domys Day me kene,
And graunt me in hys blys to reygne for ever wyth hym, *Amen*.

Gloria tibi Domine.

An Admonition, wherein the Author declareth his Erronious experiments.

1 AFter all thys I wyll thou understonde,
For thy savegarde what I have done,
Many Experyments I have had in hond;
As I found wryten for Son and Mone,
Whych I wyll tell the rehersyng sone:
Begynnyng wyth Vermylion whych provyd nought,
And Mercury sublymyd whych I dere bought.

I made *Solucyons* full many a one,
Of Spyrytts, Ferments, Salts, Yerne and Steele;
Wenyng so to make the *Phylosophers Stone*:
But fynally I lost eche dele,
After my Boks yet wrought I well;
Whych evermore untrew I provyd,
That made me oft full sore agrevyd.

3. Waters corrosyve and waters Ardent,
With which I wrought in divers wyse,
Many one I made but all was shent;
Eggs shells I calcenyd twise or thryse,
Oylys fro Calcys I made up-ryse;
And every Element fro other I did twyne,
But profyt found I ryght none therein.

4. Also I wrought in Sulphur and in Vitriall,
Whych folys doe call the *Grene Lyon*,
In Arsenike, in Orpement, fowle mot them fall;
In debili principio was myne Incepcyon:
Therefore was frawde in fyne the Conclusyon;
And I blew my thryft at the Cole,
My Clothys were bawdy, my Stomache was never hole.

5. Sal Armonyake and Sandever,
Sal Alkaly, sal Alembroke, sal Attinckarr,
Sal Tarter, sal Comyn, sal Geme most clere;
Sal Peter, sal Sode, of these beware;
Fro the odor of Quyckfylver kepe the fare:
Medyll not wyth Mercury precipitate,
Nether wyth imparfyt Bodys rubyfycate.

6. I provyd Uryns, Eggs, Here, and Blod,
The Scalys of Yern whych Smethys do of smyte,
Æs Ust, and Crokefer whych dyd me never good:
The sowle of Saturne and also Marchasyte,
Lythage and Antemony not worth a myte:
Of whych gey Tyntures I made to shew,
Both Red and Whyte whych were untrew.

7 Oyle of Lune and water wyth labour grett,
I made Calcynyng yt with ſalt precipytate,
And by hyt ſelfe with vyolent hett
Gryndyng with Vynegar tyll I was fatygate:
And alſo with a quantyte of Spyces acuate;
Uppon a Marble whych ſtode me oft in coſt,
And Oyles with Corroſyves I made; but all was loſt.

8 Many Amalgame dyd I make,
Wenyng to fix theſe to grett avayle,
And thereto Sulphur dyd I take;
Tarter Egges whyts, and the Oyle of the Snayle;
But ever of my purpoſe dyd I fayle:
For what for the more and what for the leſſe,
Evermore ſomethyng wantyng there was.

9 Wyne, Mylke, Oyles, and Runnett,
The Slyme of Sterrs that falleth to the grownde,
Celydony and Secundynes wyth many moe yett,
In theſe I practyſyd as in my books I found,
I wan ryght nought, but loſt many a pownde;
Of Mercury and Mettalls I made Chryſtall ſtones,
Wenyng that hyt had ben a worke for the nonys.

10 Thus I roſtyd and boylyd as one of *Gebers* Cooks,
And oft tymes my wynnyng in the Asks I ſought;
For I was dyſcevyd wyth many falce Books
Wherby untrue thus truly I wrought:
But all ſuch Experyments avaylyd me nought;
But brought me in danger and in combraunce,
By loſſe of my goods and other grevaunce.

For

11. For the love of our Lady ſuch lewdnes eſchue,
Medyll wyth no falſhood whych never prevyd well;
Aſſay when thow wylt and thow ſhalt fynde me treue;
Wynn ſhalt thou nought but loſe every dele,
Pence in thy Pauwkner fewe ſhalt thou feele:
In ſmokes and ſmells thow ſhalt have myckle wo,
That unnethe for ſyknes on Erth ſhalt thow go.

12. I never ſaw true worke treuly but one,
Of whych in thys tretys the trewth I have told.
Stody only therfore to make our *Stone*:
For therby may thow wyn both Sylver and Gold,
Uppon my wrytynge therfore to ground the be bold:
So ſhalt thow loſe nought yf God be thy gyde,
Truſt to my Doctryne and therby abyde.

13 Remember how Man ys moſt noble Creature,
In erths Compoſycyon that ever God wrought,
In whom are the fowre Elements proportyonyd by nature:
A naturall Mercuryalyte whych coſt ryght nought,
Out of hys myner by Arte yt muſt be brought;
For our Mettalls be nought ells but myners too,
Of our Soon and our Moone, wyſe *Reymond* ſeyd ſo.

14. The clerenes of the *Moone* and of the *Soone*, bryght,
Into theſe two Myners deſendyth ſecretly,
Howbeyt the cleernes be hyd fro thy ſyght:
By craft thou ſhalt make ytt to appere openly,
Thys hyd *Stone*, thys one thyng therfore putrefye:
Waſh hym wyth hys owne broth tyll whyte he becoom,
Then Ferment hym wyttely, nowe here ys all and ſoom.

Now

Now to God Almyghty I thee Recommend,
Whych graunte the by Grace to knowe thys one thing,
For now ys thys *Treatys* brought to an end:
And God of hys Mercy to hys blyſſe us bryng,
Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, where Angells do ſyng:
Prayſyng without ceaſynge hys glorioſe Mageſtye,
Whych he in hys Kyngdome graunte us for to ſee.

An. Dom. 1471.

Explicit Alchimiæ Tractatus Philoſophiæ,
Cujus Rypla George, *Canonicus, Auctor erat*;
Mille, quadringentis ſeptuaginta unoq;
Annis qui ſcriptus compoſituſq; fuit.
Auctori lector præbe præce, quæſo Iuvamen,
Illi purgamen leve poſt vitam ut ſit Amen.

Engliſhed.

Thus heere the *Tract of Alchimy* doth end,
Whych (*Tract*) was by *George Ripley* Chanon pen'd;
It was Compoſed, Writt, and Sign'd his owne,
In *Anno* twice Seav'n hundred ſeav'nty one:
Reader! Aſſiſt him, make it thy deſire,
That after Lyfe he may have gentle Fire.

Amen.

LIBER PATRIS SAPIENTIAE.

THow that in thys Boke beginneth to rede, (spede:
Keepe well thys Councell the better schalt thow
Be thow in a place secret by thy selfe alone, (done
That noe man see or here what thow schalt say o

2. Yet ere thow begyn to rede much, take thow good hede,
Wyth whom thow kepest company I councell thee indede;
Trust not thy freind too much, wheresoere thow goe,
For he that thow trustest best sometyme may be thye Foe.

3. And take hede to the words of the Fader of Wysdom,
How he techeth hys Sonne how he schould done;
To kepe hys presepts of bodely governance
And wyth hys Conyng he wyll the gretly advance.

4. And yf thow wylt not to hys wordys take hede,
Thow schalt stand here oft in gret feare and dred.
For he that hath a fore wytt he nedes not do amysse,
And he that doth Folly the Folly schalbe hys.

5. Now my dere *Sonne* be thow not a know
To Lerned nor to Leud, to Hygh nor to Low:
Neyther to Young nor Old, Rych nor Poore,
Unto them thow tech nothyng my Lore.

6. Al

6. Alſo to ſcuche men that hold themſelves wyſe,
And ſo forth to the foolys that glyde on the Ice:
They weene in grete Bokes ſchould be the *Art*
Of the Science of *Alchemy*, but they be not worth a fart.

7. Therefor my *Sonn* to thee thys *Science* I may well teach,
And yf thow wylt upon thy enemy be wreach;
Or to purchaſe or build any good thyng,
It ſchalbe to thy gret furtheryng.

8. Thys worthy *Scyence* of *Alchemy* if thow wylt it leare,
A lyttle mony out of thy purſe thow muſt forbeare;
To buy therewyth *Flos Florum* it is moſt worthieſt,
And to build well her Cabyn and her Neſt.

9. And if thow put out mony for any other thing,
It is to thy loſſe; and to thy great hindring:
Except yt be for thy workes naturall Foode,
Which is had out of Stone, Ayre and Wood.

10. And if thow have all thyngs wythin the growing,
Then thow needeſt not to buy any manner of thing,
That ſchould be to thys *Science* belonging,
But beware of thy ſelfe for feare of hanging.

11. For then thow and thys *Scyence* were for ever loſt,
If thow make thereof any manner of boaſt,
To any Man or Woman, Old or Young,
Beware of thy ſelfe for feare of diſcovering.

12. For if thow make any man privie
Of thy Councell, Rich or Needy,
Thow muſt ſo beware Sleeping or Waking,
For once ymagining of Money making.

13. For yf God ſends thee grace and underſtanding,
Wyth thys *Scyence* thow mayſt have good lyving:
But beware of ſpeach of Women liberall,
And of the voice and ſight of Children generall.

14. *Sonn* in thyne owne howse thow maist well gett
A good Morsell of meat thy mouth to sweet,
Both Pheasant, Partridge, Plover and Leveret,
Though thow cry yt not owte in the common Market.

15. Therefore kepe close of thy Tongue and of thy Hand,
From the Officers and Governours of the Land;
And from other men that they of thy Craft nothing know,
For in wytnes thereof they wyll thee hang and draw.

16. And thereof the People will the at Sessions indight,
And great Treason against the they wyll write;
Wythowt that the Kings grace be to thee more,
Thow schalt for ever in thys world be forlore.

17. Alsoe wythowt thow be sure of another thyng,
To purchase the Lycence of thy King:
For all manner of doubts thee schall betide,
The better thow maiste Worke, and both goe and ride.

18. Also another thing I schall thee lere,
The poore People take thow nothing deare,
But ever serve thy God alway at the begynnyng,
And among the poore People the better schalbe thy livyng.

19. Now my *Chylde* to my precepts looke thow take hede,
Whatsoever fall after the better schall thow spede.
Better it ys to have a thyng, then for it to wish,
For when thow feelst a Sore tis hard for thee to get a Leech.

20. Now my deare *Son* to the I wyll declare,
More of thys Warke which schalbe thy welfaire;
If thow canst consider all my sayings;
For therewyth thow mayest finde a full precious thing.

21. And *Son* though thys Writing be made in Ryme,
Yet take thow thereat noe greate disdaine.
Till thow hast proved my words in deede and in thought,
I watt it well it schalbe set at nought.

22. There-

22. Therefor of all Bodyes and Spyrits more or lesse,
Mercury is called *Flos Florum* and worthiest Pryncesse:
For her Birth and marvelous dealing,
Sche ys most worthiest to have byne King.

23. For sche ys Erth and Water most heviest,
And sche will conjoyne wyth Fire and Aire most lyghtest;
And so forth wyth her love sche will run and flee,
For sche delighteth noe other game or glee.

24. Some say that of *Sulphur* and *Mercury* all Bodyes minerall
Ingendered in the Erth with divers Colours cladd: (are made,
By the vertue of Decoccion before Preperacion,
To the lykenes of every body Mynerall in ther fashion.

25. I will first begin wyth *Saturne* after other mens sayings,
How he ys ingendered in the Erth wyth unclene *Mercury* flying:
And of *Mercury* he ys most heviest wyth black Sulphury Erth
Save he ys soft of fusion, and hys Sulphur nothing fixed. (mixed,

26. *Iupiter* is a whyte Body made of pure *Mercury* outward,
And of clere *Sulphur* somewhat Erthly and white inward;
He ys in kynde softest and well in his fixation,
For he is almost fixt, but he lacketh Decoction.

27. *Mars* ys a white Body most of unclene ☿ in the Erth y'made,
And he ys hardest of fusion with *Sulphur* Erthly cladd;
To blacknes and rednes he will soonest consume,
By heate or by corrosive when the Spirit beginneth to fume.

28. *Sol* is the purest, somwhat red, & is made of clene ☿ & *Sulphur*
Ingendered with clere red *Sulphur*, in the Erth well mixed, (fixed,
And therefor he ys without defalt and lacketh no degree;
For he ys almost hardest of Fusion and heviest in ponderossity.

29. *Venus* ys a Body more red of pure ☿ made in hys substance,
Most of red *Sulphur* and greene and therein is greate variance:
In the Erth ingendered with Corrosive and bitter substance,
Well fixed and hard of fusion, rude in governance.

 30. *Mercury*

30. *Mercury* ys a Body if he be with a Subſtance moved,
Mixing one kinde with his kinde, ſo ſchall he be loved;
One Spirit received wyth another, the which of them be maine,
Is cauſe of ingeneration of every body Mettalyne.

31. *Luna* ys a pure white Body of clene *Mercury* & *Sulphur* white
And ſche is a litle hard of fuſion & almoſt well fixed, (ingendered
And ſche is next cleaneſt in Tincture of whitenes,
Of Ponderoſity light, of *Iupiter* bearing his whitenes.

32. And ſoe after the Colour of that Erth ys Sulphuri and re-
Some men do ſay ys engendered every Mettall; (ceptuall,
But my *Son* the perfect worke of thys alteration,
I ſchall informe the true way of another faſhion.

33. Now have I declared the working of the Bodies Mynerall,
Whereof they be ingendered after other mens ſayings over all;
And as in place of the Erth one Body was fully wrought,
Soe muſt the artificiall Medicine, be or elſe it ys nought.

34. Now will I declare the worthines of *Mercury* in ſpeciall,
How ſche ys the notableſt Spirit that ys mynerall,
Moſt marvelous in working and in degree,
Sche ys called the Matter principalleſt of the three.

35. Alſo ſche ys very ſubtile in many things artificiall,
Sche will both give and take Tincture moſt ſpeciall,
To hym or of hym that ſche loveth moſt beſt,
In ſpeciall when ſche ys warmed in her Neſt.

36. My Son *Mercury* ys called the mightieſt *Flos florum*,
And moſt royall, and richeſt of all *Singulorum*;
Sche ys very Patron and Princes moſt royall,
And ſche ys very Mother of every Mettall.

37. Sche ys Vegitable, Animalle and Minerall,
Sche ys Foure in kinde, and One in generall:
Sche ys Erth, Aire, Water and Fyre,
Among all other ſche hath no Peere.

38. Sche kylleth and ſlayeth, and alſo doth calcine,
Sche dyeth, and alſo doth ſche live againe;
Sche giveth lyfe and alſo ingreſſion,
For joyntly ſche ys three in one.

39. Sche ys a very frendly mixar,
The progeneration of a greate *Elixar*:
Sche ys both Body Soule and Spirite,
In Colour very red, black and white.

40. Many be the wooers that hang on her tayle,
But ſche will not with them I'deale;
They would her wedd againſt her will,
With foemen that liken her full ill.

41. Sche will deale with no manner of wight,
But with her Husband as it ys greate right:
With him ſche will beare much fruite,
For he ys by nature of her ſelfe ſame ſute.

42. My *Son* of hem Fooles have much diſpight,
And therin ſuch Fooles looſe their light:
For ſometymes he ys darke, and ſometymes bright,
For he ys lyke no other wight.

43. For if they have their kynde ingendering,
Their naturall foode and good keeping,
They ſchall increaſe frute by dene,
Very red and white, King and Queene.

44. My *Son* in thys *Scyence* I doe deny,
All things that be diſcording truly,
All manner of Salts I doe defie,
And all manner of Sulphurs in waters of Corroſie.

45. Alſo Alloome, Vitriall, Auripigmentum and Haire,
Gold, Silver, Alkaly and Sandiver;
Honey, Wax, and Oyles or Calx elſe,
Gumms, Galls, and alſo Egg-ſhells.

46. Alſo

46. Alſo I defie Antimony, Berrall, and Chriſtall,
Roſin, Pitch, alſo Amber, Jett and Corrall;
Hearbs, Dated Stones, Marble, or Tinglas,
If there come any of all theſe it ys the worſe.

47. Alſo Berrills, Gotts Hornes, and Alome plome,
Good with them will none be done;
All things that diſcordeth from Mettall,
It ys contrary to thys worke in generall.

48. My *Son* many fooles to me have ſought,
But they and I accord right nought;
I leave them there as I them finde,
And as Fooles I make them blinde.

49. For whych *Mercury* they have errd full ſore
And then when they had they could doe no more,
Therefor in *Phyloſophers* ſche bear'th the floower,
For ſche ys King, Prince, and Emperour.

50. Yet my deare *Son* be thow not a knowne
To Learned, nor to Lewde, to High, nor to Low;
That thys worke ſtandeth by *Mercury* and in her fire,
Her owne ſpeciall Love both life and deare.

51. For he ys her Son, ſche ys hys Fright,
In whome ſche worketh all her myght:
He ys her Son, ſche ys hys Mother,
Sche loveth him peramore and no other.

52. In *Sol*, and *Lune*, in her meeting ys all love,
For of *Mercury* only ys all her behove,
And with them ſche worketh all her might,
Bnt they may never increaſe on fright.

53. Therefor it ys poſſible to caſt a Projection pure,
Upon a Million to make a perfect Body of tincture:
Wyth Medicine of Spirits well joyned and fixed,
It ſchall not be perceived where it ys well mixed.

54. And

54. And therefor if there com Silver or Gold in at thy Gate,
The which men use in Coyne or in common Plate;
I sweare by God that all thys world hath wrought,
All thy labour and warke schall turne to nought.

55. For with what Mettall soever that *Mercury* be joyned,
Because of her Coldnes and Moistnes sche ys acloyd:
Put them never so close togeder sche will fume anon,
And when they come into the fire sche wil sone be gone.

56. Therefore *Mercury* hath a Lover that passeth them
A thousandfold, who so will him ken
And he ys her Lover and her Leman sweete,
And so hys Councell sche will keepe.

57. Both in hys Chamber and also in hys Bedd,
Also alive and when they byne dead;
Seeke yee forth fooles as Ae have sought,
For in all other things finde yee right nought.

58. Now my deare *Son* to thee I will indight,
The truth in word and deede I will write:
How that a precious *Stone* shalbe made,
Thee to rejoyce and make thee full glad.

59. As I said in the 32. Chapter unto my Conclusion,
How I schould informe the truth after another fashion,
And to performe thys *Scyence* both in word and deede,
In making of our Medicine God must us speede.

60. The which ys called the greate *Elixer*,
And ys verily made with a stronge mixar;
The which is a Stone very Minerall,
And thow maist him well gett ever all.

61. My *Son* thow schalt take to *Mercury* no other thing,
But Erth that's heavy and hard and stiff standing:
The which in himselfe ys derke bright dry and cold,
To joyne them togeder thow maist be full bold.

62. One of them to 10 parts of that Water running most heaviest
And they schalbe both one, and to thy warke most mightiest:
Then hast thow Man and Woman togeder brought,
The which ys done by greate love in a thought.

63. The which two be both Spirits, & one Body most heaviest,
When they be in your Chamber and bed joyned in the Element
The which ys more bigger, and bigger hott and dry, (lightest,
And therein they will both kiss togeder & neither weepe nor cry.

64. For when Erth and Water ys well mixed,
By the vertue of the lightest Element well hardned and fixed:
For before that time they be Water running both,
And then schall turne to fix body be they never so loath.

65. For in theyr bed they schall make a perpetuall Conjunction,
After the feeding of the light Element and of their proportion;
Soe schould they be decoct, having the parfeit fixascion,
In the likenes of a body in fusion having hys fashion.

66. But at the first in their Bed they may indure no greate heate,
Soe as they may well labour in their Bed for sweate:
Att the first if there be in their Chamber overmuch red Colour,
Hastily going thereto will cause greate Dolour.

67. For in their first Nest they schould be both water running,
And because of heate they schould be ever drying.
And so therein become a subtill dry Substance,
The which warke schall thee greately avaunce.

68. Therefor their Nest must be made of a strong kinde,
Of the most hardest and cleerest Body, that they not out winde;
For if it so be that their Chamber or Nest begin to breake,
Anon out thereof they will begin to Creake.

69. And then ys all thy warke and thy greate labour lost,
Then thou maist begin againe upon a new cost,
And so thow mayst not be negligent and hasty, but of the bed be
Without it be hard stuff and cleere it will not indure. (sure,

70. And

70. And if thow wil at the firſt hand give ſuddaine heate,
It will unto thy Warke be nothing meete;
And if thow let him have any ſuddaine greate Cold,
All thys ſchall breke thy warke, then art thow to bold.

71. Let their Neſt be ſomewhat large with a broade rouſe,
And therein they ſchall abide if it be ſtrong and cloſe above;
And in proportion put thereto nothing more nor leſſe,
But as ys ſayd before if thow doe yt ys the worſe.

72. Alſo from the beds head there muſt riſe a highe Spoute,
And another almoſt downe to the bottome that the Spirit go not (out;
For thou muſt ſave the flyers that ſwim into the upper place,
For they may hereafter ingender a body as well as the other in (ſpace.

73. Alſo be ſure that thow put in their Bed no other thing,
Then thereof thow ſchalt have no greate winnyng,
If thow do thys it ſchall be to thee for the beſt
To keepe them cloſe from flying and warme in their Neſt.

74. Firſt with ſoft fyre her Neſt muſt be warmed,
With a litle bigger Fyre with overmuch they ſchalbe harmed,
Under thy Chamber flowre meaſure thy Fyre with tyme,
Then commeth the reward, Gold and Silver fine.

75. After the quantity ſpace and tyme muſt be had,
For to deale togeder they be in their dealing glad.
And how long ſpace and tyme I cannot well ſay,
That they in their Chamber and Neſt wilbe in ſport and play.

76. Behold the uppermoſt of their Neſt what there commeth (out,
The ſweting of their Bodys labouring round aboute,
And when they have played and ſweate and laboured ſo ſore,
They wilbe ſtill, and neither labour nor ſweate any more.

77. Then let them coole eaſily, and draw their breath,
And then there ſchalbe ſome above and ſome beneath:
There thou ſchalt ſee a Stone as it were grey pouther,
Which ſchalbe to the a ryght greate wonder.

78. Then take them out of their Chamber and Bed anon,
And lay them upon a Marble ſtone and breake them thereon:
And looke what thow haſt in of Colour and Ponderoſity,
Put to him as much of *Flos florum* greateſt in dignity.

79. That ys the ſame Spirit that thow hadſt before,
And ſo medle them togeder and leare them the ſame lore;
Altogeder in another Bed and in their Chamber they muſt be,
For a marvelous warke thereof thow ſchalt underſtand and ſee.

80. And thus ſo oft thow muſt Multiplie thy Warke,
To aſcend and deſcend into the Aire as doth the Larke;
For when the Larke ys weary above in hys ſtound,
Anon he falleth right downe to the ground.

81. Behold well their Body, and to their head lay thine Eare,
And harken thow well what warke they make there:
If they begin to ſing any manner of voyce,
Give them more heate till thow heare no noyce.

82. And thus give them more heate in their Chamber and Bed (alſo,
Till thou heareſt no manner of noyſe rumbling to nor fro:
And thus continue in their Bed in their ſporting playes,
After the quantity thereof continue ſo many dayes.

83. When their play and wreſtling ys all well done,
In their voyce ſinging and crying and ſweating up and downe;
Give their Chamber bigger heate till their Neſt be red,
And ſo bring them downe low and have no feare nor dread.

84. For thus with heate they ſchalbe brought full low,
That they ſchall in their Bed ne cry nor crow,
But as a Body lye ſtill downe in their Bed;
In their owne liknes as they were bodyes dead.

85. Of Grey and White ys all hys cheife Colour,
For then he ys paſt all hys greate Dolour:
I ſweare by Almighty God that all hath wrought,
Thow haſt found out that many other Men hath ſought.

86. Then

86. Then take thow hym out of hys Cchamber and Bed,
And thow ſchalt then finde a fixt Body as he were dead;
Keepe thow hym cloſe and ſecretly within thy place,
And thanke Almighty God of hys grace.

(ſought
87. Now my *Son* before thys, after thys *Science* I have right well
And thus to thee I have the White *Elixer* parfetly wrought;
And if thow wilt of the Red *Elixer* parfetly underſtand,
Thow muſt take ſuch another warke in hand.

88. My *Son* whan thow haſt wrought more upon more,
Dubling each time as I ſaid before;
Make thow what thow wilt of Red ſubſtance,
As I did the White warke in manner of Governance.

89. Then thow muſt take the Red Stone that ys all ponder,
And lay on a Mable Stone and breake him aſunder;
And to medle him with the white Spirit and Water cleere,
And ſo put him in hys Bed and Chamber in the Fire.

90. And ſo in hys Chamb. & in hys Bed, he muſt all thys while be
Till thow haſt turn'd and broght him to another manner of glee:
Thys Red *Elixer* if thow wilt open worke heare,
Thys manner of Schoole thow muſt right well leare.

91. Thow muſt hang him in his Chamber with red Colour,
Till he be fixed and brought from hys great Dolour:
Then of thys worthy warke be not thow agaſt,
For in the warke all the worſt ys paſt.

92. And ſo in hys fiery Neſt and Chamber let him be ſure,
For the longer he be in, the better ſchalbe hys tincture;
Soe that he runn not like blood overcoming hys fuſion,
Then haſt thow parfectly thys worke in concluſion.

93. Thus he muſt continue in thys greate heate of Firing,
Till he be full fixed that he be not running nor flying:
Then he will give tincture without Number running like wax,
Unto hys like of fuſion he will both joyne and mix.

94. And yf thy Warke be thus well guided and so forth led,
Then hast thow in thy Warke right well and wittily sped:
For if thow do otherwise then I have thee tould,
In the adventure of thy warke thow maist be to bold.

95. For if thow warke by good measure and parfect tyme,
Thow schalt have very good Gold and Silver fine;
Than schalt thow be richer in thy self than any King,
Wythowt he labour the *Science* and have the same thing.

96. Now my deare *Son* I schall teach thee how to cast a Projecti-
Therein lyeth all the greate prafetnes with the Conclusion: (on,
To leade an imparfect Body to hys greate parfectnesse,
In joyning that like to hys like thow standest in no distres.

97. For when thow hast joyned the milke to the Bodyes dry,
Than hast thow the White and Red *Elixer* truly:
The which ys a Marvilous and very precious Stone,
For therein lieth in thys *Science* all the worke upon.

98. In thys *Science* these Stones be in themselves so precious,
That in their working and nature they be marvelous:
To schew thee the greate vertue furthermore I will declare,
That if thow canst with thys manner of working well fare.

99. First thow must take of that Body which ys next *Sol* in per-
And of his colour toward in ponderosity & proportion: (fection,
Being soluble as it were cleere blood running,
In the hot Element yt ys alwayes lightest and fleeting.

100. Then take parte of the Red *Elixer* that ys the precious
And cast him upon that body that ys blood running anon: (Stone
And whan thow hast thus parfectly thys warke wrought,
It schalbe turned into parfect *Sol* with litle labour or nought.

101. On the same wise do for *Luna* that is in the Colour so white,
In joyning with that body that is schining and somewhat light;
In the same proportion cast him the very white Stone,
And then ys all thy greatest warke both made and done.

102: Than

102. Than haſt thow both the Red warke and the White,
Therefor bleſſed be that tyme both day and night:
For thys warke that ſtandeth by greate vertue and love,
Thow muſt thanke Almighty God in heaven above.

103. *Sonn* in the 21. Chapter there write I a full true Rime,
That ys to ſay unto thys warke thow have no greate diſdaine;
Till thow have proved my words in deede and thought,
I know it well thys *Science* ſchalbe ſet at nought.

104. My *Son* to theſe laſt precepts looke thow take good hede
For better 'tys to have then to wiſh for in time of neede:
For who ſo ys bold in time to a Freind to breake,
He that ys thy Freind may be thy Fo and hys emnity wreake.

105. And therefor my *Son* I ſchall give thee a greate charge,
In uttering of ſpeech be thow not to large;
To tell every man what thow haſt in Silver or Gold,
For to have it from thee many men wilbe right bold.

106. Alſo uſe not to revill or ryott that ſchould exceede
To thy bodily health, the better ſchalt thow ſpeede;
Uſe temperate dyet and temperate travell,
For when Phyſitian thee fayleth thys ſchall thee availe.
(Concluſions
107. And leave all blind warkes that thow haſt ſeene or heard of
Or proved by Sublimations, Preperations, Diſtillations, or Diſſo-
Of ſuch manner of things greate Bokes do greatly ſpecifie (lutions;
And all thoſe contrary ſayings in this Craft I do plainly deny.

108. Alſo my *Son* remember how thow art mortall,
Abiding but a while in thys World which ys terreſtriall:
Thow wotteſt not how long nor hence how ſoone,
That death ſchall thee viſitt and unto thee Come.

109. And remember thee well at thy departing,
Whome thow lovedſt and truſtedſt beſt old and young:
Make him thine Heire and moſt of thy Councell,
And give him thy Cunning or thy Boke every deale.

110. But

110. But beware of flattering and glosing People,
Of Boasters and Crackers for they will thee beguile:
Of thy precious Cunning behinde or beforne,
And when they have their intent they will give thee a scorne.

111. Therefor make no Man of thy Councell rude nor rustie,
But him that thow knowest both true and trustie;
In ryding and going sleeping and waking,
Both in word and deede and in hys disposing.

112. Also in thy owne Chamber looke thow be secret,
That thy dores and windowes be close shet;
For some wyll come and looke in every Corner,
And anon they will aske what thow makest there.

113. And therefore a good excuse must soone be had,
Or else thow schalt verily wine for to run madd;
Say thow labourest sore both sleeping and waking,
To the perfect way of strange Colours making.

114. As yt be sure Bice, Vermillion, Aurum Musicum, & others
Or else with some people thow schalt never have a doe; (moe
Also thereof thow must have many samples to schew,
Or else they that harmes thinke will say so.

115. Also furthermore I give thee right good warning,
Beware of thy warking and also of thy uttering,
For the examination of the People better or worse,
Ere thow have for thy warke thy mony in thy purse.

116. Therefor take heede my *Son* unto these Chapters sixscore
And all manner of things said what schould be don before:
For in *Astronomy* thow must have right good feeling,
Or else in thys Boke thow schalt have simple believing.

117. For thow must know well of seaven principle Characters,
To what Bodyes in heaven moving that they be likned in those
And to understand their properties and their Conditions, (figures
In Colours, qualities, softnes, hardnes, & in their proper fashions.

118. Now

118. Now *Son* to thee that underſtandeſt parfection & Sciences
Whether it be Speculative or Pracktick to my ſentences :
In thys *Science* and labour I thinke it greate ruthe,
Therefore I write to thee very truth.

119. And to thee that underſtandeſt no parfection nor practike
In no concluſion proved that ſchould be to hys warke like,
By Almighty God that all thys world hath wrought,
I have ſaid and performed to thee right nought.

120. Therefore my *Son* before that thow thys Boke begin,
Underſtand wiſely in thys what ys written therein :
For if thow canſt not finde by thys Boke neither *Sol* nor *Moyne*,
Then go forth and ſeeke thow farther as other fooles have done.

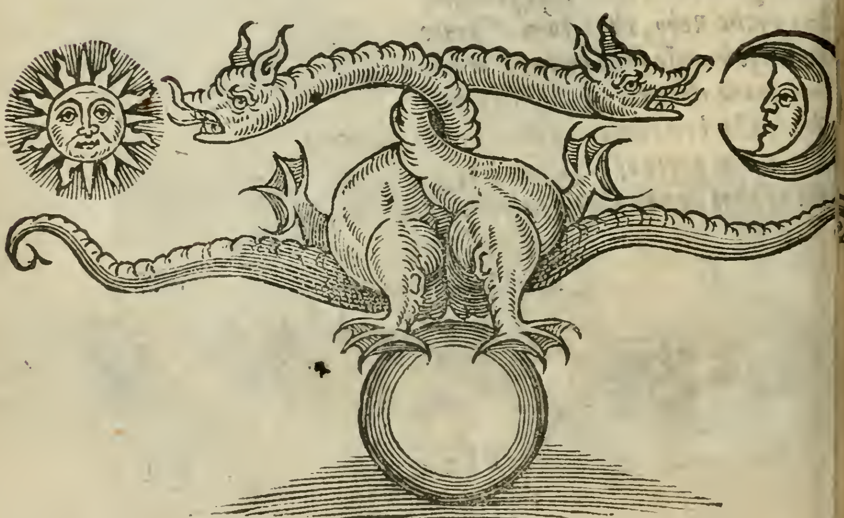
Explicit Liber dictus Pater Sapientiæ.


Vaughan
sculp:

IN the name of the holy Triniti,
Now ſend us graſe, ſo hit be:
Fyrſt God made both Angel and Heaven,
Na alleſo the World wyth Planets ſeaven;
Man and Woman wyth gret ſenſewalite,
Sum of eſtate, and other in hyr degree;
Both Beſt and Worme for in the grown crepe,
Everyech in hys kynd to receve hys mete.
Egles and Fowles in the Eyre don fle,
And ſwemynge of Fycheys alſo in the See:
Vyth vygital moyſt er and of the red Grap,
And alleſo of the why e hos can hym take:
Alle meneral thyng that growyth in grownd,
Sum to encreſe and ſum to make an end:
Alle thes bryngeth now to owre howſe,
The mightti Ston that ys ſo precius,
Thys ryche Reby, that ſto n of pryce,
The whych woſſe ſend owt of Paradyce:
Thus made the gret God of heven,
Whych alle ben rewled under Planets ſeaven:
God ſend us parte of thys ſecrete,
And of that heven that ys ſweet.

AMEN.

Yfe thow wilt thys warke begyn,
Than schrevy the clene of alle thy Seyne :
Contryte in hert wyth alle thy thowght,
And ever thenke on hym that the der bowght.
Satisfaction thow make wyth alle thy myght,
Than thre fayre flowers thow hast in syght ;
Yet nedeth the mor to thy conclesyon,
Take thow good hede nowe to thys lessen;
Thow must have Grase, Nature, *and* Resen,
Spekelatif, *and* Coning, *wyth good Condition :*
Yet thow must have more now herto,
Experience, *wyth* Pracktik, Prudent *also ;*
Patient *that thow be, and* Holi in Lysyngs,
Thenke thow on thys in thy beginings ;
Thes fowrtyn Hestys as I the saye,
Ever kepe thow man both nyght and day,
Of thy desyres thow mayst not mysse,
And alleso of heven that swezt bless.





HERMES BIRD.

PRoblemis of olde likenes and fuguris,
Wych proved byn fructuos of ſentens;
And have auctorite grounded in Scripture,
By reſemblaunce of notabil apperence;
Wych moralites concludyng on prudence:
Lyke as the Bibel reherſeth be wryting,
How Trees ſum tyme cheſe hemſelfe a Kyng.

2. Firſt in theyre choiſe they namyd the Olyve
To regne among hem, *Iudicium* doth expres;
But he hymſelfe can excuſe hym blyve,
He myght not forſake hys fatnes:
Nor the Fig-tree hys amorus ſwetnes:
Nor the Vyne hys holſum freſche terrage:
Wych gyveth comfort to all manner of age.

3. And fembleabil *Poyetes laureat*,
By derke parables full convenient;
Feyne in that Birdis and Bests of estate
As rial Egeles and Lyons by assent,
Sent owte writtes to holde a Parlement;
And made degrees brevely for to sey,
Sum to have Lordschip and sum to Obey.

4. Egeles in the Eyre hyghest take theyre flyght,
Power of Lyons on the grownde ys sene;
Cedre amonge Trees highest ys of sight,
And the Laurer of nature ys ever grene,
Of flowris all Florra Goddes and Quene:
Thus of all thyng ther byn diversites,
Sum of estate and sum of lower degres.

5. *Poyetys* write wonderfull lyknes,
And Covert kepe hemselfe full clos;
They take Bestes and Fowles to witnes:
Of whos feynyng Fabelis furst a ros,
And here I cast unto my purpos,
Owte of the *Frensche* a tale to transcelate,
Whych in a Pamphlet I red and saw as I sate.

6. Thys Tale wych y make of mencion,
In gros reherseth playnely to declare,
Thre Proverbys payed for raunsome
Of a fayre *Byrde* that was take in a snare,
Wond.r desirus to scape owte of hir care:
Of myne Auctor followyng the prosses,
So as it fel in Order y schall expres.

7. Whilom ther was in a small vilage,
As my Auctor maketh rehersal;
A *Chorle* the wich had lust and gret corage,
Within hymselfe by hys deligent travel,
To aray hys Garden with notabil reparel:
Of lenght and brede y lyche square and long,
Heggyd and dychyd to make yt sure and strong.

8. All

8. All the Aleys made playne with Sande,
Benches coverid with new Turves grene,
Set Erbes with Condites at the ende;
That wellid up agen the Sun ſchene,
Lyke Silver ſtremys as any criſtal clene:
The burbely Waves up ther on boylyng,
Rownde as Beral theyr bemys owte chedyng.

9. Mides the Garden ſtode a freſh Lawrer,
Ther on a *Byrde* ſyngyng both day and nyght;
With ſhinyng federis brighter then Gold weer,
Wych wyth hir ſong made hevy hertis lyght;
For to behold hit was an hevenly ſyght:
How towerd evyn and in the dawnyng,
Sche dyd her payne moſt amerus to ſyng.

10. Eſperus enforced hyr corage,
Towerd evyn when Phebus went to neſt;
Amonges the braunches to hir avauntage:
To ſyng hir complyn as yt was beſt,
And at the ryſyng to the Quene Alceſt
To ſyng ageyne as hit was to hir dew,
Erly on the morow the day-ſter to ſalew.

11. Hit was a very hevenly melody,
Evyn and Morne to her the *Byrd* ſong;
And the ſote ſugeryd Armony:
Of uncoud Warbelis and twenes drew along,
That al the Garden of the noyſe rong:
Tyll on a morow that Tytan ſchone ful cler,
The *Byrd* was trapped and cawt in a Panter.

12. The *Chorle* was glad that he thys *Byrd* hath take
Mere of cher loke and of viſage:
And in all haſt he caſt for to make
Within hys howſe a lytil prati Cage,
And with hir ſong to rejoyce hys corage:
And at the laſt the ſely *Byrd* abrayde,
And ſobirly to the *Chorle* ſche ſayde:

13. I

13. I am now take and ſtond under daunger,
Hold ſtreyte that y may not fle;
Adew my ſong and al my notes cler,
Now that y have loſt my liberte,
Now y am thrall and ſumtyme was fre:
And truſt wel y ſtand in diſtres,
Y can nat ſyng ne make no gladnes.

14. And thogh my Cage forged were of Gold
And the penacles of Beral and Criſtal:
Y remember a *Proverbe* ſayde of olde;
Who liſit hys fredom in ſooth he ys in thral,
For me had laver upon a branche ſmale,
Merle to ſyng amonge the wodis grene,
Than in a Cage of Golde bryght and chene.

15. Songe and Preſun have non acordaunce,
Trowys thow y wyl ſyng in Preſun,
Song procedet of joy and pleſaunce;
And Preſun cauſeth deth and deſtruction,
Ryngyng of Feteris maketh no mere ſown;
Or how ſchoulde he be glad and jocownde,
Ageyn hys wil that lyth in cheynys bownde.

16. What avayleth a Lyon to be a Kyng of Beſtes
Faſt ſchut in a Tower of ſton alone;
Or an Egell under ſtryte cheynys,
Called alſo the Kyng of Fowlys everichon,
Fy on Lordſchyp whan Liberte ys gon:
Anſwer herto and hit nat a ſtart,
Who ſyngeth mere that ſyngeth not with hert.

17. If thow wilt rejoyce the of my ſyngyng,
Let me go fleen fre fro dawnger:
And every day in the mornyng
Y wyll repayre to thy Lawrer,
And freſſely to ſyng with notis cler;
Under thi Chaumber or afore thy Hal,
Every ſeaſon when thow lyſt me cal.

18 To

18. To be ſchut and pyned under drede,
No thyng acordyng to my nature:
Though I were fed with Mylke and Waſtelbrede;
And ſwete Crudis brought to my paſture,
Yet had y lever do m y beſe cure:
Erly in the morow to ſhrape in the Vale,
To fynde my dener amongs the Wormys ſmale.

19. The Laborer ys gladder at hys Plough,
Erly on the morow to fede hym on bakon:
Then ſum ben that have treſour y nowgh;
And of al deyntes plente and foyſon;
And no fredom with hys poceſſion;
To go at large but as Bere at the ſtake,
To pas hys bondes but yf he leve take.

20. Take thys anſwer ful for concluſion,
To ſynge in priſon thow ſchalt not me conſtreyne:
Tyll y have fredom in woddis up and downe:
To fle at large on bowys both rough and plaine,
And of reſon thow ſchuldeſt not diſdeyn:
Of my deſyre but laugh and have good game,
But who ys a Chorle wold every man wer the ſame.

21. Well quod the *Chorle* ſith hit woll not be,
That y deſyre by my talkyng;
Magre thy wyll thow ſchalt cheſe on of thre;
Within a Cage merele to ſyng,
Or to the Kychyn y ſchall thy bode brynge:
Pul thy federis that byn ſo bryght and clere,
And after roſt or bake the to my dynere.

22. Then quod the *Byrde* to reſſon y ſey not ney,
Towchyng my ſong a ful anſwer thow haſt:
And when my federis pulled byn awey,
If y be roſted or bake in a paſt,
Thow ſchalt of me have a ſmal repaſte:
But yf thow wylt werke by my councel,
Thow mayſt by me have a gret avayle.

23. If thow wolt to my rede assent,
And suffer me go frele fro Preson :
Witowte raunsom or any oder rent ;
Y schall the gyf a notabil grete gwerdon,
The thre grete Wysdomys acordyng to reson ;
Mor of valew, take hede what y profer,
Than al the Gold that ys shet in thy Cofer.

24. Trust me wel y schal the not deceyve.
Well quod the *Chorle* tel and let se :
Nay quod the *Byrde* a forne conseyve ;
Who schal teche of Reson he most go fre,
Hit fitteth a Master to have hys Liberte :
And at large to teche hys lesson,
Hase me not suspecte y mene no treson.

25. Wel quod the *Chorle* y holde me content,
Y trust the promys which thow hast made to me ;
The *Byrde* fle forth the *Chorle* was of sent :
And toke hys flight up to the Lawrer tre,
Then thought sche thus now that y stand fre :
With snaris panters y cast not al my lyve,
Nor wyth no lyme twygges no mor to strive.

26. He ys a Fole that schaped ys daungere,
That broke hys feteris and fled ys fro Preson,
For to resort agene : for brente childe dreds fyre :
Eche man bewar of Wisdom and reson,
Of suger strawed that hideth falfe poyson ;
Ther ys no venom so perilus in scherpnes,
As whan yt hath triakcle of lyknes.

27. Who dredeth no perell in perell he schal falle,
Smothe Watres byn of fithes depe :
The Quayle pipe can most falsely calle ;
Tyl the Quayle under the net doth crepe ;
A bleryed Fowler trust not thogh he wepe :
Exchew hys thumbe, of weping take no hede,
That smale Byrdys can nyp by the hede.

28. And now that y ſuch daunger am ſcaped,
Y wyl bewar and afore provide:
That of no Fowlar y wil no more be Japed,
From theyre lyme twygges to fly far aſyde,
There perel ys perel to abyde:
Com ner thow *Chorle*, take hede to my ſpeche;
Of thre Wyſdomys that y ſchal the teche.

29. Yef not of Wyſdom to haſty credens,
To every Tale nor eche tydyng:
But conſyder of Reſon and Prudens;
Among Talys ys many a grete leſyng,
Haſty credens hath cawſed grete hynderyng:
Report of talis and tydyngys broght up new,
Maketh many a man ful on trew.

30. For on party take thys for my Raunſom,
Lerne the ſecond grownded of ſcripture:
Deſyre thow not by no condicion
Thyng that ys ympoſſybyl to recure,
Worldly deſyres ſtante alle in a venture:
And who deſyreth to ſoare hygh a lofte,
Oft tyme by ſoden turne he falleth on ſofte.

31. The thyrd is thys, bewar both even and morrow,
Forget yt nought but lerne thys of me:
For Treſor loſt, make never to grete Sorrow;
Wych in no wyſe may not recovered be,
For who that taketh ſorrow for loſſ in that degree:
Reken fyrſt hys loſſe, and after reken hys peyne,
Of one ſorrow he maketh Sorrowys tweyne.

32. Aftur thys Leſſon the *Byrde* began a ſonge,
Of hyr aſcape gretely rejoycyng:
And ſche remembred hyr alleſo of the wronge
Don by the *Chorle*, fyrſt at hyr takyng,
And of the affray, and of hyr impreſonyng:
Glad that ſche was at large and owte of drede,
Seyde unto hym hoveryng above hys hede,

 33. Thow

33. Thow were quod ſche a very natural Fole
To ſuffer me departe of thy lewdnes:
Thow owthtys of right to complaine and make dole,
And in thy hert have grete hevenes,
That thow haſt loſt ſo paſſyng grete riches:
Wych myght ſuffice by valew in rekeyng
To pay the raunſom of a myghty Kyng.

34. Ther ys a *Stone* wych ys called *Jagowunce*,
Of olde engendered within myne entrayle:
Wych of fyne Golde poyſeth a grete unce;
Setryne of Colors lyke Garnetis of entayle,
Wych makyth men victorius in batayle;
And who that bereth on hym thys *Stone*,
Ys ful aſured ageyne hys mortal Fone.

35. Who that hath thys in poſceſſion,
Schal ſuffer no Povert ne non Indygens:
But of Treſour have plente and foyſon,
And every Man ſchal don hym reverence,
And non Enemy ſchal don hym non offence;
But fro thi hondes now that I am gone,
Pleyne gyf thow wilt for thy parte ys none.

36. As y the abrayde her before,
Of a ſtone now that I had:
The wych now thow haſt forlore;
Be alle reſon thow ſchuldys ben ſad,
And in thi hert nothyng glad:
Now *Chorle* y the tel in my device,
I was eyred and bred in ſwite Paradyce.

37. Now mo namys y ſchal the tel,
Of my ſtone that y cal *Jagowunce*:
And of hys vertuis with hys ſmel;
That ben ſo ſwete and ſo odeferus,
Wyth *Ennock* and *Ely* hath be my ſervis:
My ſwete ſonge that ſowndeth ſo ſcherpe,
Wyth Angelles voyſe that paſſeth eny harpe.

38. The

38. The nigrum deamond that ys in Morienis sees
And the white Charbonkkel that rolleth in wave;
The setryne Reby of ryche degrees:
That passeth the stonys of comen sawe,
In the Lapidery ys grown by olde lawe;
He passeth all stonys that ys under hevyn,
After the cowrse of kynde by the Planets sevyn.

39. Hyt ys for none *Chorle* to have schuch tresour,
That exsedeth alle *Stonys* in the lapidery:
And of alle vertuis he bereth the flowr,
Wyth all joy and grace yt maketh man mery,
That in thys worlde schal never byn sory;
Now very *Chorle* thow passeth thy gras,
Y am at my leberte even as I was.

40. As Clerkys fyndeth in the Bybell,
At Paradys yatis whan he was cast;
By an Angel both fayr and styll,
A downe Kyng *Elysawnder* ther I threst,
And of all stonys yt was y lest;
Soche stonys in place few ben y brought,
Soroful ys the *Chorle* and hevy in hys thowte.

41. Now more *Chorle* yt tel y can,
And thow wolt to me take hede:
The Byrde of Ermes ys my name,
In all the worlde that ys so wyde,
Wyth gletering of grace by every syde,
Hose me myght have in hys covertowr,
He wer rychcher than eny Emperowr.

42. *Elysawnder* the conquerowr my *Ston* smot downe
Upon hys helme whan hyt pyght:
No mor then a pese that ys so rownde,
Hyt was ther to no manys syght,
That leyde so pleyne the manly Knyght;
Now y tel the wyth melde Stevyn,
Thys myghty grace cam owte fro Hevyn.

 43. Hyt

43. Hit cawseth Love aud maketh men Gracius,
And favorabel in ever mannes syght:
Hit maketh acorde of two Folks envyus;
Comforteth Sorowful and maketh hevy herts lyght,
Lyke passyng of colur Sunny bryght:
Y am a fole to tel the at onys,
Or to teche a *Chorle* the pryce of precious Stonys.

44. Men schalle not put a precius Margareyt,
As Rubeys, Saferys, and odther Stonys ynde;
Emeraudys, nor rownde Perlys whyte,
Byfore rude Swyne that love draffe of kynde:
For a Sowe delyteth hyr as y fynde
Mor in fowle draffe hyr Pygges for to glad,
Than al the Perry that comes owte of Granad.

45. Heche thyng drawes to hys semblable,
Fysshes in the See, Bestys on the Stronde;
The Eyr for Fowlys ys commendabyl,
To the Plowghman for to tyll hys Londe,
And to a *Chorle* a Muk-forke in hys honde.
Y lese my tyme eny more to tare
To tell the bewar of the Lapidare.

46. That thow haddest thow getyst no more,
Thi Lyme-twygges and Panters y defie;
To let me gon thow were fowle over seen,
To lese the richches only of folye:
Y am now fre to syng and to fle
VVher that my lyst: and he is a Fole at all
That goth at large, and maketh hymselfe thrall.

47. To here of VVisdome thi neres be halfe defe,
Like a Nasse that lysteth upon an Harpe;
Thow must go pype in a Ive leffe:
Better ys to me to syng on Thornes scharpe,
Than in a Cage wyth a *Chorle* to carpe:
For hyt was seyd of Folkes many yere agone,
A Chorles Chorle ys oft woe be gone.

48. Now

48. Now *Chorle* y have the her tolde,
My vertuys her wyth grete experience;
Hyt were to ſume man better than Golde;
To the yt ys no fructius a ſentence,
A Chepys Croke to the ys better than a Launce:
Adew now *Globbe* wyth herte ſore,
In *Chorles* clowchys com y never more.

49. The *Chorle* felt hys herte part in tweyne,
For very ſorow and in ſunder ryve:
Alas quod he y may wel wepe and pleyne;
As a wreche never lyke to thryve,
But for to indure in povert all my lyve:
For of foly and of wylfulnes,
Y have now loſt all holy my ryches.

50. I was a Lorde y crye owte on Fortune,
And had grete Treſor late in my keepyng;
Wych myght have made me long to contune;
Wyth that ilke *Stone* to have levyd a Kyng,
Yf y had ſet hyt in a Ryng:
Borne it upon me y had gode y nowe,
Than ſchuld y no mor have gon to the plowe.

51. Whan the *Byrde* ſaw the *Chorle* thus morne,
That he was hevy of hys chere,
Sche take her flyght and agayne returne:
Toward hym and ſayd as ye ſchal here,
O dull *Chorle* wiſdom for to lere;
That y the taute all ys lefe byhynde,
Reyſed awey and clene owte of thy meynde.

52. Tawtey the not thys Wyſdome in ſentens,
To every tale brought up of new,
Not to haſtyle gyf not ther to credens;
Unto tyme thow know hit be trew,
All ys not Gold that ſcheweth Goldys hew:
Nor ſtonys all by nature as y fynde,
Byn not Saferus that ſchewyth colour ynde.

53. In thys Doctryne y lost my labour,
To teche the such Proverbys of substaunce;
Now mayst thow see thy lewd blynde error;
For all my body poysed in Balans,
Weyth not a nounce lewde ys thi remembraunce;
Yet have y mor poyse closyd in myne entrayle,
Than all my Body set for Countervayle.

54. All my Body weyth not an unce,
How myght y have then in me a ston:
That poyseth mor than doth a grete *Jagounce*:
Thy brayne ys dull thi witte almost gon,
Of thre Wysdomys thow hast lost on;
Thow schulds not after my sentence,
To every tale gefe to hastyly credence.

55. I badde also bewar both even and morowe,
For thynge lost by suden adventur;
Thow schulds not make to moche sorow;
Whan thow seyst thow mayst not hit recover,
Her thow faylest wych doth thy besy cure;
In the snare to catch me agayne,
Thow art a Fole thy labor ys in vayne.

56. In the thyrde also thow dost rave,
Y bad thow schulds in no maner wyse
Covet thyng the wych thow mayst not have,
In wych thow hast fogetyn myne empryse,
Thaty may say playnly to devyse,
Thow hast in madnes forgetyn all thre,
Notabyl Wysdomys that y taute the.

57. Hit wer but foly mor wyth the to carpe,
Or to teche of Wysdomys mor or lesse;
Y holde hym madde that bryngs forth hys Harpe,
Theron to teche a rode for dosyld Asse,
And mad ys he that syngyth a Fole a Masse:
And he ys most madd that doth hys besynesse,
To teche a *Cherle* the termys of Gentlenesse.

58. And

58. And ſemeblabilly in Apryll and in May,
Whan gentyl Byrds moſt make melody;
But the Cockow can ſyng butoo lay;
In odthir tewnys ſche hath no fanteſy:
Thus every thyng as Clerks do ſpecify;
As Frute on the Trees, and Folke of every age,
Fro whenſe they come they have a tallage.

59. The Wynter tretyth of hys Welſom wyndys,
Of the gentyll Frute boſtys the Gardener;
The Fyſher caſtyth hys hokys and hys lynys,
To catche Fyſſhe in the freſh Revyr,
Of tyllyth of Londe tretyth the powre;
The Gentylman tretyth of Gentry,
The *Chorle* delytith to ſpeke rebawdry.

60. All on to a Faucon and a Kyte,
As good an Owle as a Popyngay;
A dunghyll Douke as deyntieth as a Snyte,
Who ſervys a *Chorle* haſe many a wofull day,
Y caſt me never her after mor with the play;
To fore a *Chorle* any more to ſyng,
Of Wyſdome to carpe in my lyfyng.

61. The Folke that ſchall thys Fabyl ſe and rede,
New Forged Talys y councel them to fle
For loſſe of Good take not to grete hede,
Be not to Sorowfull for noon adverſyte;
Covet not thyng that may not be,
And remember wher ye goan,
A Chorlys Chorle ys ofte wo begon.

62. Unto purpoſe thys *Proverbe* ys ful ryve,
Redde and reported by olde remembraunce:
A Chyldys Byrde, and a Chorlys Wyfe,
Hath ofte ſythys ſorow and miſchaunce.
VVho hath fredom hath ſufficiaunce:
Better ys Fredom wyth lytle in gladnes,
Than to be a *Chorle* wyth all worldly rychches.

63. Go lytyl Quiar and reommaunde me
To my *Mayſter* wyth humbyl affeccyon,
Be ſekyng hym lowly of merſy and pete
Of thys rude makyng to ha compaſſion:
And as towchyng thys Tranſlacyon
Owte of the *Frenſhe*; how ſo ever the *Englyſh* be,
All thyng ys ſayd under correccyon,
VVyth ſupportation of yowr benygnite.

FINIS.



THE TALE OF THE *CHANONS YEOMAN.*

VVritten by our Ancient and famous English Poet, *Geoffry Chaucer.*

THE PROLOGUE OF The Chanons Yeoman.

WHan ended was the Lyfe of Saint Cecyle,
Er we fully had rydden fyve myle :
Att Boughton under the blee *us gan a take*
A Man that clothed was in clothes blake ;
And under that he had a whyte Surplyse,
His hakeny that was all pomely gryse ;
So swete that itt wonder was to see ;
It seemed that he had precked myles three.
The horse eke that his Yoman rode uppon,
So Swete, that vimeth migh he gon:
About the paytrell stode the fome full hye,
He was of fome as flecked as a pye :
A Male twyfolde on his croper lay ;
Itt semed that he carryed letel Aray ;
All sight for somer rode this worthy Man,
And in my heart wondren I began,

 What

What that he was, till I underſtode,
How that his cloke was ſewed to his hode:
For which whan I had long avyſed me;
I demyd him ſome Chanon *for to be:*
His hatt hynge att his backe by a Lace,
For he had rydden more then trot or pace.
He rode aye pryckyng as he were wode,
A Clote leafe he had layd under his hode,
For Swett and for to keepe his heede from hete,
But itt was joy for to ſe him ſwete:
His foreheed dropped as a Stillatorie,
But full of Playntaine or of Peritorie:
And when he was come he gan crye,
God ſave (quod he) this Iolly company:
Faſt have I pricked (quod he) for your ſake,
Bycauſe that I wold you overtake,
To ryden in this mery company.
His Yoman was eke full of curteſy,
And ſayd, Syrs, now in the morowe tyde,
Out of your hoſtrye I ſaw you ride,
And warned here my Lord and Soverayne,
Which that to ryden with you is full fayne:
For his diſporte, he loveth dalyance.
Frede for thy warning God yeve thee good chance.
Then ſayd our Hoſt, certayne itt wold ſeme
Thy Lord were wyſe, and ſo I may well deme:
He is full Iocunde, alſoe dare I lay,
Can he ought tell a mery Tale or tway,
With which he glad may this company?
Who Sir my Lord? ye without lye,
He can of myrthe and eke of Iolyte,
Not but ynough alſo Sir truſteth me;
And ye him knew alſo well as doe I,

Ye

Ye wold wonder how well and thriftely
He con the werke and that in sondry wyse;
He hath taken on him many a great Empryse:
Which were full hard for any that is here,
To bring about, but they of him itt lere.
As homely as he rideth among you,
If ye him knew itt wold ben for your prowe:
Ye nolde not forgon his aquayntaunce,
For Mochel good I dare lay in balaunce
All that I have in my possession;
He is a man of hye discression:
I warne you well he is a passing wyse man.
Wel quod our Hoste) I pray thee tell me than;
Is he a Clerke *or non? tell what he is.*
A Clerke! *nay greater then a* Clerke *I wys,*
Sayd the Yoman, and in words fewe,
Hoste of his Crafte somwhat wol I shew;
I say my Lord can such a subtelte,
But of his Crafte ye may not wete of me:
And somewhat helpe I yett to his worchyng,
That all the ground that we be on rydyng,
Till we come to Canterbury *Towne,*
He could all cleane turne up and downe:
And pave it all of Silver *and of* Gold.
And when this Yoman had thus I told
Unto our Hoste, he sayd benedicite,
This thing is wonder and marvellous to me:
Sens that thy Lord is of so high prudence,
(Because of which men shold him reverence,)
That of his worship recketh he so lyte,
His overest slopp is not worth a myte;
As in effect to him so mote I go,
It is all bawdy and to tore alsoe.

Why is thy Lord soe slotlyche I thee pray,
And is of power better clothes to bey?
If that his dede accord with thy speech,
Tell me that and that I thee beseech.
Why (quod this Yoman) whereto aske ye me?
God helpe mee so, for he shall never ythe:
But I wol not avow that I saye,
And therefore keepe itt secrett I you praye;
He is to wyse in fay as I beleeve,
That is overdone wil not preve;
And right as Clerkes *sayne itt is a vyce,*
Wherefore I holde him in that leude and nyce;
For whan a man hath over greate a witte,
Full ofte it happeth him to misusen itt:
So doth my Lord, and that me greveth sore;
God amend itt, I can say you no more.
Thereof no force good Yoman (quod our Host)
Sens of the connyng of thy Lord thou west:
Tell how he doth I pray the hertely,
Sens that he is so crafty and so sly,
Where dwellen ye if itt to tell be?
In the Subbarbes of a Towne (quod he)
Lurkeyng in hernes and in lanes blynde,
Where these Robbers, and Theeves by kynde
Holden her privy fearefull residence,
As they that dare not shewen her presence;
Soe fare we if that I shall say the sothe;
Yett (quod our Hoste) lett me talke tothe.
Why art thou soe discolored in thy face?
Peter *(quod he) God yeve itt hard grace;*
I am so used in the hott fyre to blowe,
That itt hath changed my colour as I trow:
I am not wonte in no mirrour to prye,

But swynke sore and lerne to Multiplye.
We blondren ever and pooren in the fyre,
And for all that we faylen of our desyre:
For ever we lacken our conclusion,
To moche folke we do illusion:
And borrowe Golde be itt a pound or two,
Or ten or twelve or many somes mo,
And make hem wene at the leste way,
That of a pound we coulde make tway;
Yett is itt false, and ay hav we good hope
Itt for to done, and after it we grope.
But that Science is so ferre us byforne,
We mowe not all though we had itt sworne
Itt overtake, itt flytte away soe faste,
Itt wol us make Beggers at the laste.
Whiles this Yeman was thus in his talking
This Chanon *drew him nere and herde all thing*
Which this Yeman spake, for suspection
Of mennes speche ever had this Chanon:
For Cato *saythe, he that giltye is,*
Deemeth all thing be speke of him Iwys:
Bycause of that he gan so nyghe to draw,
To his Yeman to herken all his saw;
And thus he sayd unto his Yeman tho,
Holde nowe thy peace and speke no words mo,
For if thou doe, thou shalt it sore abye,
Thou slanderest me here in this Companye:
And eke discoverest that thou sholdest hyde.
Ye (quod our Hoste) tell on what soever betyde,
Of all his thretynge recke the not a myte.
In fayth (quod he) no more doe I but lyte.
And whan this Chanon *saw itt wolde not be,*
But his Yeman wolde tel his privyte,

He

He fledde away for very sorrow and shame.
A (quod the Yeman) here shall ryse a game,
All that I can anon woll I you tell,
Sens he is gone the foule Fend him quell;
For never hereafter wol I with him mete,
For penny ne for pounde I you behete;
He that me brought first unto that game,
Er that he dye sorrowe have he and shame;
For it is ernest to me by my faith,
That fele I well whatsoe any man saith:
And yett for all my smerte and all my greife,
For all my sorrowe, labour and misscheife,
I couthe never leave it in noe wyse:
Now wolde God my witt might suffyse,
To tellen all that longeth to that Arte.
But nathelesse, yet wol I tell you a parte:
Sens that my Lord is gon I wol not spare;
Such thyng as I know I wol declare.

Here endeth the Prologue of the Chanons Yeoman, and here followeth his Tale.

The

THE TALE OF
The Chanons Yeoman.

WIth this *Chanon* I dwelt ſeaven yere,
And of this Science am I never the nere:
All that I had I have loſt thereby,
And God wotte ſoe hath many moe then I,
There I was wonte to be right, freſh and gay,
Of clothing and eke of other good aray;
Now may I weare an hoſe uppon myne heed:
And where my colour was both freſh and reed,
Now itt is wanne and of a leaden hewe,
Whoe ſoe itt uſeth, ſore ſhall him rewe.
And of my ſwynke yett blered in myne Eye,
Lo which avauntage itt is to Multiply:
That ſlyding Science hath me made ſo bare,
That I have noe good where that ever I fare:
And yett I am indetted ſo thereby,
Of Gold, that I have borrowed truly,
That while I live I ſhall itt quitt never,
Let every man beware by me ever;
What manner man that caſteth him thereto,
If he contynue I hold his thrifte I do:
So helpe me God thereby ſhall he never wyn,
But empte his purſe and make his witts thyn;
And whan he thorow his madneſſe and folye,
Hath loſt his owne good through Jeopardye:
Than he exiteth other men thereto,

To lese her good as himselfe hath do;
For unto shrewes joy it is and ese,
To have her fellowes in paine and disese;
For thus was I ones served of a *Clerke*;
Of that noe charge, I wol speke of our werke.
When we be there as we shall exercise
Our elvish Craft, we semen wonder wise.
Our termes ben so Clergiall and so quaynte,
I blow the fyre tyll myn hearte faynte.
What shold I tell each proportion
Of things which we werchen uppon?
As on fyve or syxe unces, may well be
Of Silver or of some other quantite;
And besye me to tellen you the names,
Of Orpiment, brent Bones, Yron squames;
That into powder grounden ben full small,
And in an Erthen pott how putt is all:
And salt y put in and also pepere,
Before these powdres that I speke of here:
And well y covered with a lompe of Glasse,
And of moch other thing that there was.
And of the potts and glass englutyng,
That of the ayre might passe out nothing;
And of the easy fyre and smerte alsoe,
Which that was made, and of the care and wo
That we had in our matters Sublymeing,
And in Amalgamyng and Calsenyng:
Of Quicksilver icleped Mercurye crude,
For all our sleight we conne not conclude.
Our Orpyment and Sublymed Mercury;
Our grounde Litarge eke on the porphirye:
Of eche of these unces a certayne
Not helpeth us, our labour is in vayne;

Ne eke our Spyrites assneccioun,
Ne yet our matters, that lyen al fyxe adoun:
Mowe in our werkyng nothing avayle,
For loſt is our laboure and our travayle.
And all the Coſte, a twenty dyvel away,
Is loſt alſoe which we uppon itt lay.
There is alſoe full many another thing,
That is to our Craft apertaynyng:
Though I by ordre hem ne reherce can,
Bycauſe that I am a leud man.
Yet wol I tellen hem as they come to mynde,
Though I ne can ſette hem in her kynde,
As bole Armonyake, Verdegreece, Boras,
And ſondry Veſſles made of Erth and Glas.
Our Urynalls and our Diſcenſories,
Vyols, Croſſeletts and Sublimatories:
Concurbytes and Alembykes eke,
And other ſuch dere ynough a leke:
It needeth not to reherce them all,
Waters rubyfyeng and Boles, Gall;
Arſneke, Sal Armonyake and Brymſtone,
And herbes could I tell eke many one:
As Egrimonye, Valeryan, and Lunarye,
And other ſuch if that me liſte to tarye;
Our Lampes brennyng both night and day,
To bringen about our Crafte if that we may;
Our Fournyce eke of Calcination,
And of our Waters Albifycation.
Unſleked Lyme, Chalke, and glere of an Eye,
Poudres divers, Aſhes, Dong, Piſſe, and Cley:
Sered pokettes, ſalt Peter, and Vitriole,
And divers fyres made of wood and cole;
Sal Tartre, Alkaly, and Sal preparate,

And combuſt matters, and coagulate,
Cley made with horſe donge, mans heere and Oyle,
Of Tartre, Alym, Glas, Berme, Worte and Argoyle:
Reſalgor and other maters enbybyng,
And eke of our Maters encorporing;
And of our Silver Citrynacion,
Our Cementyng, and eke Fermentacyon;
Our Ingottes, Teſtes and many mo.
I wol you tel as was me taught alſo,
The fowre Spyrites and the bodies ſeven,
By order as oft I herd my lord nemene.
The firſt Spyrite Quickſilver cleped is,
The ſecond Orpyment, the third I wis
Armonyake, the fourth Brimſtone.
The Bodyes ſeven eke lo here hem anone,
Sol Gold is, and *Luna* Sylver we threpe,
Mars, Iron, *Mercury*, Quickſilver we clepe:
Saturnus Lede, and *Iupiter* is Tynne,
And *Venus* Copper, by my father kynne.
This curſed Crafte whoe ſoe wol exercyſe,
He ſhall noe good have that may him ſuffyſe;
For all the good he ſpendeth thereaboute,
He leſe ſhall thereof have I no doute;
Whoſo that lyſten to utter his folye,
Let him com forth and lerne to *Multiplye*:
And every man that hath ought in his cofer,
Let him apere and wexe a *Philoſopher*:
Askaunce that Crafte is ſo light for to lere;
Nay God wot all be he *Monke* or *Frere*,
Preiſt, or *Chanon*, or any other wight,
Though he ſytte at hys boke both day and night;
In lernyng of this Elvyſh nyce lore,
All is in vayne, and parde moche more;

Is

Is to lere a leude man this subtelte,
Fye speke not thereof, itt wol not be;
Al coulde he lettrure or coulde he none,
As in effect he shall fynd itt all one;
For bothe two by my Salvacyon
Concluden in Multyplycacyon:
Ilyche well whan they have al ydo,
This is to sayen, they faylen both two.
Yet forgate I moche rehersayle,
Of waters Corosyfe and lymayle:
And of Bodyes molifycacion,
And also of her Induration:
Oyles, Ablucyons, Mettall fusyble
To tellen you all, wolde passe any Byble:
That O where is, wherefore as for the best
Of all these names nowe woll I rest.
For as I trowe I have you told ynowe
To reyse a Fende, al loke he never so rowe.
A nay let be the *Philosphers Stone*;
Alixer cleped, we seken faste echeone,
For had we him, than were we syker ynowe:
But unto God of Heaven I make a vowe,
For al our crafte whan that we han al ydo,
And all our sleyght, he wol not come us to;
He hath made us spend moche goode,
For sorrow of which almost we wexen wode;
But that good hope crepeth in our herte,
Supposyng ever though we sore smerte,
To ben releved by him afterwarde,
Supposyng, and hope is sharpe and harde;
I warne you wel it is to syken ever,
That future temps hath made men discever,
In trust therof, all that ever they had,

Yet of that Arte, they could not waxe ſad;
For unto him itt is a bytter ſwete,
So ſemeth itt, for ne had they but a ſhete:
Which that they might wrappen hem in a night,
And a bratte to walken in a day light;
They wolden hem ſel and ſpend it on this Crafte,
They conne not ſtynte, tyl nothing be lafte;
And evermore where that ever they gone,
Men may hem ken by ſmell of Brimſtone:
For al the world they ſtynken as a Gote,
Her Savour is ſo rammiſh and ſo hote:
That though a man a myle from him be,
The ſavour wol infecte him truſteth me.
Lo thus by ſmelling and by threde-bare aray,
If that men liſt this folke know they may:
And if a man wol aske him prively,
Why they be clothed ſo unthriftely:
Right anon they wil rowne in his ere,
And ſayne if that they aſpyed were,
Men wold hem flee bycauſe of her Science,
Lo thus theſe folke betrayen innocence.
 Paſſe over this I goe my tale unto,
Ere that the pott be on the fyre ydo:
Of Metalls with a certayne quantyte,
My Lord hem tempreth and no man but he:
Now he is gon I dare ſay boldly,
For as men ſayne, he can done craftely;
Algate I wotte wel he hath ſuch a name,
And yet full oft he renneth in the blame,
And wotte ye how full oft itt happeth ſo,
The potte to breaketh and farewel all is go.
Theſe Mettalls ben of ſoe greate violence,
Our walls may not make hem reſyſtence;

Bu

But if they were wrought of lyme and ſtone,
They percen ſoe and through the wall they gone;
And ſome of them ſynken into the ground,
Thus have we loſt by tymes many a pound:
And ſome are ſcattered all the floore aboute,
Some lepen into the roſe withouten doute:
Thó that the ſende not in our ſyght him ſhewe,
I trow that he with us be, that ilke ſhrewe:
In hell where that he is Lord and ſyre,
Ne is there no more wo, ne angre, ne yre:
When that our potte is broke as I have ſaid,
Every man chyte and holte him yvell apayde.
Some ſayd itt was long of the Fyre makeing,
Some ſayd nay, it was on the blowing:
Than was I ferd, for that was myn offyce,
Straw (quod the third) ye ben lewde and nyce;
It was not tempered as it ought to bee,
Nay (quod the fourthe) ſtynte and herken me:
Bycauſe our fyre was not made of beche
That is the cauſe, and none other ſo teche;
I can not tell whereon itt is alonge,
But well I wotte greate ſtrife is us among.
What (quod my lord) ther nys no more to done,
Of theſe perill I will beware ofte ſoone;
I am right Syker that the potte was craſed,
Be as be may, be ye not amaſed;
As uſage is, let ſwepe the floore as ſwythe,
Plucke up your heart and be glad and blythe.
The Mullocke on an heape yſwepte was,
And on the floore caſt a Canvas;
And all this Mullocke in a ſyve y throwe,
And yſyfted and yplucked many a throwe.
Parde (quod one) ſomewhat of our Mettall;

Yet

Yet is there here though we have not all;
And though this thyng mishapped hath as now,
Another tyme it may ben wel ynowe;
We mote put our good in aventure,
A Marchant parde may not aye endure;
Trusteth me wel in his prosperyte,
Sometyme his good is drowned in the see:
And sometyme it cometh safe unto the londe.
  Peace (quod my lord) the next tyme I wol fonde,
To bring our Crafte all in another plyte,
And but I doe Syrs lett me have the wyte:
There was default in somewhat wel I wote.
  Another sayd the Fyre was over hote.
But be it hotte or colde I dare say this,
That we concluden evermore amys:
We faylen of that which we wolde have,
And in our madnesse evermore we crave;
And whan we be togyther everychon,
Every man semeth as wyse as *Solomon*,
But all thing which that shyneth as the Golde,
Is not Golde as I have here tolde:
Ne every Apple that is faire at Eye,
Nys not good what so men clappe or cry.
Right soe itt fareth among us;
He that semeth the wysest by *Iesus*
Is most foole when it cometh to the prefe,
And he that semeth truest is a Theefe:
That shall ye know er that I from you wende,
By that I of my Tale have made an end.
  There was a *Chanon* of Religyoun
Amonge us, wolde enfect all a Towne,
Rome, *Alysaundere*, *Troy*, and other thre,
Though it as great were as Ninive

His ſleyght and his infynyte falſeneſſe,
There couthe no man written as I geſſe;
Though that he might lyve a thouſand yere
In all this worlde of falſeneſſe nye his pere:
For in his termes he wol him ſo wynde,
And kepe his words in ſo ſlye a kynde,
Whan he comen ſhall with any wight,
That he wol make him dote anon right.
But it a feude be as himſelfe is,
Full many a man hath he begyſed er this;
And mo wol, if that he may lyve a whyle,
And yet men ryden and gone full many a myle
Him for to ſeeke and have acquayntaunce,
Not knowing of his falſe governaunce:
And if ye luſte to give me audience,
I wol it tellen here in your preſence.
  But worſhipfull *Chanons* relygyouſe,
Ne demeth not that I ſclaunder your houſe;
Although my tale of a *Chanon* be,
Of every ordre ſome ſhrewe is parde:
And God forbid that al a Companye
Shoulde rue a ſyngle mannes folye.
To ſlaunder you is not myn entente,
But to correct that myſſe is mente;
This tale was not only told for you,
But eke for other moe ye wotte wel howe;
That among *Chriſts* Apoſtles twelve,
There was no traytour but *Iudas* himſelve:
Then why ſhoulde the remenant have blame
That gyltleſſe were? by you I ſay the ſame:
Save only this, if you wol herken me;
If any *Judas* in your Cov[illegible] be,
Remeveth him betyme I you rede,

If ſhame or loſſe may cauſen any drede,
And be nothing diſpleſed I you pray,
But in this caſe herkenneth what I ſay.
In *LONDON* was a *Preeſt* annuellere,
That therin had dwelt many a yere,
Which was ſoe pleſaunt and ſo ſervyſable
Unto the Wyfe, where he was att table;
That ſhe wolde ſuffer him nothing to pay
For borde, ne clothing, went he never ſo gay;
And ſpending Sylver had he right ynowe,
There of no force I wol proceed as nowe:
And tell forth my tale of the *Chanon*,
That brought this *Preeſt* to confuſyon.
This falſe *Chanon* came uppon a daye
Unto this *Preeſts* chamber where he laye,
Beſeechyng him to leve him a certayne
Of Gold, and he wolde quyte him agen:
Leveth me a Marke (quod he) but dayes thre,
And att my day I wol quyte itt the;
And if it ſo be, that thou fynde me falſe,
Another day hang me by the halſe.
This *Preeſt* toke him a Marke and that ſwyth,
And this *Chanon* him thanked oft ſyth;
And toke his leve, and went forth his wey,
And att his third day brought his money.
And to this *Preeſt* he toke this Gold ayen,
Whereof this *Preeſt* was gladde and fayn.
Certes (quod he) nothing anoyeth me
To lend a man a Noble, two or thre;
Or what thing were in my poſſeſſion,
Whan he ſoe true is of Condition:
That in no wyſe he breke wol his day,
To ſuch a man I can never ſay nay.

What (quod this *Chanon*) sholde I be untrewe,
Nay! that were a thyng fallen of newe,
Trouthe is a thyng that wol ever I kepe
Unto the day, in which I shall crepe
Into my Grave, or els God forbede:
Beleveth this as syker as your Crede:
God thanke I and in good tyme be it sayd,
That there was never man yett yvel apayd;
For Gold ne Sylver that he to me lent,
Ne never falsehede in myn herte I ment.
And Sir (quod he) now of my privyte,
Sens ye so goodlych have ben to me;
And kythe to me so great gentlenesse,
Somwhat to quyte with your kyndnesse;
I wol you shewe if ye wol it lere,
(I shall it shewe to you anon right here)
How I can werche in *Phylosophye*:
Taketh good hede ye shall it se with your Eye,
That I woll done a Maistrye or I goe.
Ye Sir (quod the *Preest*) and wol ye so?
Marye thereof I pray you hertely.
Att your Commandement Sir truly,
(Quod the *Chanon*) and els God forbede,
Lo how this thefe couthe his servyce bede.
Ful sothe itt is that such profered servyse
Stynketh, as wittnesseth the olde wyse:
And that ful sone I wol it veresye,
In this *Chanon* rote of all trechery,
That evermore delyte hath and gladnesse:
Such fendly thoughts in his herte empresse,
How Christs people he may to mischiefe bring,
God kepe us from his false dissymuling.
What wyst this *Preest* with whom that he delte,

Ne of his harme comyng nothing he felte.
O fely *Preest*, O fely Innocente.
With Covetyfe anon thou fhalt be blente·
O gracelefſe ful blynde is thy conceyte,
Nothyng arte thou ware of his deceyte.
Which that this foxe hath fhapen to the,
His wylye wrenches thou mayſt not flo.
Wherefore to goe to thy Conclufyon,
That referreth to thy confufyon:
Unhappy man anon I wol me hye,
To tell thyn unwitte ne thy folye:
And eke the falſeneſſe of that other wretche,
As fer forthe as my connyng wol ſtretche.

This *Chanon* was my Lord ye wold wene,
Syr hoſte in fayth and by the heven Quene:
It was another *Chanon* and not he,
That can an hundredfold more fubtelte:
He hath betrayed folke many a tyme,
Of his falſeneſſe it doleth me to ryme;
Ever whan I ſpeke of his falſeheed,
For fhame of him my chekes waxen reed:
Algates they begennen for to glowe,
For redneſſe have I non right well I knowe
In my viſage, for fumes dyverce
Of Metalls which ye have herde me reherce,
Conſumed and waſted hath my redneſſe,
Now take heed of this *Chanons* Curſedneſſe.
Syr (quod he) to the *Preeſt*, fet your Man gon,
For Quickſilver that we it had anon;
And lett him bring unces two or thre,
And whan he cometh as faſte fhul ye ſe
A wonder thyng which ye ſaw never er this;
Syr (quod the *Preeſt*) itt fhalbe done iwys:

He

He badd his servaunte fetch him this thyng,
And he already was att his bydding;
And went him forth and came anon agayne
With this Quicksylver shortly for to sayne:
And toke these unces there to the *Chanoun*,
And he hem sayd well and fayre adoun:
And bade the servaunt Coles for to bryng,
That he anon might go to his werkyng.
The Coles right anon were yfet,
And this *Chanon* toke out a Crosselett
Of his bosome, and shewed it to the *Preest*:
This Instrument (quod he) which that thou seest
Take in thy hond, and put thy selfe therein
Of this Quicksylver an unce and begyn
In the name of Chist to wexe a *Philosopher*,
There be ful fewe which I wolde it profer;
To shewe him this moche of my Science,
For here shul ye se by experience,
That this Quicksylver I wol mortifye
Right in your syght anon withouten lye,
And make it as good Sylver and as fyne,
As there is any in your purse or myne,
Or elsewhere, and make it malliable,
Or els hold me false and unstable;
Amonges folke ever to appere.
I have a poudre that cost me deere,
Shall make all good, for it is cause of all
My connyng, which I you shewe shall;
Voydeth your Man, and let him be therout,
And sherte the dore, whyles we ben about
Our privetie, that no man us espy,
Whyles that we *Werken* in our Philosophye.
Al as he bade fulfylled was indede:

This ylke ſervant anon out yede,
And his Maiſter ſhette the dore anon,
And to her labour ſpedily they gone.
This *Preeſt* at this curſed *Chanons* byddyng,
Uppon the fyre anon ſet this thyng;
And blewe the fyre and beſyed him ful faſte,
And this *Chanon* into this croſlet caſte
A pouder, I not wherof it was,
Ymade either of Chalke, Erthe, or Glaſſe
Or ſomwhat els, was not worthe a fly,
To blynde with this *Preeſt*, and bade him hye
Theſe Coles for to couchen al above
The Croſſlet for in token that I the love;
(Quod this *Chanon*) thyn hondes two,
Shal werke al thing that here ſhalbe do;
Graunt mercy (quod the *Preeſt*) and was ful glad,
And couched coles as the *Chanon* bad.
And whyle he beſy was, this fendely wretch,
This falſe *Chanon*, the foule fende him fetche;
Out of his boſome toke a bechen cole,
In which ful ſubtelly was made an hole,
And therein was put of Sylver lymayle,
An unce, and ſtopped was without fayle,
The hole with waxe to kepe the Limayle in.
And underſtandeth that this falſe gyn
Was not made there, but it was made byfore;
And other thynges that I ſhall you tell more
Herafter, that whiche he with him brought,
Er he came there to begyle him he thought:
And ſo he did er they went a twynne
Till he had turned him, coulde he not blynne,
It dulleth me whan that I of him ſpeke,
On his falſe hede fayne wolde I me wreke,

If I wyſte how, but he is here and there,
He is ſo varyaunt he bydeth no where.
But taketh heed Syrs nowe for Godds love,
He toke his Cole of which I ſpake above,
And in his honde he bare it prively,
And whyles the *Preeſt* couched beſily
The Coles, as I told you er this,
This *Chanon* ſayd, Frende ye done amys:
This is not couched as it ought to be;
But ſone I ſhall amend it (quod he)
Nowe let me medle therwith but a whyle,
For of you have I pyte by *Saint Gyle*:
Ye ben right hotte, I ſe wel how ye ſwete,
Have here a clothe and wype away the wete:
And while the *Preeſt* him wyped hace,
This *Chanon* toke the Cole, I ſhrewe his face:
And layd it aboven uppon the mydwarde
Of the Croſlet, and blewe wel afterwarde,
Till that the Coles gonne faſte brenne.
Nowe yeve us drinke (quod this *Chanon*) then,
As ſwythe al ſhall be wel I undertake,
Sytte we downe and let us mery make;
And whan this *Chanons* bechen Cole
Was brent, al the Limayle out of the hole
Into the Croſlet anon fell adoun,
And ſoe it muſt needes by reſoun,
Sens it ſo even above couched was,
But thereof wyſte the *Preeſt* nothing alas:
He demed all the coles lyche goode,
For of the ſleyght nothing he underſtoode.
And whan this *Alkamiſtre* ſawe his tyme,
Ryſeth up Syr *Preeſt* (quod he) and ſtondeth by me;
And for I wott well yngot have I none:

Gothe

Gothe walketh forth and brynge a chalke ſtone,
For I wol make it of the ſame ſhappe,
That an yngott is if I may have happe;
And bring eke with you a bolle or a panne
Full of water, and you ſhall ſe thanne,
How that our beſyneſſe ſhall happe and preve,
And yet for ye ſhall have no misbyleve,
Ne wronge conceyte of me in your abſence,
I wol not ben out of your preſence:
But goe with you and come with yon agayne.
  The Chamber dore ſhortly to ſayne,
They opened and ſhette and went forth her wey,
And forthe with him they carryed the key;
And comen agen withouten any delay,
What ſhulde I tarry all the long day?
He toke the Chalke and ſhope it in the wyſe
Of an yngot as I ſhall you devyſe.
  I ſay he toke out of his owne ſleve
A teyne of Sylver, yvel mote he cheve;
Which that was but an unce of weight,
And taketh heed now of his curſed ſleight,
He ſhope his yngot in lenght and in brede
Of the teyne withouten any drede,
So ſlily that the *Preeſt* it not aſpyde,
And in his ſleve agayne he gan it hyde;
And from the fyre toke up his Mattere,
And into the yngot it put with mery chere:
And into the water-veſſele he it caſte
Whan that him liſt, and bade the *Preeſt* as faſte
Looke what there is put in thyn honde,and grope,
Thou ſhalt finde there Sylver as I hope;
What dyvel of hell ſhulde it els be?
Shaving of Sylver, Sylver is parde.

He put in his honde and toke up a Teyne
Of Silver fyne, and glad in every veyne
Was this *Preest*, whan he ſaw itt was ſo,
Gods bleſſynge and his Mothers alſo:
And al hallowes have ye Sir *Chanon*
Sayd this *Preest*, and I her Malyſon.
But and ye vouchſafe to teche me
This noble Crafte, and this ſubtelte;
I wol be yours in al that ever I may.
Quod the *Chanon* yet woll I make aſſay
The ſeconde tyme, that ye mowe take heede,
And ben expert of this and in your neede
Another day aſſay in myn abſence,
This Diſciplyne and this crafty Science.
Lette take onother ounce (quod he) tho
Of Quickſylver withouten words mo,
And don therwith as I have don er this,
With that other which that nowe ſilver is.
This *Preest* him beſyeth in all that he can,
To don as this *Chanon* this curſed man
Commanded him, and faſt blew the fyre
For to come to the effect of his deſyre;
And this *Chanon* right in the meane while,
All redy was, this *Preest* efte to begyle;
And for a Countenance in his honde bare
An holow ſticke, take keepe and beware;
In thend of which an unce and no more
Of Sylver Lymayle putte was, as before,
Was in his cole, and ſtopped with wexe wele,
For to kepen in his Lymaile every dele.
And whiles this *Preest* was in his beſyneſſe
This *Chanon* with his ſticke gan him dreſſe
To him anon, and his poudre caſt in,

As he did erſt, the Dyvell out of his skyn
Him torne, I pray to God for his falſhede,
For he was ever falſe in thought and dede:
And with his ſticke above the Croſſlette,
That was ordeyned with that falſe iette,
He ſtyreth the coles tyl all relent gan
The waxe agayne the fyre, as every man,
But he a foole be, wote wel it mote nede,
And al that in the hole was out yede:
And into the croſſlette haſtely it fell.
The *Preeſt* ſuppoſed nothing but well,
But beſyed him faſt and was wonder fayne,
Suppoſing nought but trouthe, ſoth to ſayne:
He was ſo gladd that I cannot expreſſe,
In no manere his mirth and his gladneſſe;
And to the *Chanon* he profered eft ſoone
Body and good: ye (quod the *Chanon*) anone,
Though I be poore, crafty thou ſhalt me fynde,
I warne the yet is there more behynde,
Is there any Copper here within ſayd he?
Ye Sir (quod the *Preeſt*) I trowe there be.
Els go bye ſome and that aſwythe.
Nowe good Sir go forth thy way and hythe.
He went his way and with the Coper he came,
And this *Chanon* in his honde it name;
And of that Coper wayed out but an unce,
All to ſymple is my tonge to pronounce:
As to miniſtre by my wytte the doubleneſſe
Of this *Chanon*, roote of all curſydneſſe:
He ſemed freindly to hem that knew him nought.
But he was fendly both in werke and thought,
It weryeth me to tell of his falſeneſſe
And nathleſſe, yet wol I it expreſſe,

To the entent that men may beware thereby,
And for none other cause truly.
He put this unce of Coper into the Crosslett,
And on the fyre as swythe he hath it sett;
And cast in pouder, and made the *Preest* to blowe,
And in his workeing for to stoupe lowe:
As he did erste, and all nas but a jape,
Right as him lyste, the *Preest* he made his Ape;
And afterward in the yngot he it caste,
And in the panne put it at the laste
Of water, and in he put his owne honde,
And in his sleve, as ye by forehonde
Herd me tell, he had a Sylver Teyne,
He slily toke it out, this cursed heyne,
Unwetyng this *Preest* of his false crafte,
And in the pannes botome he hath it lafte,
And in the water rombleth to and fro:
And wonder prively toke up also
The coper Teyne, not knowing this *Preest*,
And hydde itt, and hent him by the brest;
And to him spake, and thus sayd in his game,
Stoupeth adowne, by God ye be to blame,
Helpeth me nowe, as I did you whylere:
Put in your honde, and loketh what is there.
This *Preest* toke up this Sylver Teyne anone,
And then said the *Chanon*, lette us gon
With these thre Teynes which we han wrought
To some Goldsmythe, and wete if it be ought:
For by my faith, I nolde for my hoode,
But if it were Sylver fyne and goode,
And that as swythe wellproved shalbe.
Unto the Goldsmythe with these Teynes three,
They went and put them in assaye,

To fyre and hammer; might no man ſay nay,
But they were as them ought for to be.
This ſotted *Preeſt* who was gladder then he,
Was never Byrd gladder agenſt the day,
Ne Nightyngale agenſt the ceaſon of May,
Was never none, that lyſt better to ſynge,
Ne Lady luſtier in Carolyng:
And for to ſpeke of love and woman hede,
Ne Knight in armes to done a herdy dede,
To ſtonden in grace of his Lady dere,
Then had this *Preeſt* this crafte to lere,
And to the *Chanon*, thus he ſpake and ſayd
For the love of God, that for us all deyd,
And as I may deſerve it unto yow,
What ſhall this receite coſt, telleth me nowe?
By our Lady (quod this *Chanon*) it is dere,
I warne you well, ſave *I* and *a Frere*:
In *ENGLAND* there can no man it make.
No force (quod he) nowe Sir for Gods ſake,
What ſhall I pay? tell me I you pray.
I wys (quod he) it is ful dere I ſay.
Syr at one word if that ye lyſt it have,
Ye ſhall pay fortye pound, ſo God me ſave:
And nere the freindſhyp that ye did er this
To me, ye ſhulden pay mere y wys.
This *Preeſt* the ſome of forty pounde anon
Of Nobles fette, and told hem everychon
To this *Chanon* for this ilke receyte;
All his worchyng was fraude and deceyte.
Syr *Preeſt* he ſaid; I kepe for to have no loos
Of my craft, for I wold itt were kept cloos:
And as ye love me kepeth it ſecre,
For and men knowe all my Subtelte,

By

By God men wolde have soe greate envye
To me by cause of my Phylosophye:
I shulde be deed, ther were none other way.
God it forbid (quod the *Preest*) what ye say:
Yet had I lever spend all the good,
Which that I have, or els waxe I wood
Than that ye shoulde fallen in such mischeife:
For your good wyll have ye right good prefe,
(Quod the *Chanon*) and farewell graunt mercy:
He went his way, and never the *Preest* him sey
After that day: And whan that this *Preest* sholde
Maken assay at such tyme as he wolde,
Of this receyte, farwell it nold not be:
Lo thus bejaped and begyled was he.
Thus maketh he his Introduction,
To bringe folke to her distruction.
Consydereth Sirs, howe in eche estate:
Betwixt Men and Gold is debate,
Soe fer forthe, that unneths there is none,
This Multiplyeng blyndeth so many one;
That in good fayth, I trowe that it be
The greatest cause of such scarsyte:
These *Phylosophers* speken so mistily,
In this Crafte, that men cannot come thereby,
For any witte that men have nowe adayes,
They may well chattre and jangle as doth the Jayes:
And in her termes sett her luste and payne,
But to her purpose shall they never attaine;
A man may lightly lerne if he have ought,
To Multiply and bring his good to nought:
Lo such a Lucre is in this lusty game,
A mans myrthe it wol turne all to grame:
And emptien also greate and hevy purses,

And maken folke to purchase curses:
Of hem that han alsoe her good ylent.
O fye for shame, they that han be brente:
Alas cannot they fly the fyres hete,
Ye that it usen, I rede that ye it lete:
Lest ye lesen al, for bet then never is late,
Never to thryve were to long a date,
Though that ye prolle aye ye shall it never fynde,
Ye ben as bold as is *Bayarde* the blynde;
That blondereth forth, and perill casteth none;
He is as bolde to renne agenst a stone,
As for to go besyde in the way;
So faren ye that multiplyen I say;
If that your Eyen can not sene aright,
Loketh that your Mynde lacke not his sight;
For though ye loke never soe brode and stare,
Ye shall not wynne a myte in that chaffare:
But waste all that ye may repe and renne,
Withdrawe the fyre least it to fast brenne:
Medleth with that Arte noe more I mene;
For yf ye done your thrifte is gone full cleane.
And right as swythe I woll you tellen here,
What that the *Phylosophers* sayne in this mattere.
Lo thus saith *Arnolde* of the newe toune,
As his *Rosarye* maketh mencioune:
He sayth right thus withouten any lye,
There may noe man *Mercury* mortifye;
But if it be with his brothers knowlegyng;
Lo how that he which firste sayd this thyng
Of Phylosophers father was, *Hermes*.
He sayth how that the *Dragon* doutlesse
Ne dyeth not, but if he be slayne
With his brother: and this is for to sayne,

By the Dragon *Mercurye* and none other,
He underſtood that Brimſtone was his brother.
That out of *Sol* and *Luna* were ydrawe,
And therefore ſayd he, take heed to my ſawe.
Let no man beſye him this *Arte* for to ſeche,
But he that the Entention and ſpeche
Of *Phyloſophers* underſtonde can,
And if he do he is a leud man:
For this *Science*, and this connyng (quod he)
Is of the Secre, of the Secres parde.
Alſoe there was a Diſciple of *Plato*,
That on a tyme ſayd his Maiſter to:
As his booke *Senior* wol bere wytneſſe,
And this was his demaunde in ſothfaſtneſſe.
Tell me the name of the privy Stone?
And *Plato* anſwered unto him anone,
Take the Stone that *Tytanos* men name.
Which is that (quod he?) *Magnatia* is the ſame,
Said *Plato*: ye Sir, and is it thus?
This is *ignotum per ignotius*:
What is *Magnatia* good Sir I you pray?
It is a Water that is made I ſay
Of Elements foure (quod *Plato*)
Tell me the Rocke good Sir (quod he tho)
Of that Water, if it be your wyll.
Nay nay (quod *Plato*) certayne that I nyll,
The *Philoſophers* were y ſworne echone,
That they ſhulde diſcover it unto none;
Ne in no Boke it write in no manere,
For unto *Chriſt* it is ſo lefe and dere,
That he wol not that it diſcovered be,
But where it liketh to his deite;
Man to enſpyre and eke for to defende,

Whan

Whan that him lyketh, lo this is his ende.
Then conclude I thus, ſens the God of heaven,
Ne wyl not that the *Phyloſophers* nemen:
Howe that a Man ſhall come unto this *Stone*,
I rede as for the beſt, lett itt gone;
For who ſo maketh God his adverſary,
As for to werche any thing in contrary:
Unto his will, certes never ſhall he thrive;
Though that he Multiplye terme of his live,
And there a poynte: for ended is my Tale,
God ſend every true man *Bote of his bale*.

THE WORKE OF *JOHN DASTIN.*

NOt yet full ſleping, nor yet full waking,
But betweene twayne lying in a traunce;
Halfe cloſed mine Eyne in my ſlumbering,
Like a Mā rapt of all cheer & countenance;
By a manner of weninge & Remembrance
Towards *Aurora*, ere *Phœbus* uproſe,
I dreamed one came to me to doe me pleaſaunce
That brought me a *Boke* with ſeaven ſeales cloſe.

2. Following upon I had a wonderfull dreame,
As ſemed unto my inward thought,
The face of him ſhone as the Sun-beame:
Which unto me thys hevenly Boke brought,
Of ſo greate Riches that yt may not be bought,
In order ſet by *Dame Philoſophie*,
The Capitall and the flowriſhing wrought
By a wiſe Prince called *Theologie.*

3. Thys Boke was written with letters aureat,
Perpetually to be put in memory,
And to *Apollo* the Chapters conſecrate,
And to the ſeaven *Gods* in the hevenly Conſiſtory:
And in *Mercuries* litle Oratory,
Groweth all the fruite in breeſe of thys *Science*,
Who can expreſſe hem and have of hem Victory,
May clayme the tryumph of his Minerall prudence.

4. Of this matter above betweene Starrs ſeaven,
By *Gods* and *Goddeſſes* all of one aſſent,
Was ſent *Caducifer* to Erth downe form Heaven:
Saturnus as Bedell by great adviſement;
For to ſummon a generall Parliament,
By concord of all both old and younge of age,
To ſay in Breife their Councell moſt prudent:
For Common proffit to knitt up a Marriage.

5. Betweene twaine Borne of the Imperiall blood,
And deſcended from *Iupiters* line,
Of their Natures moſt pure and moſt good;
Wythowte infeccion their ſeede is moſt divine:
That noe Eclips may let them for to ſhine,
So that *Mercury* doth ſtint all debate,
And reſtraine their Courage by meaknes them incline;
That of frowardnes they be not indurate.

6. For the *Sunne* that ſitteth ſo heigh a loft,
His golden dew-droppes ſhall cleerely raigne downe,
By the meane of *Mercury* that moven firſt made ſoft:
Then there ſchalbe a glad Conjunccion,
Whan there is made a Seperacion:
And their two Spermes by Marriage are made one;
And the ſaid *Mercury* by deviſion,
Hath taken his flight and from both is gone.

7. Theſe be the two *Mercuries* cheife of Philoſophers
Revived againe with the Spirit of lyfe,
Richer then Rubies or Pearles ſhut in Coſeurs;
Waſhed and Baptized in waters vegitative,
The body diſſevered with heate nutrative:
By moderate moyſture of Putrefaccion;
So that there is no exceſſe nor no ſtrife
Of the foure Elements in their Conjunccion.

8. The graine of Wheate which on the ground doth
But it be dead it may not fructifie, (fall,
If it be hole the vertue doth appayle;
And in no wise it may not Multiplye,
The increase doth begin whan it doth Putrefie;
Of good Grafts commeth Fruites of good lastage;
Of Crabs Verjuyce, of Ash is made Lye,
Of good Grapes followeth a good Vintage.

9. Who soweth good Seede repeth good againe,
Of Cockles sowne there can grow no good Wheate,
For as such a *Ploughman* traveleth in vaine,
To fruitefull Land Cockle is not meete;
Gall is ever bitter, Honey is ever sweete,
Of all things contrary is fals Conneccions,
Let Male and Female together ever meete;
But both be clensed of their Complexions.

10. A Man of Nature ingendereth but a Man,
And every Beast ingendereth his semblable;
And as *Philosophers* rehearse well can,
Diana and *Venus* in marriage be notable,
A Horse with a Swine joyneth not in a stable,
For where is made unkindly geniture,
What followeth but things abominable?
Which is to say *Monstrum* in Nature.

11. All this I finde in the said Boke,
Brought to me when I lay a sleepe;
And of one thing good heede I toke;
The Wolf in kinde is Enemy to the Sheepe.
The Rose full divers to the wild Neepe:
For things joyned that be contrary;
Dame *Nature* complayning doth sit and weepe:
For falce receipts found in her Library.

12. And there it was so pitiously complained,
That men so err by false Opinions
That be so farr from truth away restrained,
Like as they had lost wholly their Reasons,
Not considering in their discretions;
What mischeife followeth as is oft seene,
By these false froward Conneccions:
As doth leapers with folkes that byne cleane.

13. Notwithstanding he that is sate so high in heaven,
Crown'd with a Crowne of bright stones cleere,
Borne there to raine as cheife chosen of seaven:
Equall with *Phœbus* shone in the same sphere,
Without difference as *Clerkes* to us leare;
Sate there most royallin his diadem:
Very Celestiall and Angelike of cheare;
And in all vertue like as he did seeme.

14. And in that Boke I found well by writing,
Like as the processe made mention:
How that there was once a mighty rich King,
Cleane of nature and of Complexion:
Voyde of deformity from head soe forthe downe,
Which for his beauty as it is specified,
And for his cleanes most soverayne of renowne:
Was among *Planets* in heaven stellesyed.

15. Certaine Brethren I found he had in Number,
And of one Mother they were borne every each one:
But a Sicknes did them sore cumber,
That none was whole on his feete to gone,
Hoarse of language, cleere voice had they none:
For with a scabb that was contagious,
They were infected, hole was their none;
For ever exiled because they were Leaprous.

16. The said King rose up in his Royall see,
Seeing this mischeife cast his Eye downe,
And of his mercy, and fraternall pittye,
Surprized in heart, full of Compassion:
And began to complaine of their Infeccion,
Alas quoth he how came this adventure,
Under what froward or false Constelacion;
Or in what howre had yee your ingendure.

17. But sithence this mischeife ys to you befall,
There is nothing which were more expedient,
Then to chuse one out amongst us all,
Without spott all cleere of his intent,
For you to dye by his owne assent,
To save the people from their Damnation:
And with his blood ere you be fully shent,
To make of his mercy your remission.

18. The which Liquor most wholesome is and good,
Against leprous humors and false infeccions,
When from a veyne taken is the blood;
Cleansing each parte from all corrupcions,
The Originall taken from generacions:
Which is descended downe from stock royall,
Nourished with Milke of pure complexion;
With menstrous which are not superficiall.

19. But when the Brethren of this worthy King
Heard the Language, they fell in full great dread,
Full sore weeping and said in Complayning
That none of them was able to bleede,
Because their blood was infeccious indeede,
And of corrupt blood made is noe Sacrifice,
Wherefore alas there is noe way to speede,
That we can finde, to helpe us in any wise.

20. Of our Birth and of our Originall,
Cleerely and truly to make mencion;
Excuse is there none in parte nor in all;
In sin was first our concepcion:
Our bringing forth and generation,
Fulfilled was in sorrowe and wickednesse,
And our Mother in a short conclusion
With Corrupt milke us fostred in distresse.

21. For who may make that seede to be cleane,
That first was conceived in uncleanes,
For cancred rust may never I meane,
By noe crafte shew forth parfect brightnes:
Now let us all at once our Course addres;
And goe unto our Mother to aske by and by,
The finall cause of our Corrupt sicknes;
That she declare unto us the Cause and why.

22. The said Children uprose in a fury
Of wofull rage, and went by one assent
Unto their Mother that called was *Mercury*:
Requiring her by greate advisement,
Before her *Goddesses* being every one present.
To tell them truly and in noe parte to faine,
Why their nature was corrupt and shent;
That caused them evermore to weepe and complaine

23. To whome the Mother full bright of face and hew
Gave this answer remembred in Scripture,
First when I was wedded a new,
I conceived by prosses of true Nature:
A Child of seede that was most cleane and pure,
Undefiled, most orient, faire and bright,
Of all the *PLANETS* cheife of ingendure:
Which now in Heaven giveth so cleere a light.

24. Whos

24. Whose Complexion is most temperate,
In heate and cold and in humidity,
In Erth also that there is noe debate,
Nor noe repugnaunce by noe quallity:
Nor none occasion of none infirmity,
That among them there may be none discord,
So well proportioned every-each in his degree,
Each hower and space they be of so true accord.

25. Whose Nature is so imperiall,
That fire so burning doth him noe distresse:
His royall kinde is so celestiall,
Of Corrupcion he taketh no sicknesse;
Fire, Water, Air, nor Erth with his drines,
Neither of them may alter his Complexion,
He fixeth Spirits through his high noblenes;
Saveth infected bodyes from their Corrupcion.

26. His Heavenly helth death may not assayle,
He dreadeth noe venome, nor needeth no treacle,
Winde Tempest ne Wether against him may prevaile,
Soe high in Heaven is his Tabernacle,
In Erth he worketh many a miracle:
He cureth Lepers and fetcheth home Fugitive,
And to gouty Eyne giveth a cleere Spectacle:
Them to goe that lame were all their lief.

27. He is my Son and I his Mother deare,
By me conceived truly in Marriage;
As touching your Birth the sicknes doth appeare,
Of Menstruous blood brought forth in tender age,
Your Leprie is shewed in Body and in Visage,
To make your hole Medicine is no other
Drinke, nor potion to your advantage,
But the pure blood of him that is your deare Brother.

28. A good Shephard must dye for his Sheepe,
Without grudging to speake in words plaine,
And semblable take hereof good keepe,
Your Brother must dye and newe be borne againe,
Though he be old, be hereof well certaine;
To youth againe he must be renewd,
And suffer passion or else all were vaine,
Then rising againe right fresh and well hewd.

29. Old *Æson* was made young by *Medea*,
With her drinks and with her potions,
Soe must your Brother of pure *Volunta*
Dyeand be young through his operation,
And that through subtile natures Confections,
By whose death plainely to expresse;
Yee shalbe purged from all infeccions:
And your foule leaprie changed to cleanes.

30. With the said words the King began to abray
The tale adverting that she had tould,
How might a Man by nature thus he said
Be borne againe, namely when he ys old?
Then said hys Mother by reason manifold:
But if the Gospell thus doth meane,
In Water and Spirit be renovate hott and cold,
That he shall never plainely come into Heaven.

31. The King was tristy and heavy of cheere,
Upon his Knees meekely kneeled downe,
Prayed his Father in full low manner,
To translate the Challice of hys passion,
But for he thought the redempcion
Of his brethren, might not be fulfilled,
Without his death nor their Salvation;
For them to suffer he was right willed.

An

32. And for to accomplish hys purpose in sentence,
By cleere example who so looketh right,
Heavy things from their Circumferance,
Must up assend and after be made light,
And things light ready to the flight
Must descend to the Center downe,
By interchaunging of natures might,
As they be moved by meane of Revolucion.

33. Soe as *Iupiter* in a Cloud of Gold,
Chaunged himselfe by transformacion,
And descended from hys hevenly hold
Like a Golden dewe unto *Danae* downe,
And she conceived as made is mencion,
By influence of hys power divine;
Right so shall *Phœbus* right soveraigne of renowne
To be conceived of his Golden raine decline.

34. And to comfort hys Brethren that were full dull,
The *Sun* hath chosen without warr or strife,
The bright *Moone* when she was at the full,
To be his Mother first, and after hys wedded wife;
In tyme of *Ver* the season vegetative,
In *Aries* when *Titan* doth appeare,
Inspired by grace with the Spirit of lyfe,
This marriage hallowed at midday Spheare.

35. And at this feast were the Godes all,
Saturne from blacknes was turned to white;
And *Iupiter* let his mantle fall,
Full pale and meager of greate delight,
Clothed in lylies that every maner wight,
Of Heaven and Erth, and Gods of the Sea,
Rejoyced in Heart, and were full glad and light,
To be present at this great Solemnity.

36. *Mars* forgot there hys sturdy black hardines,
Cast off his Habergeon fret with old rust;
Venus forsooke her minerall rednes,
Tooke Gold for greene and she againe also for lust,
Because she had in *Phœbus* such a trust,
That he should this feast hold of most noblenes:
Of brotherly pitty needs as he must,
Give her a mantle of Orientall brightnes.

37. After this Wedding here afore devised,
Of faire *Phœbus* and fresh *Lucine*;
Philosophers have prudently practised,
A Closset round by their wise Doctrine,
Cleere as Christall of Glasse a litle shrine;
With heavenly deawe stuffed that dungeon,
Kept night and day with glorious maidens nyne;
To keepe the Queene in her Concepcion.

38. Religiously they kept their Sylence;
Till that from heaven their a royall light,
And there with all in open audience;
Was heard a voyce almost at mid night,
Among the Virgins most amiable of sight,
That said unto them, to save that was forlorne;
I must againe through my imperiall myght,
Be of my Mother new conceived and borne.

39. I must passe by water and by Fire,
The brunt abide and there from not decline,
To save my brethren I have so greate desire,
With new light their darknes to yllumine,
But sore I dread that venomous Serpentine,
Which ever advanceth with his violence,
My tender youth to hurt and to invenome,
But in your keeping doe you your diligence.

40. The King thus entred in his bed royall,
The Queene conceived under a Sun bright;
Under her feete a mount like Christall,
Which had devoured her husband anon right,
Dead of desire and in the Maidens sight;
Lost all the Collour of his fresh face,
Thus was he dead, the Maidens feeble of mighr
Dispaired, slept in the same place.

41. The Serpent bold shed out his poyson,
The Queene and Maidens for feare tooke them to flight;
Seaven tymes assending up and downe
With in a vault, now darke, now cleere of light,
Their generation was so strong of might,
Tfter death now passeth Purgatory;
Ao Resurreccion as any Sun bright,
Things that were lost to bring to his glory.

42. The Queene tooke her full possession,
The Soule reviving of the dead King;
But of old hatred the toxicate poyson,
Was by the Serpent cast in to their hindring;
The *Prince* was buried, but of his rising,
The Btethren were glad the truth was seene,
When they were washed by his naturall clensing;
And their old Leprie by Miracle was made cleane.

43. The full *Moone* halfe shaddowedthe *Sun*,
To putt away the burning of his light;
Black shaddowed first the skyes were so dunn,
The Ravens bill began who looketh right,
Blacker then Jett or Bugle to sight;
But litle and litle by ordinary apparance,
The temperate fire with his cherishing might
Turned all to white, but with noe violence.

44. Tyme to the Queene approched of Childing,
The Child of Nature was ready to fly,
Paſſage was there none to hys out going:
He ſpread hys wings and found no liberty;
Of nyne Virgins he devoured three,
The other ſix moſt excellent and faire,
Fearefull for dread in their greateſt beauty,
Spread their feathers and flew forth in the Aire,

45. The Child coloured firſt Black and after White,
Having noe heate in very exiſtence,
But by cheriſhing of the Sun bright,
Of forraine fire there was noe violence:
Save that men ſay which have experience,
He dranke ſuch plenty of the Water of the well,
That his ſix ſiſters made noe reſiſtance;
But would have devowred; *Daſten* can you tell.

46. Sometymes black, ſometymes was he redd,
Now like aſhes, now Citrine of Colour:
Now of Safforne hew, now ſanguine was his head,
Now white as a lylie he ſhewed him in his bower,
The Moone gave nouriſhment to him in his labour;
And with all their force did their buiſnes,
To cloath hym freſher then any flowre,
With a mantle of everlaſting whitnes.

Pearc

PEARCE
THE BLACK MONKE
upon the Elixir.

TAke Erth of Erth, Erths Moder,
And Watur of Erth yt ys no oder,
And Fier of Erth that beryth the pryſe,
But of that Erth louke thow be wyſe,
The trew *Elixer* yf thow wylt make,
Erth owte of Erth looke that thow take,
Pewer ſutel faire and good,
And than take the Water of the Wood:
Cleere as Chryſtall ſchynyng bryght:
And do hem togeder anon ryght,
Thre dayes than let hem lye,
And than depart hem pryvyly and ſlye,
Than ſchale be browght Watur ſchynyng,
And in that Watur ys a ſoule reynynge,
Inviſible and hyd and unſeene,
A marvelous matter yt ys to weene.
Than departe hem by dyſtillynge,
And you ſchalle ſee an Erth apperinge,
Hevie as metale ſchalle yt be;
In the wych is hyd grete prevety,
Deſtil that Erth in grene hewe,
Three dayes during well and trew;
And do hem in a body of glaſſ,
In the wych never no warke was.

In a Furnas he muſt be ſett,
And on hys hede a good lymbeck;
And draw fro hym a Watur clere
The wych Watur hath no peere,
And aftur macke your Fyer ſtronger,
And there on thy Glaſſe continew longer,
So ſchal yow ſe come a Fyer;
Red as blode and of grete yre,
And aftur that an Erth leue there ſchale,
The wych is cleped the Moder of alle;
Then into Purgatory ſche muſt be doe,
And have the paynes that longs thereto,
Tyl ſche be bryghter than the Sune,
For than thow haſt the Mayſtrey wone;
And that ſchalbe wythin howres three,
The wych forſooth ys grete ferly:
Than do her in a clene Glaſſ,
Wyth ſome of the Watur that hers was.
And in a Furnas do her againe,
Tyl ſche have drunke her Watur certaine,
And aftur that Watur give her Blood,
That was her owne pewre and good,
And whan ſche hath dranke alle her Fyer,
Sche wyll wex ſtrong and of grete yre.
Than take yow mete and mylcke thereto,
And fede the Chylde as you ſchowlde do,
Tyl he be growne to hys full age,
Than ſchal he be of ſtrong courage;
And tourne alle Bodies that leyfull be,
To hys owne powre and dignitye,
And this ys the makyng of owre *Stone*,
The trewth here ys towlde yow evereech one.
For all that taketh any other wey,
Mouch they looſeth and mouch they may,

Fo

For trewly there ys no other way of righte,
But Body of Body and Lyghte of Lyghte,
Man of Man begottyn ys,
And Beste of Beste to hys lykenes,
Alle the fooles in the worlde seeken;
A thynge that they may never meeten,
They wolde have Metalle owte of hem,
That never was fownde by worldly men:
Ne never was fownde by Goddis myghte,
That they schould beare any such fryghte.
All Saltes and Sulphures far and nere,
I interdite hem alle in fere,
Alle Corosive waters, Blood and Hayre,
Pyss, Hornes, Wormes and Saudiver,
Alume, Atriment, alle I suspende,
Rasalger and Arsnick I defende,
Calx vive, and Calx mort hys Brother,
I suspende them both, one and other,
For of alle things I wyll no moe,
But fowre Elements in Generall I say soe,
Sun and Moone, Erth and Water;
And here ys alle that men of clatter,
Our Gold and Sylver ben no common plate,
But a sperme owte of a Bodi I take,
In the wych ys alle *Sol*, *Lune*, Lyfe and Lyghte
Water and Erth, Fyre and Fryght:
And alle commyth of one Image,
But the Water of the Wood makyth the marryage;
Therefore there ys none other waye,
But to take thee to thy Beades and praye:
For Covetous Men yt fyndyth never,
Though they seek yt once and ever,
Set not your Hearts in thys thyng,
But only to God and good lyvynge.

And

And he that wyll come thereby,
Must be meeke, and full of mercy:
Both in spyrit and in Countenaunce,
Full of Chereti and good Governaunce;
And evermore full of almes deede,
Symple and pewerly hys lyf to leade:
Wyth Prayers, Pennaunces, and Piety,
And ever to God a lover be,
And alle the ryches that he ys sped,
To do God worschyppe wyth Almes deede.
In Arsenyck sublymed there ys a way streight,
Wyth Mercury calcyned nyne tymes hys weight
And grownde together with the Water of myght
That bereth ingression lyfe and lyght,
And anon as they togyther byne,
Alle runnyth to Water bryght and shene,
Upon thys Fyre they grow togethyr,
Tyll they be fast and flee no whythyr;
But than feede hem fowrth wyth thy hond,
Wyth mylke and meate tyle they be stronge,
And thow schalt have there a good Stone,
Whereof an Ounc on fowrty wyll gone:
Upon *Venus* or on *Mercury*,
Thys Medicyn wyll make thee merry.
All yow that have sowght mani a day,
Leave worke, take yowre Beades and pray,
For the longer that yow seeken,
The longer yt ys or yow meeten;
And he that now fayne would be sped,
Lysten to my Daughter *Megg*:
For schhe scall tell yow trewth and ryghte,
Hearken now wyth all your myght.
I am *Mercury* the myghty Flower,
I am most worthy of Honour;

I am ſours of *Sol, Luna*, and *Mars*,
I am genderer of *Iovis*, many be my ſnares:
I am ſetler of *Saturne*, and ſours of *Venus* ,
I am Empreſſe, Pryncеſſe and Regall of Queenes,
I am Mother of Myrrour, and maker of lyght,
I am head and hygheſt and fayreſt in ſyght:
I am both *Sun*, and *Moone*,
I am ſche that alle thynges muſt doone.
I have a Daughter hight *Saturne* that ys my darlyng,
The wych ys Mother of all werkyng,
For in my Daughter there byne hydd,
Fowre thyngs Commonly I kydd:
A Golden ſeede, and a ſpearme rych,
And a Silver ſeede none hym lich;
And a *Mercury* ſeede full bryght,
And a *Sulphur* ſeede that ys ryght.
Of my Daughter wythowten dred,
Byn made Elyxirs whyte and redd,
Therefor of her draw a Water cler,
The *Scyence* yf thow lyſt to leare.
Thys Water reduceth every thynge,
To tendernes and to fyxing:
It burgeneth growyth and gyveth fryght and lyght,
Ingreſſion lyfe and laſtyng in ſyght:
Alle ryghteous werkes ſooth to ſay,
It helpeth and bryngyth in a good way:
Thys ys the Water that ys moſt worthy,
Aqua perfectiſsima & flos mundi:
For alle werkes thys Water makyth whyte,
Reducyng and ſchyning as Sylver bryght:
And of the Oyle greate marvell there ys,
For all thyngs yt bryngyth to rednes:
As Cytrine gold he ys full high,
None ye ſo redd nor none ys ſo worthy:

And in the Erth grete marvele ys hyd,
That ys first so black, and than so red:
And alle ys done in howres three,
Thys may be cleped *Gods Prevetie*;
Than the Erth shall torne red as blood,
Citrine Gold, naturall cleere and good,
And than the red Oyle to hem schall goe,
Red Ferment, and red Mercury alsoe,
And grow togeder weekes seaven,
Blessed be Almyghty God of Heven:
One Ounce of thys Medycine worthy
Cast upon two hundred ownces of Mercury:
Schall make Gold most royall,
And ever enduring to holde tryall;
Fyre and Hammer Tuch and Test,
And all essayes most and least.
And yt ys Medycen above common Gold,
To mans body as God yt would.
For Gold that cometh from the Oare,
Is nourished with fowle Sulphur:
And Engendered upon Mercury he ys,
And nouryshed by Erth and Sulphur I wys,
And our Gold ys made of thre pewre soules,
In the wych ys noe Corrupcyon foule:
But purged pewre as clene as Chrystall,
Body and Spyryt and Sowle wyth all;
And so they grow into a stone,
In the wych Corrupcyon there ys none;
And than cast hym upon *Mercury*,
And he schalbe Gold most worthy,
Now have you heard the makyng of our Stone,
The begynyng and endyng ys all one.

THE WORKE OF
RICH: CARPENTER.

OF *Titan Magnasia* take the cler light,
The rede Gumme that ys so bryght,
Of *Philosofris* the *Sulfer vife*,
I called *Gold* wythouten stryfe;
Of hem drawe owte a Tincture,
And make a matrymony pure:
Betweene the husband and the wyfe,
I spoused wyth the Water of lyfe:
And so that none dyvysion
Be there, in the conjunccion
Of the *Moone* and of the *Sonne*,
After the marriage ys begonne;
And that *Mercury* the planete,
In loef make hem so to mete:
That eyder wyth oder be joyned even,
As a Stone engendered sente down fro heven;
Of hem make water clere rennynge,
As any Chrystall bryght schynynge.
Drawen out of bodyes fyxed,
By Nature privelу mixed
Within a vessal depured clene,
Of *Philosofris* bright and schene;
Beware the Fume escape the nowght,
And alleso marked well in thy thowght;
That of the Fire the quallitee,
Equal to *Phebez* bemes be;
In the moneth of *Iune* and *Iule*,
Understand me be not dulle;

For

For thou ſchalt ſee marveles grete,
Colures ſpring oute of the heate:
Fyrſte Blakke and Whyte, and ſo Redde,
And after Setryne wythouten drede:
And ſo wythin howres thre,
That *Stone* ſchall thorowe perced be
Wyth Aier that ſchall upon hym lyght,
The wych ys a wonder ſyght:
Whenne the ſpiryt ys refreyned,
And wyth the Bodie ſo conſtrayned,
That hem aſounder mayenothyng parte,
So Nature hem doth there ſo coart,
In matriſe whenne they both ben knyte,
Lett never thy Veſſel be unſhytte;
Tyl thys ingendred have a ſtone,
That in thys world ys not ſuche on:
For hyt ys called Anymal,
Richer then the Mineral.
Wyche ys founden in every plaſe,
Who foundeth hyt myght have graſe:
In the and me and over alle
Both Vegetables and Sophiſticall:
On Hilles hye and Valeys lowe,
He groweth who cowde hyt know,
Take thys for an informacion,
In Caryt and in Proporcion,
Lyth alle who ſo coude ſeke oute,
In *Bus* and *Nubi* ys alle the doute:
He that puttes hemſelf in pres,
To Genis and to Species:
Qualitas and every Quantite,
To mane a man hyt wol not be,
To brynge about thys treſeur,
I mene owre *Stone* of ſuche valour;

And yet who coude well underſtonde,
May fynde hit redy at hys honde:
For Fowles that in the Ayre done flee,
And alſo Fiſches in the See:
The moyſter of the rede Grape
And of the Whyte, who coud hym take:
Vertues of Erbes vegetyff,
And ſoules of Beſtes ſenſytyff:
Reyſons of Angels that doth diſcerne,
Goude and Yeul Man to governe,
All bryngs to thyn houſe
Thys Noble *Ston* ſo precious,
And Soverente of alle thys Werke,
Both to Lewd and to Clerke:
This lyth alle by diſcrecion,
In Fyre, and in Decoccion:
The craft recordeth yif he can rede,
How all and ſume who ſhal ſpede;
In Bokes cler as ye maye ſee,
Stat in Ignis regimine:
To brynge fosth at my devys,
Thys ryche Rubye, thys *Ston* of prys:
Harde hevy and percyng,
Now ys thys a wonder thyng:
I coude never ſuche on a ſpye,
Save that I finde howe on *Marie*:
Fyrſt found hyt wythouten leſe,
The wyche was ſuſter to *Moyſez*:
But who hyt be that ſchall hyt werke,
Let hem not begenn in the derke:
For he mai fayle for faute of lyght,
But the Sunne ſchyne full bright:
Advyſe the well er thow begene,
Or elſe lytel ſchalt thow wynne.

THE HUNTING OF the GREENE LYON.

ALL haile to the noble Companie
Of true Students in holy *Alchimie*,
Whose noble practise doth hem teach
To vaile their secrets with mistie speach;
Mought yt please your worshipfulnes
To heare my silly soothfastnes,
Of that practise which I have seene,
In hunting of the *Lyon Greene:*
And because you may be apaid,
That ys truth, that I have said;
And that you may for surety weene,
That I know well thys *Lyon greene:*
I pray your patience to attend
Till you see my short writt end,
Wherein Ile keepe my noble *Masters* rede,
Who while he lived stoode me in steede;
At his death he made me sweare hym to,
That all the secrets I schould never undoe
To no one Man, but even spread a Cloude
Over my words and writes, and so it shroude,
That they which do this *Art* desire,
Should first know well to rule their Fyre:

For

For with good reaſon yt doth ſtand,
Swords to keepe fro mad Mens hand:
Leaſt th'one ſhould, kill th'other burne,
Or either doe ſome ſore ſhroud turne:
As ſome have done that I have ſeene,
As they did hunt thys *Lyon greene.*
Whoſe collour doubtles ys not ſoe,
And that your wiſdomes well doe know;
For no man lives that ever hath ſeene
Upon foure feete a *Lyon* colloured *greene*:
But our *Lyon* wanting maturity,
Is called *greene* for unripenes truſt me,
And yet full quickly can he run,
And ſoone can overtake the *Sun*:
And ſuddainely can hym devoure,
If they be both ſhut in one towre:
And hym Eclipſe that was ſo bryght,
And make thys redde to turne to whyte:
By vertue of hys crudytie,
And unripe humors whych in hym be,
And yet wythin he hath ſuch heate,
That whan he hath the *Sun* up eate,
He bringeth hym to more perfection,
Than ever he had by Natures direccion.
This *Lyon* maketh the *Sun* ſith ſoone
To be joyned to hys Siſter the *Moone*:
By way of wedding a wonderous thing,
Thys *Lyon* ſhould cauſe hem to begett a King:
And tis as ſtrange that thys Kings food,
Can be nothing but thys *Lyons* Blood;
And tis as true that thys ys none other,
Than ys it the Kings Father and Mother.
A wonder a *Lyon*, and *Sun* and *Moone*,
All theſe three one deede have done:

The

The *Lyon* ys the Preist, the *Sun* and *Moone* the wedd,
Yet they were both borne in the *Lyons* Bedd;
And yet thys King was begott by none other,
But by *Sun* and *Moone* hys owne Sister and Brother.
O noble *Master* of pardon I you pray,
Because I did well-neere bewray
The secret which to me ys so deare,
For I thought none but Brothers were here:
Than schould I make no doubt
To have written plainely out,
But for my fealty I must keepe aye,
Ile turne my pen another way,
To speake under *Benedicite*
Of thys noble Company:
Wych now perceives by thys,
That I know what our *Lyon* ys.
Although in Science I am noe *Clerke*,
Yet have I labour'd in thys warke:
And truly wythouten any nay,
If you will listen to my lay:
Some thing thereby yow may finde,
That well may content your minde,
I will not sweare to make yow give credence,
For a *Philosopher* will finde here in evidence,
Of the truth, and to men that be Lay,
I skill not greatly what they say.
For they weene that our *Lyon* ys
Common Quicksilver, but truly they miss:
And of thys purpose evermore shall fayle,
And spend hys Thrift to litle availe,
That weeneth to warke hys wyll thereby,
Because he doth soe readely flie;
Therefore leave off ere thou begin,
Till thow know better what we meane;

Whych whan thow doest than wilt thou say
That I have tought thee a good lay,
In that whych I have said of thee before,
Wherefore lysten and marke well my lore.
Whan thow hast thy *Lyon* with *Sol* and *Luna* well fedd,
And layd them clenly in their Bedd;
An easie heate they may not misse,
Till each the other well can kisse;
And that they shroude them in a skin,
Such as an Egg yelke lyeth in:
Than must thow draw from thence away,
A right good secret withouten any nay:
Wych must serve to doe thee good,
For yt ys the *Lyons* Blood:
And therewith must the King be fedd,
When he ys risen from the dead:
But longe tyme it wilbe,
Or ere his death appeare to thee;
And many a sleepe thow must lack,
Or thow hym see of Collour black.
Take heede yow move hym not with yre,
But keepe hym in an easy fyre;
Untill you see hym seperate,
From hys vile Erth vituperate;
Wych wilbe black and light withall,
Much like the substance of a fusball:
Your magnet in the midst wilbe,
Of Collour faire and white trust me;
Then whan you see all thys thing,
Your fire one degree increasing;
Untill yow well may se thereby,
Your matter to grow very dry:
Then yt ys fit wythout delay,
The excrements be tane away;

Prepaire a Bed most bryght and shine
For to lodge this young Chylde in:
And therein let hym alone lye,
Till he be throughly dry;
Than ys tyme as I doe thinke,
After such drouth to give him drinke:
But thereof the truth to shew,
Is a greate secret well I know;
For *Philosophers* of tyme old,
The secret of *Imbibition* never out tould;
To create *Magnesia* they made no care,
In their Bookes largely to declare;
But how to order it after hys creacion,
They left poore men without consolacion;
Soe many men thought they had had perfeccion,
But they found nothing in their Projeccion:
Therefore they mard what they had made before,
And of *Alchimy* they would have no more.
Thus do olde Fathers hide it from a Clearke,
Because in it consisteth the whole subtill warke;
Wych if ye list of me to know,
I shall not faile the truth to shew.
Whan your pure matter in the glasse is fitt,
Before that you your vessell shitt;
A portion of your *Lyons* sweate
Must be given it for to eate:
And they must be grounded so well together,
That each fro other will flee noe whither;
Then must you seale up your Glasse,
And in hys Furnace where he was,
You must set them there to dry.
Which being done then truly,
You must prepare like a good Phisitian,
For another *Imbibition*:

But

But evermore looke that you dry
Up all hys drinke, that none lye by,
For if yow make hym drinke too free,
The longer will your workeing be,
And yf you let hym be too dry,
Than for thirst your Child may dye;
Wherefore the meane to hold is best,
Twixt overmoyst and too much rost;
Six tymes thy *Imbibitions* make,
The seaventh that Saboath's rest betake:
Eight dayes twixt ilke day of the six,
To dry up moist and make it fix;
Then at the nynth tyme thy Glasse up seale,
And let him stand six weekes each deale:
With his heate temperd so right,
That Blacknes past he may grow white;
And so the seaventh weeke rest him still,
Till thow *Ferment* after thy will;
Which if thow wilt *Ferment* for Whyte,
Thereby thow gainst noe greate profitt;
For I assure thee thow needest not dred,
To proceede with fire till all be Redd;
Than must thow proceede as did *Philosophers* old
To prepaire thy *Ferment* of peure Gold,
Which how to doe though secret that it be,
Yet will I truly teach it thee.
In the next *Chapter* as erst I did say,
That soe the truth finde yow may,
Therefore of Charity and for our Lords sake,
Let noe man from my writings take
One word, nor add thereto,
For certainely if that he doe,
He shall shew malice fro the which I am free,
Meaning truth and not subtilty;

Which I refer to the Judgement
Of those which ken the *Philosophers* intent:
Now listen me with all your might,
How to prepaie your Ferment right.
O noble Worke of workes that God has wrought,
Whereby each thing of things are forth aye broght;
And fitted to their generacion,
By a noble fermentacion;
Which *Ferment* must be of such a thing,
As was the workes begyning;
And if thow doe progresse aright
Whan thow hast brought the worke to whight;
And than to stay is thy intent,
Doe after my Comandement;
Worke *Luna* by her selfe alone,
With the blood of the *greene Lyon*:
As earst thow didst in the begining,
And of three didst make one thing,
Orderly yeilding forth right,
Till thy Magnet schew full whyte;
Soe must thow warke all thy *Ferment*,
Both White and Red, else were yt shent.
Red by yt selfe and soe the White,
With the *Lyons* Blood must be deight;
And if thow wilt follow my lore,
Set in thy *Ferment* the same houre,
Of *Sol* for Redd, of *Luna* for White,
Each by himselfe let worke tight;
Soe shall thy *Ferment* be ready edress,
To feede the King with a good mess
Of meates that fitt for his digestion,
And well agreeing to his Complexion;
If he be of Collour White,
Feed hym than with *Luna* bright;

If his flesh be perfect Red,
Than with the *Sun* he must be fedd,
Your *Ferment* one fourth parte must be,
Into your Magnet made evenly,
And joyne hem warme and not cold,
For raw to ripe you may be bold
Have disagreement soe have heate and cold:
Therefore put hem warme into thy Glasse,
Then seale it up even as it was:
And Circle all till yt be wonne,
By passing degrees every each one:
Both black and whyte, and also redd,
Than of the Fire heere have noe dread;
For he will never dreade the fyre,
But ever abide thy desire.
And heere a secret to thee I must shew,
How to *Multeplie* that thow must know,
Or else it wilbe over micle paine
For thee to begin thy worke againe:
I say to thee that in noe fashion,
It's so well Multeplied as with continuall Firmentation:
And sure far it wilbe exalted at the last,
And in Projeccion ren full fast:
There for in fyre keepe *Firment* alway,
That thy Medicine augment mayst aye;
For yf the maid doe not her leaven save,
Then of her Neighbours sche must needs goe crave;
Or sche must stay till sche can make more,
Remember the Proverbe that *store is no sore*:
Thus have I tought thee a lesson, full of truth,
If thow be wicked therefore my heart is reuth:
Remember God hys blessing he can take,
Whan he hath given it, if abuse any you make,
For surely if thow be a *Clerke*,

Thow wilt finde trewth in thys werke:
But if so be that thow be lay,
And understond not what I say,
Keepe Councell then and leve thy Toy,
For it befitts no Lymmer Ioy,
To medle with such grete secresie:
As ys thys hygh *Phylosophye.*
My Councell take, for thow schalt finde it true,
Leave of seeking thys *Lyon* to pursue,
For hym to hunt that ys a prety wyle,
Yet by hys Craft he doth most Folke beguile,
And hem devour and leave hem full of care,
Wherefore I bidd thee to beware.
And Councell give thee as my frend,
And so my *Hunting* here I end.
Praying God that made us we may not myss
To dwell with hym in hys Hevenly blyss.

THE BREVIARY OF NATURALL PHILOSOPHY.

Compiled by the unlettered Scholar THOMAS CHARNOCK.

Student in the most worthy Scyence of *Astronomy* and *Philosophy*. The first of *Ianuary Anno. Dom.* 1557.

Anno. Dom. 1557. *The first day of the new yeare*
This Treatise was begun as after may appeare.

The Booke Speaketh.

COme hither my Children of this Discipline,
Which in naturall Philosophy have spent so long time;
To ease your painfull Study I am well willed
And by the grace of God it shall be fulfilled;
If he in me (my *Author*) will shed one drop of grace,
The better he shall finish me and in shorter space.
And if you will know what I am surely,
I am named the *The Breviary of naturall Philosophy.*
Declaring all *Vessells* and *Instruments*,
Which in this *Science* serve our intents.
For moe things belong unto the same,
More then any *Author* hath written the Name;
Which hath brought many a one in great doubt,
What is the Implements that longeth thereabout;
Wherefore in good order, I will anon declare,
What *Instruments* for our *Arte* you neede to prepare.

THE

The Preface of the Author.

Goe forth little Booke *in volume but ſmall,*
Yet haſt thou in thee that is not in them All,
For ſatisfying the mindes of the Students in this Arte,
Then art thou worth as many Bookes, as will lye in a Cart:
Glad may he be that hath thee in his keeping,
For he may find through diligent ſeeking,
All things in thee which ſhall be neceſſary,
As Veſſells and Inſtruments belonging to Alchimy;
Which would ſet many a Mans heart on fire,
To have the ſame knowledge they have ſo great deſire.
And no mervaile though they be glad and faine,
For they have ſpent many a pound in vaine;
In making of Veßells of many divers ſorts,
And have brought them out of many ſtrange Ports:
Becauſe they did not well underſtand,
That all things we need we have in England.
Now think you that this will not ſave many a Marke,
Unto thoſe that have wreſtled ſo long in our Warke?
Yes ſome would ſpend all the Money in their pouch,
If they knew but this or halfe ſo much.
Wherefore of pitty I will no longer refraine,
But declare all things their purpoſe to attaine.
Wherefore if you do happen on my Booke,
Either by Caſualty, Hooke, or by Crooke:
Yet pray for my Soule when I am dead and rotten,
That of Alchimy Scyence *the dore hath let open;*
Sufficient for thee if thou have any Braine,
Now ſharpen thy wits that thou maiſt it attaine.

The

The first Chapter.

NOw will I declare all things at large,
Of *Implements* of this Work and what is the charge:
And first with the *Potter* I will begin,
Which cannot make that which he hath never seene;
Whether that thy Vessels be made to thy minde,
Stand by while he worketh more surety to finde,
And shew him what to doe by some signe or similitude,
And if his witts be not to dull nor rude,
He will understand what thou doest meane,
For I think few Potters within this Realme
Have made at any tyme such cunning ware,
As we for our *Scyence* doe fashion and prepaire;
And when he hath formed them unto thy purpose,
For what occasion thou needest not disclose:
But if he say unto you, Good Master myne,
Tell me for what purpose or what engine
Shall these Vessels serve that thou cause me to make,
For all my life hitherto I dare undertake
I never formed such, nor the like of them;
Yet are they but plaine without wrinkle or hem,
One within another, it is a pretty feate,
The third without them to guide up the heate:
Then say unto him to satisfie his minde,
That ye have a Father which is somewhat blinde,
Who if it please God you will indeavour,
To stil a water his blindnes to dissever:
Which is the *Elixir* of lyfe as wise men say,
And in this doing God send me my pray;

Then will he ſay this or the like,
I pray God to ſend yee that which you ſeeke,
And thus with the *Potter* thou haſt now done,
Without thou breake thy Pots with the heate of the *Sun*:
Which if it doe it turnes thee to paine,
And there is no way but to make them new againe.
As ſoone as with the *Potter* thou haſt made an end,
Then with a *Ioyner* thou muſt Condeſcend,
Who alſo muſt have this Councell and witt,
To make a Tabernacle the Veſſell to fitt;
Which wilbe alſo in greate doubt,
For what purpoſe it will ſerve about;
In that he never made nor framed none ſuch,
Although it be made like to a Hutch:
Then tell him a Tale of a roaſted Horſe,
Unto the which he will have no remorſe:
And laugh and ſay it is a Borrough for a Fox,
Although it be made ſure with Keys and locke,
And thus with the *Ioyner* thou haſt made an end,
Without thou ſet it on fire as I did mine.
As for *Glaſſemakers* they be ſcant in this land,
Yet one there is as I doe underſtand:
And in *Suſſex* is now his habitacion,
At *Chiddinſfold* he workes of his Occupacion:
To go to him it is neceſſary and meete,
Or ſend a ſervant that is diſcreete:
And deſire him in moſt humble wiſe
Ito blow thee a Glaſſe after thy deviſe;
If were worth many an Arme or a Legg,
The could ſhape it like to an egge;
To open and to cloſe as cloſe as a haire,
If thou have ſuch a one thou needeſt not feare.
Yet if thou hadſt a number in to ſtore,
It is the the better, for *Store is no ſore.*

THE

The second Chapter.

NOW LORD of thy grace I beseech thee suffer me,
To finish my pretence in this rude Studie:
For this nor ought else without thy helpe can be done,
As neither the Conjuncion of *Sun* nor *Moone*:
Nor yet other *Planets* can motion themselves an houre,
Without thy providence and thy divine power:
Wherefore in all things that we doe begin,
Let us with prayer call for helpe of him:
That he bring our doings to effect,
Which must be done very Circumspect:
Wherefore if you thinke to obtaine your intent,
Feare God and keepe his Comandement:
And beware of Pr de and let it passe,
And never be looking too much in thy Glasse;
Deceive noe man with false measure,
For truly that is ill gotten treasure:
But let thy weights be true and just,
For weight and measure every man must
Unto his Neighbour yeild uprightly,
And so must thou in the worke of *Philosophy*:
And also feede him which is hungry,
And give him drinke which is thirsty.
Give liberally I say as riches doe arise,
And from thirsty body turne not away thy Eyes.
What and two poore Men at one tyme come unto thee
And say, Master, for the love of God and our Lady,
Give us your Charity whatsoever you please,
For we have not one peny to do us ease;

And we are now ready to the Sea preſt,
Where we muſt abide three moneths at the leaſt;
All which tyme to Land we ſhall not paſſe,
No although our Ship be made but of Glaſſe,
But all tempeſt of the Aire we muſt abide,
And in dangerous roades many tymes to ride;
Bread we ſhall have none, nor yet other foode,
But only faire water deſcending from a Cloude:
The *Moone* ſhall us burne ſo in proceſſe of tyme,
That we ſhalbe as black as men of *Inde*:
But ſhortly we ſhall paſſe into another Clymate,
Where we ſhall receive a more purer eſtate;
For this our Sinns we make our Purgatory,
For the which we ſhall receive a Spirituall body:
A body I ſay which if it ſhould be ſould,
Truly I ſay it is worth his weight in Gold:
Son give theis two, one penny in their Journey to drinke,
And thou ſhalt ſpeede the better truly as I thinke.

The third Chapter.

NOw have I good will largely to write,
Although I can but ſlenderly indite;
But whether I can or cannot indeede,
With the Chapter of *Fire* I will proceede:
Which if thou knoweſt not how to governe and keepe,
Thou wert as good go to bed and ſleepe,
As to be combred therewith about,
And therefore I put thee moſt certainely out of doubt;
For when I ſtudied this *Scyence* as thou doeſt now,
I fell to practiſe by God I vowe:

I

I was never so troubled in all my lyfe beforne,
As intending to my *Fire* both Midday Eve and Morne:
And all to kepe it at an even stay;
It hath wrought me woe moe then I will say.
Yet one thing of truth I will thee tell,
What greate mishap unto my Worke befell;
It was upon a Newyeares day at Noone,
My *Tabernacle* caught fire, it was soone done:
For within an houre it was right well,
And streight of fire I had a smell.
I ran up to my worke right,
And when I cam it was on a fire light:
Then was I in such feare that I began to stagger,
As if I had byne wounded to the heart with a dagger;
And can you blame me? no I think not much,
For if I had beene a man any thing rich,
I had rather have given 100 Markes to the Poore,
Rather then that hap should have chanced that houre.
For I was well onward of my Work truly,
God save my Masters lyfe, for when he thought to dye,
He gave me his worke and made me his Heire,
Wherefore alwaies he shall have my prayer:
I obteyned his grace the date herefro not to varie,
In the first and second yeare of *King Phillip* & *Queene Mary.*
Yet lewdly I lost it as I have you tould,
And so I began the new and forgot the old,
Yet many a night after I could not sleepe in Bed.
For ever that mischance troubled my head,
And feare thereof I would not abide againe;
No though I shoulde reape a double gaine,
Wherefore my charge rose to a greater summe,
As in hyring of a good stoute Groome;
Which might abide to watch and give attendance,
Yet often tymes he did me displeasaunce,

And would ſleepe ſo long till the Fire went out,
Then would the Knave that whorſon Lout,
Caſt in Tallow to make the fire burne quicker,
Which when I knew made me more ſicker;
And thus was I cumbred with a drunken ſott,
That with his haſty fire made my Worke too hott;
And with his ſloth againe he ſet my worke behinde;
For remedy thereof to quiet my Minde,
I thruſt him out of dores, and tooke my ſelfe the paine,
Although it be troubleſome it is the more certaine;
For ſervants doe not paſſe how our workes doe frame,
But have more delight to play and to game.
A good ſervant ſaith *Solomon* let him be unto thee,
As thyne owne heart in each degree.
For it is precious a faithfull ſervant to finde,
Eſteeme him above treaſure if he be to thy minde;
Not wretchles, but ſober, wiſe, and quiet,
Such a one were even for my dyet:
Thus having warn'd thee of an ill ſervant ſufficient,
But a good ſervant is for our intent.

The fourth Chapter.

WHen my Man was gone I began it anewe,
And old troubles then in my minde did renew;
As to break ſleepe oftentimes in the night,
For feare that my Worke went not aright;
And oftentimes I was in greate doubt,
Leaſt that in the night, my fire ſhould go out:
Or that it ſhould give to much heate,
The penſivenes thereof made me to breake ſleepe:

And

And also in the day least it should miscary,
It hath made my minde oftentimes to varie;
Wherefore if thou wilt follow my reade,
See thy fire safe when thou goest to Bed:
At Midnight also when thou dost arise,
And in so doing I judge thee to be wise:
Beware that thy Fire do no man harme,
For thou knowest many a mans House and Barne
Have byne set on fire by mischance,
And specially when a Foole hath the governance;
Our Fire is chargeable, and will amount
Above 3. pound a weeke, who hath list to cast account,
Which is chargeable to many a poore man,
And specially to me as I tell can:
And *Geber* bids poore men be content,
Hæc Scientia pauperi & agento non convenit
Sed potius est illis inimica, and bids them beware,
Because their mony they may not well spare;
For thou must have Fires more then one or two,
What they be *George Ripley* will thee shew;
Above a hundred pounds truly did I spend,
Only in fire ere 9. moneths came to an end;
But indeede I begun when all things were deare,
Both Tallow, Candle, Wood, Coale and Fire:
Which charges to beare sometymes I have sold,
Now a Jewell, and then a ring of Gold:
And when I was within a Moneths reckoning,
Warrs were proclaimed against the *French King*.
Then a *Gentleman* that ought me greate mallice,
Caused me to be prest to goe serve at *Callys:*
When I saw there was none other boote,
But that I must goe spight of my heart roote;
In my fury I tooke a Hatchet in my hand,
And brake all my Worke whereas it did stand;

And as for my Potts I knocked them together,
And alſo my Glaſſes into many a ſhiver;
The *Crowes head* began to appeare as black as Iett
Yet in my fury I did nothing let:
But with my worke made ſuch a furious faire,
That the *Quinteſſence* flew forth in the Aire.
Farewell quoth I, and ſeeing thou art gon,
Surely I will never caſt of my Fawcon,
To procure thee againe to put me to hinderance,
Without it be my fortune and chaunce,
To ſpeake with my good *Maſter* or that I dye;
Maſter *I. S.* his name is truly:
Nighe the Citty of *Salisbury* his dwelling is,
A ſpirituall man for ſooth he is;
For whoſe proſperity I am bound to pray,
For that he was my Tutor many a day,
And underſtood as much of *Philoſophie*,
As ever did *Arnold* or *Raymund Lullie*:
Geber, *Hermes*, *Arda*, nor yet King *Caleb*,
Underſtood no more then my good *Maſter* did.
I travelled this Realme Eſt and Weſt over,
Yet found I not the like betweene the Mount and *Dover*:
But only a *Monke* of whome Ile ſpeake anon,
Each of them had accompliſhed our *White Stone*:
But yet to the *Red Worke* they never came neere,
The cauſe hereafter more plainely ſhall appeare;
And thus when I had taken all this paines,
And then could not reape the fruit of my gaines:
I thought to my ſelfe, ſo to ſet out this Warke,
That others by fortune may hit right the Marke.

THE

The fift Chapter.

I am ſorry I have nothing to require my *Maſters* gentle-
But only this *Boke* a litle ſhort Treatiſe; (nes,
Which I dare ſay ſhall as welcome be to him,
As if I had ſent him a Couple of Milch Kine:
And heere for his ſake I will diſcloſe unto thee,
A greate ſeacret which by God and the Trinity,
Since that our Lord this world firſt began,
Was it not ſo opened I dare lay my hand,
No, all the *Philoſophers* which were before this day,
Never knew this ſecret I dare boldly ſay.
And now to obteyne thy purpoſe more rathe.
Let thy Fire be as temperate as the Bath of the Bathe.
Oh what a goodly and profitable Inſtrument,
Is the Bath of the Bathe for our fiery intent!
To ſeeke all the World throughout I ſhould not finde,
For profit and liberty a Fire more fitt to my minde.
Goe or ride where you liſt for the ſpace of a yeare
Thou needeſt not care for the mending of thy Fire.
A *Monke* of *Bath* which of that houſe was *Pryor*,
Tould me in ſeacret he occupied none other fire,
To whome I gave credit even at the firſt ſeaſon,
Becauſe it depended upon very good reaſon:
He had our *Stone*, our *Medicine*, our *Elixir* and all,
Which when the *Abbie* was ſuppreſt he hid in a wall:
And ten dayes after he went to fetch it out,
And there he found but the ſtopple of a Clout.
Then he tould me he was in ſuch an Agonie,
That for the loſſe thereof he thought he ſhould be frenzie,

And a Toy tooke him in the head to run ſuch a race;
That many yeare after he had no ſetling place;
And more he is darke and cannot ſee,
But hath a Boy to leade him through the Country.
I hapned to come on a day whereas he was,
And by a word or two that he let paſſe,
I underſtood ſtreight he was a *Philoſopher*,
For the which cauſe I drew to him neare;
And when the Company was all gone,
And none but his Boy and he and I alone,
Maſter quoth I for the love of God and Charity,
Teach me the ſeacrets of *Naturall Philoſophy*.
No Son, quoth he, I know not what thou art,
And ſhall I reveale to thee ſuch a preciuos *Arte* ?
No man by me ſhall get ſuch gaines,
No not my Boy which taketh with me ſuch paines,
That to diſcloſe it lyes not in my Bands,
For I muſt ſurrender it into the Lords hands,
Becauſe I heare not of one that hath the fame;
Which lifts up his minde and is apt for the ſame,
Which if I could finde I would ere I dye,
Reveale to him that ſame greate miſtery:
Yet one there is about the Citty of *Saliſbury*,
A young man of the age of Eight and Twenty,
Charnock is his name of *Tennet* that *Iſle*,
His praiſe and Comendacions ſoundeth many a Mile;
That for a Younge man he is toward and apt,
In all the ſeaven liberall Scyences ſet none apart:
But of each of them he hath much or title,
Whereof in our *Scyence* he may claime a title:
His praiſe ſpreads alſo for his good indighting,
And of ſome of his doings I have heard the reciting.
Both of Proſe and Meeter, and of Verſe alſo,
And ſure I commend him for his firſt ſhewe,

I thinke *Chaucer* at his yeares was not the like,
And *Skelton* at his yeares was further to ſeeke;
Wherefore for his knowledge, gravity and witt,
He may well be Crowned *Poet Laureat.*
Ceaſe Father quoth I and heare me ſpeake,
For my name is *Charnock* upon whome you treate;
But this which you ſay to me is greate wonder,
For theſe quallities and I am farr aſſunder;
I am no ſuch Man as you have made reckoning,
But you ſhall ſpeake for me when I go a wiving:
Your praiſe will make me ſpeede, though it be not true,
Nor yet my ſubſtance worth an old horſe ſhooe.
Is your name *Charnocke*, and the ſame Man?
Yea Sir quoth I: then ſtumbled he to give me his hand:
And talked an howre with me in the *Philoſophers* ſpeeche,
And heard that in no queſtion I was to ſeeche,
My Son quoth he let me have thy prayer,
For of this *Science* I will make thee myne heire;
Boy quoth he lead me into ſome ſecret place,
And then departe for a certaine ſpace,
Uutill this man and I have talked together:
Which being done, quoth he, now gentle Brother,
Will you with me to morrow be content,
Faithfully to receive the bleſſed Sacrament,
Upon this Oath that I ſhall heere you give,
For ne Gold ne Silver as long as you live,
Neither for love you beare towards your Kinne,
Nor yet to no great Man preferment to wynne:
That you diſcloſe the ſeacret that I ſhall you teach,
Neither by writing nor by no ſwift ſpeech;
But only to him which you be ſure
Hath ever ſearched after the ſeacrets of Nature?
To him you may reveale the ſeacrets of this *Art*, (depart.
Under the Covering of *Philoſophie* before this world yee

What anſwer will you give me: let me heare?
Maſter quoth I, I grant your deſire.
Then Son quoth he keepe thys Oath I charge thee well
As thinkeſt to be ſaved from the pitt of Hell. (cion
The next day we went to Church, and after our devo-
A *Preiſt* of his Gentlenes heard both our Confeſſions;
Which being done, to Maſſe ſtreight we went,
And he miniſtred to us the holy Sacrament;
But he never wiſt what we meant therein:
For with a contrary reaſon I did him blinde,
And ſo home to dinner we went to our hoaſt,
All which refeccion I paid for the Coſt.
When dinner was done I walked in the field
Large and plaine, where people paſſe by but ſield,
Andwhen we were in the midds, Boy quoth he go pick a
And come not againe before I for thee whiſtle. (Thiſtle
Now *Maſter* quoth I the Coaſt from hearers is cleare,
Then quoth he my *Sonn* hearken in thyne Eare;
And within three or foure words he revealed unto me,
Of Mineralls prudence the greate Miſterie.
Which when I heard my Spirits were raviſhed for Joy,
The *Grecians* were never gladder for the wynning of *Troy*:
As I was then remembring my good *Maſter* thoe,
For even the ſelfe ſame ſecret he did me ſhew:
Nyne dayes and no more I tarried with him ſure,
But Lord in this tyme what ſecrets of Nature
He opened to me at divers ſundry tymes,
As partly I have told thee in my former Rimes:
The reſt is not to be written on paine of Damnacion,
Or elſe in this *Boke* truly I would make relation;
Now *Father* quoth I, I will depart you froe,
And for you I wil pray whether ſoever I goe;
Son quoth he Gods bleſſing goe with thee and thyne,
And if thou ſpeede well, let me heare of thee againe.

THE

The sixt Chapter.

WHen I was gone a mile or two abroade,
With fervent prayer I praised the Lord:
Giveing him thankes for that prosperous Journy,
VVhich was more leaver to me then an 100 l. in mony:
Surely quoth I my *Master* shall know all this,
Or else my Braines shall serve me amisse;
Which if they were so good as the *Monke* made menciō,
Then would I write to my *Master* with a better invenciō,
O Lord quoth I what a solemne Oath was this given!
Surely in sheetes of Brasse it is worthy to be graven;
For a perpetuall memory ever to remaine
Among the *Philosophers*, for an Oath certaine:
And when I was two dayes Journey homeward,
To aske him a question to him againe I fared,
Which I had forgotten, and would not for my Land,
But that doubt truly I might understand.
I thought it not much to goe backe with all speede,
To seeke him out, & to the house where I left him I yed,
And there in a Chamber anone I founde him out,
Praying upon his Beades very devout:
Father quoth I a word with you I doe beseech:
Who is that quoth he? my *Son Charnock* by his speech:
Yea forsooth quoth I, I am come back to you,
Desiring you heartily to tell me one thing true:
Which is this. Who was in *Philosophy* your Tutor,
And of that Seacret to you the Revealer?
Marry quoth he and speake it with harty Joy,
Forsooth it was *Ripley* the Canon his Boy:

Then I remembred my good *Master* againe,
Which tould he did it never attaine
Of no manner of Man but of God, he put it in his head,
As he for it was thinking lying in his Bead:
And thus I tarried with him all that night,
And made him as good Cheere as I might.
In the morning I tooke my leave of him to depart,
And in the processe of tyme came home with a merry
But that mirth was shortly turn'd to care, (heart;
For as I have tould you so my Worke did fare.
Once I set it on fyre which did me much woe,
And after my Man hindred me a Moneth or two;
Yet the *Gentleman* did me more spight then the rest,
As when he made me from worke to be prest,
Then Bedlam could not hold me I was so frett,
But sowst at my worke with a greate Hatchett;
Rathing my Potts and my Glasses altogether,
I wisse they cost me more or I gott them thither:
The ashes with my stur flew all about,
One Fire I spilt and the other I put out:
All the Rubish to the dunghill I carried in a Sack,
And the next day I tooke my Coates with the Crosse at
And forth I went to serve a Soldiers rome (the back;
And surely quoth I, there shall come the day of Dome;
Before I practise againe to be a *Philosopher*,
Wherefore have me Commended to my good *Master*.
And now my students in this *Art*, my promise I have kept
(justly,
And that you shall finde true when you understand me
(truly;
Which before that day never thinke to speede,
For a plainer *Boke* then this never desire to reade:
And true it is also yf you can pick it out,
But it is not for every Cart-slave or Loute;

This

This to underſtand, no though his witts were fyne,
For it ſhalbe harde enough for a very good Divine
To Conſter our meaning of this worthy *Scyence*,
But in the ſtudy of it he hath taken greate diligence:
Now for my good *Maſter* and *Me* I deſire you to pray,
And if God ſpare me lyfe I will mend this another day.

Finiſhed the 20th of JULY, 1557. *By the unletterd Schollar* THOMAS CHARNOCK, *Student in the moſt worthy* Scyence *of* ASTRONOMY *and* PHYLOSOPHY.

Ænigma ad Alchimiam.

When vii. tymes xxvi. had run their raſe,
Then Nature diſcovered his blacke face:
But when an C. and L. had overcome him in fight,
He made him waſh his face white and bright:
Then came xxxvi. wythe greate rialltie,
And made Blacke and White away to fle:
Me thought he was a Prince off honoure,
For he was all in Golden armoure;
And one his head a Crowne off Golde
That for no riches it might be ſolde:
Which tyll I ſaw my hartte was colde
To thinke at length who ſhould wyne the filde
Tyll Blacke and White to Red dyd yelde;
Then hartely to God did I pray
That ever I ſaw that joyfull day.

1572. T. Charnocke.

when

Ænigma de Alchimiæ.

When vii tymes xxvi had runne their rase,
Then Nature discoved his blacke face.
But whith an C. and L. came in with great blost
And made Blacke nye to flye the Coste:
Yet one came after and brought 30. off greate might,
Which made Blacke and White to flee quite;
Me thought he was a Prince off honor,
For he was all in Golden Armoure,
And one his hed a Crowne off Golde:
That for no riches it myght be solde,
And trewly with no *Philosopher* I do mocke;
For I did it my sellffe *Thomas Charnocke*:
Therefore God coomforte the in thy warke
For all our wrettinges are verye darke,
Despyse all Bookes and them defye,
Wherein is nothing but *Recipe & Accipe*;
Fewe learned men with in this Realme,
Can tell the aright what I do meane;
I could finde never man but one,
Which cowlde teache me the secrets off our Stone:
And that was a *Pryste* in the Close off *Salesburie*,
God rest his Soll in heven full myrie.

1572.

T. CHARNOCKE.

BLOOMEFIELDS
BLOSSOMS:
OR,
The Campe of PHILOSOPHY.

When *Phœbus* was entred the signe of the *Ramme*,
In the Moneth of *March* when all things do spring;
Lying in my bed an old Man to me came,
Laying his hand on my buisy head slumbering;
I am, said he, *Tyme*, The *Producer of all thing*:
Awake and rise, prepaire thy selfe quickly,
My intent is to bring thee to *the Campe of Philosophy*.

2. Bloomes and Blossomes plentifully in that field,
Bene plesantly flourishing dickt with Collour gay,
Lively water fountaines eke Beasts both tame and wild;
Over shaddowed with Trees fruitefull on every spraye,
Mellodiously singing the Birds do sitt and say:
Father Son and holy Ghost one God in persons three,
Impery and honor be to thee O holy Trinity,

3. Lo thus when he had said I arose quickly,
Doing on my Clothes in hast with agility,
Towards the *Campe* (we went) *of Philosophy*:
The wonderfull sights ther for to see;
To a large greate Gate father *Tyme* brought me,
Which closed was then he to me said,
Each thing hath his Tyme, be thou then nothing dismaid.

4. Then greate admiration I tooke unto my ſelfe,
With ſore and huge perturbacion of minde,
Beholding the Gate faſtned with locks twelve:
I fantiſed but ſmally that *Tyme* ſhould be my frend:
Why ſtudieſt thou man, quoth hee, art thou blinde?
With a rodd he touched me, whereat I did downe fall
Into a ſtrong ſleepe, & in a Dreame he ſhewed me all.

1. *Igitur audite ſomnium meum quod vidi.* (ſeaven
In the thouſand yeare of Chriſt five hundred fifty and
In the Moneth of *March* a ſleepe as I did lye,
Late in the night, of the clock about Eleven,
In ſpirit wrapt I was ſuddainely into Heaven:
Where I ſaw ſitting in moſt glorious Majeſtie
Three I beholding: adored but one Deitie.

2. A Spirit incircumſcript, with burning heate incombuſtible,
Shining with brightnes, permanent as fountaine of all light.
Three knit in one with Glory incomprehenſible;
Which to behold I had a greate delight:
This truly to attaine to, ſurmounteth my might:
But a voyce from that Glorious brightnes to me ſaid,
I am one God of immenſurable Majeſtie; be not affraid.

3. In this Viſion cleere, that did it ſelfe ſoe extend
With a voyce moſt pleaſant being three in one;
Peirced my Minde, and tought me to Comprehend
The darke ſayings of *Philoſophers* each one;
The *Altitude*, *Latitude*, and *Profundity* of the *Stone*,
To be three in Subſtance, and one in Eſſence;
A moſt Heavenly Treaſure procreate by Quinteſſence.

4. Then ſtudied I what this Quinteſſence ſhould be,
Of viſible things apparant to the Eye;
The fift being even a ſtrange privetie,
In every ſubſtance reſting inviſibly;
The inviſible Godhead is the ſame thought I;
Primer cauſe of being, and the Primer Eſſence:
And of the *Macrocoſmy* the moſt ſoveraigne Quinteſſence.

5. This

5. This is that heavenly ſeacret potentiall,
That divided is, and reſteth inviſible
In all things Animall, Vigetall and Minerall;
Whoſe vertue and ſtrength in them is indiviſible:
From God it cometh, and God maketh it ſenſible,
To ſome Elect, to others he doth it denay,
As I ſat thus muſing a voyce to me did ſay.

6. Study thou no more of my Being, but ſtedfaſtly
Beleive this Trinity equally knit in One;
Further of my Secrets to muſe it is but folly,
Paſſing the Capacity of all humane reaſon;
The Heavens cloſed up againe at that ſeaſon:
Then Father *Tyme* ſet me at the Gate,
And delivered me a Key to enter in thereat.

7. The Key of knowledge and of Excellent Sciencе;
Whereby all ſecrets of *Philoſophy* are reſerate;
The ſeacrets of Nature ſought out by diligence;
Avoyding fables of envious fooles inveterate:
Whith *Recipe* and *Decipe* this *Scyence* is violate.
Therefore to me this Key he did diſpoſe
The ſeacrets of this *Arte* to open and diſcloſe.

8. Thus ſaid Father *Tyme* this Key when he me tooke;
Unlock quoth he this Gate now by thy ſelfe,
And then upon him ſorrowfully did I looke,
Saying that one Key could not undoe Locks twelve,
Whoſe Axe quoth he is ſure both head and helve
Hold will together, till the Tree downe fall,
Soe open thou the firſt Lock and thou haſt opned all.

9. What is the firſt Lock named tell me then
I pray thee, ſaid I, and what ſhall I it call?
It is ſaid he *the Seacret of all Wiſe Men*;
Chaos in the bodyes called the *firſt Originall:*
Prima materia, our *Mercury*, our *Menſtruall:*
Our *Vitrioll*, our *Sulphur*, our *Lunary* moſt of price;
Put the Key in the Lock, twill open with a trice.

10. Then the Key of knowledge I busily tooke in hand
And began to search the hollownes in the Lock,
The words thereof I scarce did understand,
So craftily conveid they were in their stock;
I proved every way, and at last I did unlock
The crafty Gynns thus made for the nonce,
And with it the other Locks fell open all at once.

11. At this Gate opening even in the entry
A number of *Philosophers* in the face I met,
Working all one way the secrets of *Philosophy*
Upon *Chaos* darke that among them was set,
Sober men of living, peaceable and quiet;
They buisily disputed the *Materia Prima*;
Rejecting cleane away *Simul stulta & frivola*.

12. Here I saw the Father of Philosophers, *Hermes*,
Here I saw *Aristotle* with cheere most jocund;
Here I saw *Morien*, and *Senior in Turba* more or lesse,
Sober *Democritus*, *Albert*, *Bacon* and *Ramund*,
The *Monke* and the *Chanon of Bridlington* so profound,
Working most seacretly, who said unto me;
Beware thou beleeve not all that thou doest see.

13. But if thou wilt enter this *Campe of Philosophy*
With thee take *Tyme* to guide thee in the way;
For By-pathes and Broad wayes deepe Valies and hills high
Here shalt thou finde, with sights pleasant and gay,
Some thou shalt meete with, which unto thee shall say,
Recipe this, and that; with a thousand things more,
To *Decipe* thy selfe, and others; as they have done before.

14. Then Father *Tyme* and I by favour of these men
Such sights to see passed forth towards the *Campe*,
Where we met disguised *Philosophers* leane,
With Porpheries, and Morters ready to grinde and stampe,
Their heads shaking, their hands full of the Crampe:
Some lame with Spasmer, some feeble, wan and blind
With Arsnick and Sulphus, to this *Art* most unkinde.

15. These were *Brooke* the Preist, and *Yorke* with Coates gay,
Which robbed KING *HENRY* of a Million of Gold,
Martin Perien, Major, & Thomas De-la-hay
Saying that the King they greatly inrich would,
They whispered in his Eare and this Tale they him tould.
We will worke for your highnes the *Elixer vitæ*,
A princely worke called *Opus Regale.*

16. Then brought they in the Viccar of *Malden*
With his *Greene Lyon* that most Royall seacrett,
Richard Record, and litle Master *Eden*,
Their Mettalls by Corrasives to Calcine and frett;
Hugh Oldcastle and Sir *Robert Greene* with them mett,
Roasting and boyling all things out of kinde,
And like *Foolosophers* left of with losse in the end.

17. Yet brought they forth things beautifull to sight,
Deluding the King thus from day to day,
With Copper Citrinate for the Red, and albified for the White
And with Mercury rubified in a glasse full gay,
But at the last in the fire they went away.
All this was because they knew not the verity,
Of *Altitude, Latitude* and *Profundity.*

18. Thence Father *Tyme* brought me into a Wildernes,
Into a Thicket having by-paths many one;
Steps and footeings I saw there more and lesse
Wherein the aforesaid men had wandred and gone,
There I saw Marcasites, Mineralls, and many a stone,
As Iridis, Talck, and Alome, lay digd from the ground
The Mines of Lead, and Iron, that they had out found.

19. No marvel I trow though they were much set by
That with so greate Riches could endue the King,
So many Sundry wayes to fill up his Treasury;
With filty matters greate charges in to bring,
The very next way a Prince to bring to begging;
And make a noble Realme and Common wealth decay,
These are Royall *Philosophers* the cleane contrary way.

20. From thence forth I went (*Tyme* being my guide,)
Through a greene Wood, where Birds ſing cleerely,
Till we came to a field pleaſant large and wide
Which he ſaid was called *The Campe of Philoſophy*;
There downe we ſatt to heare the ſweete Harmony
Of divers Birds in their ſweete Notes ſinging,
And to receive the Savour of the flowers ſpringing.

21. Here *Juno*, here *Pallas*, here *Apollo* do dwell;
Here true *Philoſophers* take their dwelling place
Here duly the *Muſes* nyne drinke of *Pyrenes* Well,
No boaſting broyler here the *Arte* can deface;
Here *Lady Philoſophy* hath her royall Pallace:
Holding her Court in moſt high Conſiſtory,
Sitting with her Councellors moſt famous of memory.

22. There one ſaid to me, an ancient Man was hee,
Declaring forth the Matter of the *Stone*;
Saying that he was ſent thither to Councell me,
And of his Religion to chuſe me to be one;
A Cloath of Tiſhue he had him upon,
Verged about with Pearles of Collour freſh and gay,
He proceedeth with his Tale, and againe he did thus ſay:

23. Here all occult ſeacrets of Nature knowen are,
Here all the Elements from things are drawne out;
Here Fire, Air and Water in Earth are knit together:
Here all our ſeacret worke is truly brought about,
Here thou muſt learne in thy buiſines to be ſtoute,
Night and day thou muſt tend thy worke buiſily,
Having conſtant patience never to be weary.

24. As we ſatt talking by the Rivers running cleere,
I caſt myne Eye aſide and there I did behold
A *Lady* moſt excellent ſitting in an Arbour
Which clothed was in a Robe of fine Gold,
Set about with Pearles and Stones manifold.
Then ask't I Father *Tyme* what ſhe ſhould be?
Lady Philoſophy quoth, he moſt excellent of beauty.

25. Ther

25. Then was I ſtricken with an ardent Audacity,
The place to approach to where I ſaw this ſight,
I roſe up to walke and the other went before me,
Againſt the Arbour, till I came forth right,
There we all three humbly as we might,
Bowed downe our ſelves to her with humility,
With greate admiration extolling her felicity.

26. She ſhewed her ſelfe both gentle and benigne,
Her geſture and Countenance gladded our comming:
From her ſeate imperiall ſhe did her ſelfe decline,
As a Lady loving perfect wiſdome and Cunning,
Her goodly Poems, her Beauty was ſurmounting:
Her ſpeech was decorate with ſuch aureat ſentence,
Far excelling famous *Tullies* Eloquence.

27. Then Father *Tyme* unto that *Lady* ſaid,
Pleaſeth it your highnes this poore Man to heare,
And him to aſſiſt with your moſt gratious aide:
Then ſhe commanded him with me to draw neere
Son, ſaid the *Lady*, be thou of good Cheere.
Admitted thou ſhalt be among greate and ſmall
To be one of my Schollers principall.

28. Then ſhe committed me to *Raymund Lullie*,
Commanding him my ſimplenes to inſtruct,
And into her Secrets to induce me fully,
Into her privy Garden to be my conduct:
Firſt into a Towre moſt beautifull conſtruct,
Father *Raymund* me brought, and thence immediately
He led me into her Garden planted deliciouſly.

29. Among the faire Trees one Tree in ſpeciall,
Moſt vernant and pleaſant appeared to my ſight.
A name inſcribed, *The Tree Philoſophicall*,
Which to behold I had greate delight:
Then to *Philoſophy* my troth I did plight
Her Majeſty to ſerve; and to take greate paine,
The fruits of that Tree with *Raymund* to attaine.

30. Then

30 Then *Raymund* ſhewed me Budds fifteene
Springing of that Tree, and fruites fifteene moe,
Of the which ſaid Tree proceedes that we doe meane;
That all *Philoſophers* covet to attaine unto
The bleſſed *Stone*; one in Number and no moe:
Our greate *Elixer* moſt high of price,
Our *Azot*, our *Baſaliske*, our *Adrop*, and our *Cocatrice*.

31. This is our *Antimony* and our *Red Lead*
Glorioully ſhining as *Phœbus* at midday,
This is our Crowne of Glory and Diadem of our head;
Whoſe beames reſplendant ſhall never fade away;
Who attaines this Treaſure, never can decay:
It is a Jewell ſo abundant and excellent,
That one graine will endure ever to be permanent.

32. I leave thee heere now our ſeacrets to attaine,
Looke that thou earneſtly my Councell do enſue,
There needes no blowing at the Cole, buſſines nor paine:
But at thyne owne eaſe here maiſt thou continue,
Old Antient writers beleive which are true:
And they ſhall thee learne to paſſe it to bring,
Beware therefore of too many, and hold thee to one thing.

33. This one thing is nothing elſe but the *Lyon greene*,
Which ſome Fooles imagine to be *Vitriell Romaine*,
It is not of that thing which *Philoſophers* meane,
For nothing to us any Coroſive doth pertaine,
Underſtand therefore or elſe thy hand refraine
From this hard *Scyence*, leaſt thou doe worke amiſſe,
For I will tell thee truly; now marke what it is.

34. Greene of Collor our *Lyon* is not truly
But vernant and greene evermore enduring
In moſt bitternes of death, he is lively:
In the fire burning he is evermore ſpringing;
Therefore the *Salamander* by the fire living,
Some men doe him call, and ſome na other name,
The *Mettalline Menſtruall*, it is ever the ſame.

35. Some call it also a *Substance exuberate*,
Some call it *Mercury* of Mettaline essence,
Some *Limus deserti* from his body evacuate,
Some the *Eagle flying* from the North with violence:
Some call it a *Toade* for his greate vehemence.
But few or none at all doe name it in his kinde,
It is a *privy Quintessence*; keepe it well in minde.

36. This is not in sight, but restest invisible;
Till it be forced out of *Chaos* darke,
Where he remaineth ever indivisible,
And yet in him is the foundacion of our warke,
In our *Lead* it is, so that thou it marke.
Drive it out of him so out of all other,
I can tell thee no better if thou wert my Brother.

37. This *Chaos* darke the Mettalls I do call,
Because as in a Prison it resteth them within,
The seacret of Nature they keepe in thrall:
Which by a meane we do warily out-twyne,
The working whereof the easier to begin.
Lift up thy head and looke upon the heaven,
And I will learne thee truly to know the *Planets* seaven.

The second parte of the Booke.

Saturne in all, to this *Arte* hath most respect,
Of whom we draw a Quintessence most excellent,
Unto our Magistery himselfe he doth connect,
United in quallitie, and also made equipolent
In strength and in vertue; who lists to be diligent,
Shall finde that we seeke an heavenly tresure
And a precious Jewell that ever shall endure.

2.*Jupiter* the gentle, endewed with Azure blew,
Examiner by Juſtice declareth true Judgement,
Altering his Colours ever freſh and new,
In his occult Nature to this *Arte* is convenient;
To *Philoſophie* is ſerviceable and alſo obedient,
Joyned with *Lunary* after his owne kinde,
Conteyneth this *Arte* and leaveth nothing behinde.

3. *Mars* that is Martiall in Citty and Towne,
Fierce in Battaile, full of debate and ſtrife,
A noble Warriour, and famous of renowne,
With fire and ſword defendeth his owne lyfe,
He ſtaineth with blood and ſlaieth with a knife
All ſpirits and bodyes, his *Arts* be ſo bold,
The harts of all others he wyns to him with Gold.

4 The *Sun* moſt glorious ſhining with power potent,
Above all other faire *Planets* ſeaven,
Shedding his light to them all indifferent,
With his glorious Beames and gliſtering ſhine,
He lightneth the Earth and the Firmament of Heaven:
Who can him diſſolve and draw out his Quinteſſence,
Unto all other *Planets* he ſhall give influence.

5.Lady *Venus* of love the faire Goddeſſe
With her Son *Cupid* apperteyneth to this *Arte*,
To the love of the *Sun* when ſhe doth her addreſſe,
With her Darts of love ſtriketh him to the hearte,
Joyned to his ſeede of his ſubſtance ſhe taketh parte:
Her ſelfe ſhe enduεth with excellent Tiſſue,
Her corrupt nature when ſhe doth renew.

6. *Mercury* this ſeeing begineth to be fugitive,
With his rodd of Inchantment litle doth he prevaile,
Taken often Priſoner himſelfe doth revive;
Till he be ſnared with the *Dragons Tayle*
Then doth he on a hard Coate of Male,
Soudred together with the *Sunn* and *Moone*,
Then is he Maſtered and his Inchantment done.

The *Moone* that is called the lesser *Lunary*,
Wife unto *Phœbus*, shining by Night,
To others gives her Garments through her hearb *Lunary*,
And from the North to the South shineth full bright,
If you do for her looke she hydeth from your sight.
But by faire intreaty she is won at the last,
With *Azot* and *Fire* the whole Mastery thou hast.

8. The Maistery thou gettest not yet of these *Planets* seaven,
But by a misty meaning knowne only unto us;
Bring them first to Hell, and afterwards to Heaven:
Betwixt lyfe and death then thou must discusse,
Therefore I councell thee that thou worke thus:
Dissolve and *Seperate* them, *Sublime*, *Fix* and *Congeale*,
Then hast thou all: therefore doe as I thee tell.

9. Dissolve not with Corrosive nor use Separacion
With vehemence of Fire, as Multipliers doe use,
Nor to the Glasse topp make thou Sublimacion;
Such wayes inordinate *Philosophers* refuse,
Their sayings follow and wisely them peruse:
Then shalt thou not thy selfe lewdly delude
In this goodly *Scyence*: Adiew, I thus conclude.

Incipit Theorica.

WEE intend now through grace divine
In few words of *Chaos* for to write,
Light from Darknes to cause forth to shine,
Long before hidden as I shall recite,
In every thing unknowne it is requisite
A Seacret to search out which is invisible,
Materiall of our Maistry, a substance insensible:

2. Because I should not seeme to inclose
Long hidden seacrets unto me committed,
Of my Lord God. Therefore plainely of *Chaos*,
My purpose shalbe thereof to be acquitted,
For dangerous burthens are not easily lighted.
In faith therfore I shall my selfe endeavour,
Lightly to discharge me before God for ever.

3. Devotely therefore unto thee O Lord I call,
Send me thy Grace to make explicacion
Of *Chaos*: For thou art opener of seacrets all:
Which ever art ready to heare the Suplicacion
Of thy meeke Servants, which with hearty humiliacion
To thee do I apply: send me now thy grace
Of thy Secrets, to write in due order tyme and place.

4. *Chaos* is no more to say, this is doubtles,
(As *Ovid* writeth in his *Metamorphosin*)
But a certaine rude substance, *indigestaq; moles*,
Having divers Natures resting it within,
Which with the Contrary we may it out twyne.
By *Philosophers Arte*, who so the feat doth know
The foure Elements from *Chaos* to out draw.

5. This *Chaos* as all things hath Dimensions three,
Which well considered shall follow the effect,
That is *Altitude*, *Latitude* and *Profunditie*,
By which three all the Water is direct:
Unto these Dimensions who hath no respect
Shall never divide the *Chaos* in his kinde,
But after his labour shall finde fraud in the end.

6. *Chaos* is to us the Vine-tree white and red,
Chaos is each Beast, Fish and Fowle in his kinde,
Chaos is the Oare, and Mine of Tinn and Lead,
Of Gold and Silver that we out finde,
Iron and Copper which things do binde:
And hold our sights and witts unto them bound,
The seacrets hid in them which we ne understand.

7. Out

7.Out of this misty *Chaos*, the *Philosophers* expert,
Doe a substance draw called a *Quintessence.*
Craftily deviding the foure Elements by Art:
With great Wisdome study and Diligence,
The which high Seacreat hath a divine Influence;
That is supernaturall of Fooles thought impossible,
An Oyle or such like called Incombustible.

8.The Maystery of this plainely to shew thee,
In forme heareafter I will it declare:
Setting forth here the *Philosophers Tree*,
Wherein now the whole *Arte* I shall Compare:
In this faire *Tree* Sixteene frutes are,
More precious then Gold in the Stomake to digest,
Put thy hand thereto and take of the best.

9.And lest the fault imputed should be,
In me,or others that of this *Arte* doth write.
I set before thee the true figure of the *Tree*,
Wherein orderly the *Arte* I will recite;
Understand my Sentence that thou maist worke right,
Consider that I said that *Chaos* is all thing
That we begin of, the true way of working.

10. Put case thy *Chaos* be Animall,Vegitall or Minerall,
Let reason guide thee to worke after the same;
If thou workest out of kinde, then loosest thou all:
For Nature with Nature rejoyceth and maketh true game,
Worke Animall with his kind and keepe thee out of blame;
Vegetable and Minerall in their Order due,
Then shalt thou be counted a *Philosopher* true.

11. When thou hast found what it is indeede,
Then knowest thou thy forme by reason it must be,
Search it wittily and draw from him his seede:
Then is there thy *Altitude* superficiall to see,
The *Latitude* shall appeare anon beleeve me.
When thou hast divided the Elements assunder,
Then the *Profundity* amongst them lyeth hid under.

12. Here is *Materia Prima,* and *Corpus confusum;*
But not yet the *Matter* of which *Philosophers* doe treate,
Yet this one conteyneth the other in Somme:
For *Forma, Materia* and *Corpus* together are knit;
With the Menstruall Water first thou must them frett:
That the Body first be finely Calcinate,
After dissolved and purely evacuate,

13. Then is it the true *Mercury* of the *Philosophers,*
Unto the Maystery apt needefull and serviceable;
More of this thing I neede not much rehearse:
For this is all the Secret most Commendable;
Materia Prima it is called Multiplicable,
The which by *Arte* must be exuberate,
Then it is the *Matter* of which Mettalls were generate.

14. *Sulphur* of Nature and not that which is common,
Of Mettalls must be made; if that thou wilt speede,
Which will turne them to his kinde every each one;
His Tincture into them abroad he will spread,
It will fix *Mercury* common at thy neede.
And make him apt true Tincture to receive.
Worke as I have tould thee, and it shall not thee deceive.

15. Then of *Sun* and *Moone* make thou Oyle incombustible,
With *Mercury* vegetable or else with *Lunary,*
Inserate therewith and make thy *Sulphur* fluxible
To abide thy Fire and also thy *Mercury*
Be fixt and flowing, then hast thou wrought truly.
And so hast thou made a Worke for the nonce,
And gott a *Stone* more precious then all Stones.

16. Fix it up now with perfect Decoccion,
And that with easy heate, and not vehement,
For feare of Induracion, and Vitrificacion,
Least thou loose all and thy labour mispent:
With Eight dayes and nights, this *Stone* is sufficient,
The greate *Elixir* most high of price,
Which *Raymond* called his *Basiliske* and *Cocatrice.*

17. To

17. To this excellent worke greate Cost neede not be,
Many Glasses or Potts about it to breake,
One Glasse, one Furnace and no more of necessity,
Who more doth spill, his witts are but weake,
All this is stilled in a Limbeck with a Beake.
As touching the Order of Distillacion,
And with a blinde head on the same for Solucion.

18. In this thy *Mercury* taketh his true kinde,
In this he is brought to Multiplicacion;
In this made he his *Sulphur*, beare it well in minde,
Tincture he hath herein, and inceracion,
In this the *Stone* is brought to his perfect Creacion;
In one Glasse, one Thing, one Fire and no mo,
This Worke is Compleate. *Da gloriam Deo.*

Incipit Practica.

WE have sufficiently declared the *Theorique*,
In words misticall making declaracion.
Let us now proceede plainely with the *Practique*,
Largely of the Matter to make explanacion:
I will therefore that you marke well my Narracion,
As true Disciples my Doctrine to attend
My *Testament*, and last *Will* to you I do comend.

2. Be you Holy therefore, Sober, Honest, and Meeke;
Love God and your Neighbour, to the Poore bee not unkind;
Overcome Sathan, Gods Glory see you seeke,
My *Son* be gentle to all men, as a Frend;
Fatherles and Widdow have alwaies in thy minde,
Innocente love as Brothers, the wicked do eschew,
Let Flasehood and Flattery goe, least thou it rue.

3. Devoutely ſerve God, call daily for his grace,
Worſhip him in Spirit with heart contrite and pure,
In no wiſe let Sathan thy prayers deface:
Looke thou be ſtedfaſt in faith and truſt moſt ſure,
Lay up treaſure in heaven which ever ſhall endure:
In all Adverſity be gentle in thy heart
Againſt thy Foe; ſo ſhalt thou him convert.

4. Moſt heartily therefore O Lord to thee I call,
Beſeeching thee to ayde me with thy heavenly grace,
Lovingly thy Spirit upon me downe let fall;
Overſhaddowing me that I at no tyme treſpas,
My Lord and my God grant me to purchaſe
Full knowledge of thy Secrets, with thy mercy to wine,
Intending thy truth this Practiſe I begin.

5. Liſten thou my *Son,* and thine Eares incline.
Delight have thou to learne this Practiſe ſage and true,
Attend my ſaying, and note well this Diſcipline:
Theſe Rules following do as it doth enſue,
This labour once begun thou muſt it continue
Without tedious ſluggardice, and ſlothfull wearines:
So ſhalt thou thereby acquire to thee greate Riches.

6. In the name of God this *Seacret* to attaine,
Joyne thow in one Body with a perfect unity:
Firſt the red Man, and the white Woman theſe twaine:
One of the Mans ſubſtance, and of the Womans three,
By Liquefaction joyned together muſt they be:
The which Conjunction is called Diptative,
That thus is made betweene Man and Wife.

7. Then after that they be one Body made,
With the ſharpe teeth of a Dragon finely,
Bring them to Duſt, the next muſt be had,
The true proporcion of that Duſt truly,
In a true Ballance weighing them equally;
With three tymes as much of the fiery Dragon
Mixing altogether, then haſt thou well done.

8. Th

8. Thy Subſtance thus together proportionate,
Put in a Bedd of Glaſſe with a bottome large and round,
There in due tyme to dye, and be regenerate
Into a new Nature, three Natures into one bound,
Then be thou glad that ever thou it found.
For this is the Jewell ſhall ſtand thee moſt in ſtead,
The Crowne of Glory, and Diadem of thy head.

9. When thou haſt thus mixt thy Matter as is ſaid,
Stop well the Glaſſe that the Dragon goe not out;
For he is ſo ſubtile that if he be overlayd
With Fire unnaturall, I put thee out of doubt,
For to eſcape he will ſearch all about;
Therefore with gentle Fire looke that thou keepe it in,
So ſhalt thou of him the whole Mayſtery winne.

10. The whole Mayſtery hereof duly to fulfill,
Set thy Glaſſe and Matter upon thine Athenor;
Our Furnace called the *Philoſophers Dunghill*,
With a temperate heate working evermore;
Night and day continually have Fuell in ſtore,
Of Turfe, of Sawduſt, or dry chopped ſegges;
That the heate be equipolent to the Hen upon her Eggs.

11. Such heate continually loke thou doe not lack,
Forty dayes long for their perfect union
In them is made; For firſt it turnes to Black,
This Collour betokens the right Putrefaction,
This is the begining of perfect Conception
Of your Infant into a new generation,
A moſt pretious Jewell for our Conſolation.

12. Forty dayes more the Matter ſhall turne VVhite,
And cleere as Pearles; which is a declaration,
Of voiding away of his Cloudes darke night;
This ſheweth our Infants full organization,
Our White *Elixir* moſt cleere in his Creation.
From White into all Colours withouten faile,
Like to the Rainebow or the Peacocks Tayle.

13. So forth augment thy Fire continually,
Under thy Matter eaſily they muſt be fedd,
Till theſe Collours be gone uſe it wiſely;
For ſoone after appeareth Yellow the meſſenger of the Redd,
When that is come then haſt thou well ſped,
And haſt brought forth a *Stone* of price,
Which *Raymund* calls his *Baſiliske and Cocatrice.*

14. Then 40 dayes to take his whole Fixation,
Let it ſtand in heate moſt temperate,
That in that tyme thou ſpare thy Fermentation,
To increaſe him withall that he be not violate,
Beware of Fire and Water, for that will it ſuffocate.
Take one to a hundred of this Confection,
And upon *crude Mercury* make thou Projection.

15. One of thy *Stone* I meane upon an hundred fold,
After the firſt and ſecond right Fermentation,
Of *Mercury crude*, turneth it to fine *Gold*,
As fine, as good, and as naturall in ponderation,
The *Stone* is ſo vehement in his penetrations,
Fixt and Fuſible as the Gold-ſmiths Souder is,
Worke as I have ſaid, and thou canſt not doe amiſſe.

16. Now give thankes to the bleſſed Trinity,
For the benefit of this precious *Stone*,
That with his grace hath ſo much lightned thee,
Him for to know being three in one,
Hold up thy hands to his heavenly Throne.
To his Majeſty let us ſing *Hoſanna*,
Altiſſimo Deo ſit honor & gloria.

The

The Conclusion.

O*ur Magistery is* Three, Two, *and* One:
The Animall, Vegitable *and* Minerall Stone.
First I say in the name of the holy Trinity,
Looke that thou joyne in One, Persons Three.
The Fixt, *the* Variable *and the* Fugitive,
Till they together tast Death and Live.
The first is the Dragon *fell,*
That shall the other twaine both slay and quell:
The Sun *and* Moone *shall loose their light,*
And in mourning Sables they shall them dight,
Threescore dayes long or neere thereabouts:
Then shall Phœbus *appeare first out,*
With strange Collours in all the Firmament,
Then our Joy is coming and at hand present:
Then Orient Phœbus *in his hemisphere*
To us full gloriously shall appeare:
Thus who can worke wisely
Shall attaine unto our Maistery.

FINIS.

SIR EDWARD KELLE'S VVORKE.

ALL you that faine *Philosophers* would be,
And night and day in *Geber's* kitchin broyle,
Wasting the chipps of ancient *Hermes Tree*,
Weening to turne them to a pretious Oyle,
The more you worke the more you loose and (spoile.
To you I say, how learned soever you be,
Goe burne your Bookes and come and learne of me.

Although to my one Booke you have red tenn,
Thats not inough, for I have heard it said,
The greatest Clarkes ar not the wisest men,
A Lion once a silly Mouse obeyd,
In my good will so hold your selves appaid:
And though I write not halfe so sweete as *Tully*,
Yet shall you finde I trace the stepps of *Lully*.

Yt doth you good to thinke how your desire,
And selfe-conceit doth warrantize vaine hope,
You spare no cost, you want no coals for fier,
You know the vertues of the Elitrope,
You thinke your selves farr richer then the Pope.
What thinge hath being either high or low,
But their *Materia prima* you do know.

Elixir vitæ, and the precious *Stone*,
You know as well as how to make an Apple;
If'te come to the workinge then let you alone,
You know the coullers black brown bay and dapple,
Controwle you once then you begin to fraple.
Swearing and saying, what a fellow is this?
Yet still you worke but ever worke amisse.

No

No no,my friends, it is not vauntinge words,
  Nor mighty oaths that gaines that ſacred skill;
It is obteined by grace and not by ſwords;
  Nor by greate reading, nor by long ſitting ſtill,
  Nor fond conceipt nor working all by will.
But as I ſaid by grace it is obteined,
Seeke grace, therefore, let folly be refrained.

It is no coſtly thing I you aſſure,
  That doth beget *Magneſia* in hir kind.
Yet is hir ſelfe by leproſie made pure:
  Hir eyes be cleerer being firſt made blind:
  And he that can Earths faſtnes once unbind,
Shall quickly know that I the truth have tould,
Of ſweete *Magneſia*, Wife to pureſt Gold.

Now what is meant by Man and Wife is this,
  Agent and Patient, yet not two but one,
Even as was *Eva*, *Adams* Wife I wiſſe:
  Fleſh of his Fleſh and Bone of his Bone,
  Such is the Unionhood of our precious *Stone*.
As *Adam* ſlept untill his Wife was made,
Even ſo our *Stone*, ther can no more be ſaid.

By this you ſe how thus it came to paſſe,
  That firſt was Man, and Woman then of him:
Thus *Adam* heere as firſt and cheefeſt was,
  And ſtill remaineda Man of perfect limme,
  Then Man and Wife were joynd together trimme.
And each in love to other ſtraight addreſſed them,
And did increaſe their kind whenGod had bleſſed them.

Even ſo the Man our *Stone* is ſaid to ſleepe,
  Untill ſuch time his Wife be fully wrought;
Then he awakes,and joyfully doth keepe
  His new made Spouſe, which he ſo dearely bought,
  And when to ſuch perfection they be brought,
Rejoyce the beauty of ſo faire a bride,
Whoſe worth is more then halfe the world beſide.

I doubte as yet you hardly underſtand,
What Man or Wife doth truly ſignifie,
And yet I know you beare your ſelves in hand,
That out of doubt it *Sulpher* is and *Mercury*,
And ſo yt is, but not the common certeinly:
But *Mercury* eſſentiall is trewly the trew Wife,
That killes her ſelfe to bring her Child to life.

For firſt and formoſt ſhe receaves the Man,
Her perefct love doth make her ſoone conceive:
Then doth ſhe ſtrive with all the force ſhe can,
In ſpite of love,of life him to bereave,
Which being done,then will ſhe never leave,
But labour kindly like a loving Wife,
Untill againe ſhe him have brought to life.

Then he againe her kindneſſe to requite,
Upon her head doth ſet a Crowne of glory,
And to her praiſe he Poems doth indite,
Whoſe Poems make each Poet write a ſtory,
And that ſhe ſlew him then ſhe is not ſorry.
For he by vertue of his loving Wife,
Not only lives,but alſo giveth life.

But here I wiſh you rightly underſtand,
How heere he makes his Concubine his Wife,
Which if you know not, do not take in hand,
This worke which unto fooles is nothing rife,
And looke you make attonement where is ſtrife.
Then ſtrip the Man into his ſhirt of Tiſhew,
And her out of her ſmock to ingender yſſue.

To tell you troath he wanteth for no Wives
In Land, or Sea, in Water, Air, or Fire,
Without their deaths he waieth not their lives.
Except they live he wants his cheif deſire,
He bindes them prentice to the righteſtDier,
And when they once all Sorrowes have abidden,
Then finde they Ioyes which from them firſt were hidden.

Fo

For then they finde the Joy of ſweete encreaſe,
They bring forth Children beautifull to ſight.
The which are able Priſners to releaſe;
And to the darkeſt Bodyes give true light,
Their hevenly Tincture is of ſuch great might.
Oh! he that can but light on ſuch a treaſure,
Who would not thinke his Joyes were out of meaſure?

Now by this queſtion I ſhall quickly know
If you can tell which is his Wife indeede:
Is ſhe quick footed, faire faced yea or no,
Flying or fixed as you in Bookes do reade?
Is ſhe to be fed or elſe doth ſhe feede?
Wherein doth ſhe joy, where's her habitation?
Heavenly or Earthly, or of a ſtrange nacion?

What is ſhe poore? or is ſhe of any wealth?
Bravely of her attyre, or meane in her apparrell?
Or is ſhe ſick? or is ſhe in perfect health?
Mild of her Nature? or is ſhe given to quarrell?
Is ſhe a Glutton? or loves ſhe the Barrell?
If any one of theſe you name her for to be,
You know not his Wife, nor never did her ſee.

And that will I prove to you by good reaſon,
That truly noe one of all theſe is ſhe,
This is a queſtion to you that is geaſon:
And yet ſome parte of them all ſhe muſt be,
Why then, ſome parte is not all you may ſee.
Therefore the true Wife which I doe meane,
Of all theſe Contraries is the Meane betweene.

As Meale and Water joyned both together,
Is neither Meale nor Water now but Dow;
Which being baked, is Dow nor Water neither:
Nor any more will each from other goe,
The meane betweene is Wife, our Wife even ſo:
And in this hidden point our ſeacret lyes,
It is enough, few words content the wiſe,

Now

Now by this simile heere I do reveale,
  A mighty Seacret if you marke it well;
Call *Mercury* Water, imagine *Sulphur* Meale,
  What Meale I meane I hope the wise can tell:
  Bake them by craft, make them together dwell,
And in your working make not too much hast,
For Wife she is not while she is in Paste.

This lesson learn'd now give me leave to play,
  I shall the fitter be to learne another,
My minde is turn'd cleane cam another way.
  I doe not love sweete secret thoughts to smother,
  It is a Child you know that makes a Mother.
Sith so it is then must we have a Childe,
Or else of Motherhood we are beguild.

What will you say if I a wonder tell you,
  And prove the Mother is Child and Mother too?
Do you not thinke I goe about to sell you
  A bargaine in sport, as some are wont to do?
  Ist possible the Mother, to weare her Infants shoe?
In faith it is in our *Philosophy*,
As I will prove by reason by and by.

Ripley doth bid you take it for no scorne,
  With patience to attend the true Conjunccion,
For saith he in the Aire our Child is borne,
  There he receiveth the holy Unction,
  Also with it a heavenly function.
For after death reviv'd againe to lyfe,
This all in all both Husband Child and Wife.

Whilst all is Earth *Conception* it is termed,
  And *Putrefaction* tyme of lying in,
Perfect *Conjunction* (by artes-men is affirmd)
  The womans Childing where doth all Ioy beg
  Who knowes not this, his witts are very thin.
When she is strong and shineth faire and bright,
She's tearm'd the VVife most beautifull to sight.

Loe thus you ſee that you are not beguil'd ;
For if you marke it I have proved by Reaſon ,
How both is one the Mother and the Child ,
Conception, Breeding, Childing, every ſeaſon :
I have declared to you without all Treaſon,
Or any falſe ambiguous word at all;
And hewn you worke then finde it true you ſhall.

This is that *Mercury* eſſentiall truly,
Which is the principall of the *Stone* materiall,
And not thoſe crude Amalgames began newly ;
Theſe are but *Mercuries* ſuperficiall,
This is that Menſtrue of perfect tincturiall :
This is moſt truly that One thing,
Out of the which all profitt muſt ſpringe.

If this content you not, abide diſpleas'd for me,
For I have done. If Reaſon take no place,
What can be ſaid, but that there doubts will be,
Doe what one can, where folly wins the race.
Let it ſuffice, this is the perfect Baſe,
Which is the *Stone* that muſt diſſolved be.
How that is done I will declare to thee.

This is the *Stone* that *Ripley* bidds you take,
(For untill thus it be it is no *Stone*)
Be rul'd by me, my councell not forſake,
And he commands, Let Crudities alone,
If thou have grace to keep thee free from moan.
Then ſtick to this, let Phanſey not o'reſway thee,
Let Reaſon rule, for Phanſey will betray thee.

Take thou this *Stone*, this *Wife*, this *Child*, this *All*,
Which will be Gummous, crumbling, ſilken, ſoft :
Upon a Glaſſe or Porphire beat it ſmall,
And as you grinde, with *Mercury* feede it oft,
But not ſo much that *Mercury* ſwim aloft,
But equall parts, nipt up their ſeed to ſave;
Then each in other are buried within their grave.

When thus and there you have it as is ſaid,
Worke in all points as Nature wrought at firſt:
For Blacknes had thow needeſt not be afraid,
It wilbe White, then art thou paſt the worſt,
Except th ou breake thy Glaſſe and beaccurſt;
But if through Blacknes thou to Whitenes march,
Then will it be both White and ſoft as Starch.

This very place is cal'd by many names,
As *Imbibition, Feeding, Sublimation,*
Clyming high Mountaines, alſo *Childrens Games*;
And rightly it is termed *Exaltation,*
When all is nothing elſe but *Circulation*
Of the foure Elements whatſoere fooles clatter,
Which is done by heate upon Forme and Matter.

Earth is the loweſt Element of All
Which Black, is exalted into Water,
Then no more Earth but Water wee it call;
Although it ſeeme a black Earthy matter,
And in black duſt all about will ſcatter,
Yet when ſoe high as to Water it hath clym'd,
Then is it truly ſaid to be *Sublym'd*

When this black Maſſe againe is become White,
Both in and out like ſnow and ſhining faire,
Then this Child, this Wife, this Heaven ſo bright,
This Water Earth ſublimed into Aire,
When there it is it further will prepare
It ſelfe into the Element of Fire,
Then give God thankes for granting thy deſire.

This Black, this White, doe we call *Seperation,*
Which is not manuall but Elementall;
It is no crude Mercuriall Sublimation,
But Natures true worke conſubſtantiall,
The White is called *Conjunction* naturall,
Secret and perfect Conjunction not groſſe;
Which bringeth profitt all other loſſe.

Whe

When thrice yee have turned this Wheele about,
Feeding and working it as I have ſaid,
Then will it flow like Wax without doubt:
Giving a Tincture that will not vade.
Abiding all tryalls that can be made.
If wiſely Project you can and keepe free,
Both profitt and creditt to you it wilbe.

Your *Medicine* fixed and perfectly flowing,
White you muſt thinke will Whitenes increaſe;
So Red begets Red as Seede in the ſowing
Begetteth his like or as kinde doth in Beaſſe,
And fire muſt be the true maker of peace:
For white or red *Ferment* your *Medicine* augmenteth,
And perfectly tincketh and ſoone it relenteth.

That is to ſay, your *Medicine* ended,
If White melt downe Silver and thereon Project it,
If Red melt downe Sol, for ſo it is intended;
Like unto like in no wiſe reject it,
And out of the pureſt looke you elect it.
Medicen one parte upon *Ferment* ten,
That One on one Thouſand of *Jupiter* then;

Your *Jupiter* ſtanding red hot on the fyre;
So ſoone as your *Medicine* upon him is caſt,
Preſently ſtandeth ſo hard as a Wyre,
For then he is fixed and melteth by blaſt,
And of all your working thisis the laſt.
Then let it by Teſt or ſtrong water be tryde,
The beſt Gold or Silver no better ſhall bide.

Mercury crude in a Crucible heated,
Preſently hardeneth lik Silver anealed;
And in the high Throwne of Luna is ſeated,
Silver or Gold as Medicine hath ſealed:
And thus our greate *Secret* I have reveled.
Which divers have ſeene, and my ſelfe have wrought,
And dearely I prize it, yet give it for nought.

FINIS. E. K.

SIR ED: KELLEY *CONCERNING* *the* Philosophers Stone *written to his especiall good Freind*, G. S. *Gent.*

THe heavenly Cope hath in him Natures fower,
Two hidden; but the rest to sight appeare:
Wherein the Spermes of all the Bodies lower;
Most secrett are, yett spring forth once a yeare,
And as the Earth with Water, Authors are,
So of his parte is Drines end of care.

No Flood soe greate as that which floweth still,
Nothing more fixt than Earth digested thrise:
No Winde so fresh as when it serveth will;
No Profitt more, then keepe in, and be wise,
No better happ, then drie up Aire to dust,
For then thou maist leave of,and sleepe thy lust.

Yett will I warne thee least thou chaunce to faile,
Sublyme thine Earth with stinkeing Water erst,
Then in a place where *Phœbus* onely tayle
Is seene att midday, see thou mingle best:
For nothing shineth that doth want his light,
Nor doubleth beames, unlesse it first be bright.

Lett

Lett no man leade, unlesse he know the way
That wise men teach, or *Adrop* leadeth in,
Whereof the first is large and easiest pray;
The other hard, and meane but to begin.
For surely these and no one more is found,
Wherein *Appollo* will his harp-strings sound.

Example learne of GOD that plaste the Skyes,
Reflecting vertues from and t'every poynt,
In which the mover wherein all things lyes,
Doth hold the vertues all of every Joynt:
And therefore *Essence fift* may well be said,
Conteining all and yett himselfe a Maid.

Remember also how the *Gods* began,
And by Discent who was to each the Syre,
Then learne their Lives and Kingdomes if you can,
Their Manners eke, with all their whole Attire;
Which if thou doe, and know to what effect;
The learned *Sopheis* will thee not reject,

If this my Doctrine bend not with thy brayne,
Then say I nothing though I said too much:
Of truth tis good will moved me, not gaine,
To write these lynes: yett write I not to such
As catch at Crabs, when better fruits appeare,
And want to chuse at fittest time of yeare.

Thou maist (my Freind) say, what is this for lore?
I answere, such as auncient Physicke taught:
And though thou read a thousand Bookes before,
Yett in respect of this, they teach thee Naught:
Thou mayst likewise be blind, and call me Foole
Yett shall these Rules for ever praise their Schoole.

TESTAMENTUM JOHANNIS DEE PHILOSOPHI SUMMI

ad Johannem Gwynn, transmissum 1568.

THis *Letter* third and laſt I minde to make,
At your requeſt for very vertues ſake;
Your written panges, and methods ſet aſide,
From that I byd, looke that you never ſlide.
Cut that in Three, which Nature hath made One,
Then ſtrengthen hyt, even by it ſelf alone,
Wherewith then Cutte the poudred Sonne in twayne,
By length of tyme, and heale the woonde againe.
The ſelf ſame Sunne twys yet more, ye muſt wounde,
Still with new Knives, of the ſame kinde, and grounde;
Our *Monas* trewe thus uſe by natures Law,
Both binde and lewſe, only with rype and rawe,
And ay thanke God who only is our Guyde,
All is ynugh, no more then at this Tyde.

THOMAS ROBINSONUS

DE LAPIDE PHILOSOPHORUM.

THe Heavens, the Earth, and all that in them is,
Were in ſix Dayes perfected from Abiſſe:
From One ſprung foure; from foure a ſecond One;
This laſt a Gritt; that firſt the Corner Stone.
Without the Firſt the Laſt may not be had;
Yet to the Firſt the Laſt is too too bad.
When from the Earth the Heavens were ſeperated,
Were not the Heavens with Earth firſt cohobated?
And when the Heavens, and Earth and all were not;
Were onely Heavens create; and Earth forgott?
No: Heavens, and Earth ſprung all from one at firſt:
Then who can ſay or Heavens, or Earth is worſt?
Is not the Earth the Mother of them all?
And what the Heavens, but Earths eſſentiall?
Although they have in Heaven no Earthly reſidence,
Yet in the Earth doth reſt their Heavenly influence:
Were not the Earth, what were the other Three?
Were not the Heavens, what on the Earth could be?
Thus as they came, ſo ſhall they paſſe together;
But unto Man not knowne from whence, or whither.
And for the tyme of Earths Heaven purifying,
Six thouſand yeares they live, and have their dying:
Then all ſhall reſt eternall and divine,
And by the Beauty of the Godhead ſhine.
I ſweare there is noe other truth but this
Of that great *Stone*; which many ſeeke and miſſe.

FINIS.

EXPERIENCE
AND
PHILOSOPHY.

HAve you not heard yee Princes great, you Lords & Ladies all,
Of the mishap and heavy chaunce that now of late did fall?
A wofull Tale to tell
VVho could expresse it well:
Oh that some learned *Poet* had byne
With me, to se that I have sene:
Or else some other standing by,
That well could write a Tragidy
Of lasting fame and memory.
For yet not since this VVorld began,
Such cry, such clamour as was than
Heard never any earthly Man.

Experience that Princesse greate, I saw her in her Throne
Of glory, where her Majesty delightes to sitt upon;
And on her wayting by
A blessed Company
Of Virgins pure, that as I gesse,
VVere Children to that great Goddesse:
Their Princely port, their Comly grace,
Their pierles featur'd hands and face
Did shew them of most Noble race:
But of their prudent skill to tell,
In Artes where in they did excell,
No earthly Tongue can do it well.

An

And as I gazed thus upon that ſtrange and dreadfull ſight,
I ſaw how that *Experience* did teach theſe Ladies right,
The ſeven *Artes* Divine,
With deſent diſcipline,
By divers rules and orders grave,
As ſhe thought good for them to have.
But for to ſee how diligent
And buiſily their time they ſpent
To learne thoſe *Artes* moſt excellent,
The endleſſe travells that they tooke
From place to place, from booke to booke,
Amazed me on them to looke.

For ſome in divers Languages did reaſon and diſpute,
And other ſome did ſing and play on Organ, Harpe and Flute;
And ſome with Compaſſe found
All Meaſures ſquare and round:
And ſome by Cyphering could tell
Infinite Summes and Numbers well:
And ſome with Eloquence began
As Poets and Orators to ſcan
The Cauſes betweene Man and Man:
And ſome upon the Stars did gaze,
And other ſome ſat in a Maze,
To judge of Seacrets that there was.

Soe that nothing created was under the Firmament,
That hath a Being or Life by any Element,
No Simple nor Compound
In all the World is found
Under the Sky, or Clouds that fly,
But they ſought out the privity:
This Rocky Earth, this heavy Maſſe,
This Articke Virgin, this let not paſſe
To ſeeke the thing that therein was:
But put themſelves in preſſe to creepe
Into the Center of the Deepe,
Where ſundry Soules and Spirits doe ſleepe.

This thing *Experience* gan prudently to debate, (ſtate.
VVith cheerefull looke and voyce full mylde, as ſeemed to her
And ſoone decreed ſhe
Of her benignity:
Not for their ſundry paines I take,
But only for her Glory ſake,
That all theſe Ladies in a row
Should further of her Secrets know,
That from her Majeſty did grow;
VVherewith to Councell called ſhee
A Lady grave of greate degree,
That named was *Philoſophy*.

And after their diſcourſe and talke, that *Lady* fell downe flatt
On hands & knees before the *Queene* in heaven where ſhe ſatt.
And looking upon her face
Did ſay unto her grace:
Bleſſed be thou *Experience*,
Full mighty is thy Influence;
Thy wondrous workes records full well
In wordell of wordels where thou doeſt dwell,
In Earth, in Heaven, and in Hell;
That thou art now the very ſame,
That of Nothing All things did frame,
VVherefore now bleſſed be thy Name.

Wherewith the Heavens opened, and fiery flames did fall
Downe from the Throne of endles Joy and ſeate imperiall,
Where Angels infinite
Like gliſtering Starrs did ſitt:
So pure and ſimple was the Light,
As all the World had burnt bright;
The flames and floods began to roare,
And did preſent their hidden ſtore,
Of Spirits that ſing for evermore,
All glory and magnificence,
All humble thankes and reverence
Be given to *EXPERIENCE*.

Then

Then ſylence fell upon the face of Heaven Chriſtalline
Where all the Powers muſtered full ready to encline;
To that moſt Sapient,
The high Omnipotent:
That ſaid *be it*, and it was don,
Our Earth, our Heaven were begun;
I am ſaid it the moſt of might,
In worde in lyfe and eke in light.
I am Mercy and Judgment right,
The Depth is myne ſo is the Hight:
The Cold, the Hot, the Moyſt, the Dry,
Where All in All is there am I.

What thing can tell when I began, or when I make an end?
Wherewith I wrought, and what I mought, or what I did intend?
To doe when I had done
The worke I had begun.
For when my Being was alone
One thing I made when there was none,
A Maſſe confuſed darkely clad
That in it ſelfe all Nature had
To form and ſhape the good and bad;
And then as Tyme began to fall,
It pleaſed me the ſame to call
The *firſt Matter*, Mother of all.

And from that Lumpe divided I foure ſundry Elements,
Whom I commanded for to raigne in divers Regiments:
In Kinde they did agree,
But not in Quality.
Whoſe ſimple Subſtance I did take,
My ſeate inviſible to make:
And of the Qualites compound,
I made the Starry Sky ſo round
VVith living Bodyes on the ground;
And bleſſed them infinitely,
VVith lyfe and long proſperity,
And bad them grow and Multiply.

Respecting these divided things so created by me,
Their light and lively spreading forth of them in their degree;
Retourning to the Masse,
VVhere there begining was,
And saw the refuse of the same,
How Voyd and Empty it became,
All darke,and nothing to remaine,
I put with wrath and greate disdaine,
My only Curse there for to raygne;
For I the Author of all Light
Did banish Darknes from my sight,
And blessed all things that shined bright,

So that I mard nothing I made, for that I made is still,
And so shalbe unto the end, only to worke my will:
One thing was first imployd,
And shall not be destroid,
It compasseth the VVorld so round,
A Matter easy to be found:
And yet most hardest to come by:
A Secret of Secrets pardye,
That is most vile and least set by,
And it my Love and my Darling,
Conceived with all living thing,
And travells to the VVorlds ending.

What neede have I of mans Devise of Peny or of Pound,
Of Gold or Silver, Lead or Tynn, or Copper in the ground,
Iron or Silver Quick,
Whereat the blind do prick;
Of Cankered Corosives that rust,
By Salts and sulphurs all to dust?
Seeke out therefore my darllng deare;
For unto me it is most neere,
My spouse my Love and my Compeare:
And unto it looke thou direct
My seaven Children long elect,
That all things else they might reject.

A

A Child begetting his owne Father, and bearing his Mother,
Killing himselfe to give lyfe, and light to all other:
Is yt that I do meane,
Most myld and most extreame.
Did not the Word that dwelt in me
Take forme and walked visibly;
And did not I then dwell in it,
That dwelt in me for to unite
Three powers in one seate to sit?
And then *Experience* did say
Now knowest thou all, heere lyes the Key,
And then she vanisht cleane away.

There with arose *Phylosophy* as one filled with grace,
Whose looks did shew that she had byne in some Heavenly place:
For oft she wipt her Eyes,
And oft she bowd her knees.
And oft she kist the Steps with dread,
VVhereon *Experience* did tread;
And oft she cast her Head on high
And oft full low she cast her Eye
Experience for to espy:
But when she saw that she was gon,
And that her selfe was left alone:
I never hread thing make such mone.

FINIS.

THE MAGISTERY.

THrough want of *Skill* and *Reasons* light
Men ſtumble at *Noone day*;
Whilſt buiſily our *Stone* they ſeeke,
That lyeth in the *way*.

Who thus do ſeeke they know not what
Is't likely they ſhould *finde*?
Or hitt the *Marke* whereat they *ayme*
Better then can the Blinde?

No, *Hermes Sonns* for *Wiſdome* aske
Your *footeſteps* ſhee'le direct:
Shee'le *Natures* way and *ſecret Cave*
And *Tree of lyfe* detect.

Son and *Moone* in *Hermes* veſſell
Learne how the *Collours* ſhew,
The *nature* of the *Elements*,
And how the *Daiſies* grow.

Greate *Python* how *Appollo* ſlew,
Cadmus his *hollow-Oake*:
His *new-rais'd-army*, and *Iaſon* how
The *Fiery Steeres* did yoke.

The *Eagle* which aloft doth fly
See that thou bring to *ground*;
And give unto the *Snake* ſome *wings*,
Which in the *Earth* is found.

Then in *one Roome* ſure *binde* them both,
 To *fight* till they be *dead*;
And that a *Prince* of *Kingdomes three*
 Of *both them* ſhalbe *bred*.

Which from the *Cradle* to his *Crowne*,
 Is *fed* with his owne *blood*;
And though to ſome it ſeemeth ſtrange,
 He hath no other *Foode*.

Into his *Virgin-Mothers* wombe,
 Againe he *enter* muſt;
Soe ſhall the *King* by his *new-byrth*,
 Be *ten times ſtronger* juſt.

And able is his *foes* to *foile*,
 The *dead* he will *revive*:
Oh happy man that underſtands
 This Medicen to atchive!

Hoc opus exigium nobis fert ire per altum.
DECEMBER, 1633.

W. B.

ANONYMI:
OR,
SEVERALL WORKES OF unknowne Authors.

NOw I ſchall her begynne,
To teche the a Concluſion;
In the name of the Trenete
Send us grace that well hit be;
Now take two Onces as mych of anoder,
And dyſſolve on ther with the toder,
Y tel the trowthe as my broder,
Put in to a Glas wyth owtten oder:
Than take three Onces of the bytter,
And meng hym with the ſwetter;
And put them than into a Glas,
Even right as the toder was:
Than take a unc of the beſt,
And do with hym as thou didſt erſt,
In a Glas than thou him put,
And loke thy mowth be wel I ſhut;
Now thow haſt here Glaſſes thre,
Even lyke unto the Trynete,
Than hem ſtop theſe everyehon,
Even a ſute as thow haſt on:
About thy Glaſſes a wal thow make,
Laſt the wynde ham al to crake,

Than thy Glaſſys now all I thre,
With yn that grave they ſchal be;
Now thys I fed with moyſty hete,
To make that Glaſſys ſwynke and ſwete,
Then let hem ſtonde thus wekys thre;
And wel the beter they ſchal be.
Than put hem all now into on,
The wich ys lyke than be a ſtone;
Than let hem ſtonde ſo theryn,
Whan thou haſt made thy Conjunction:
Tyl ſevyn dayes be al I don,
Much the better woll be thy Ston;
Than upon thy Glas thow ſett
A fayre heed and wel I mette,
Draw up thy water with eſy fyre,
Within a Rotunde good and cler,
Tyl thi Mater wol ſtyl no mer,
Than ſet thow hem in dry Fyr,
Than ſe thow ſtyl with reaſonabyl hete,
Tyl thy Mater wol no more lete.
Whan he ys ther both good and dry,
Ful fayne wolde he than be moyſty;
Than wey that Stone within the Glas,
And put hym hys Lecur has it was;
Now whan thys fryſt drawte ys don,
Thow muſt Embybe with good proporciun:
Now looke thow wel what ys hys whyght,
And wyth the fourth part than hym dyght,
And evermore wyth partys fowr,
Now tyl he be of Whyte colowr;
And thus loke thow make good wache,
Tyl the Body thy Spirit can cache;
And alſo thy Sowle ſo muſt he,
Than underſtand thow haſt thre.

Now ſchyt thy Glas as hyt was er,
And worke hyt forthe on thys maner;
Whan tho thre to gedur ben knyte,
With moch joy than thow mayſt ſitte.
For than art thou ricchar than the *King*,
But he have the ſame thyng.
Thus is alle thy Medcyn wroght,
Evyn after thin owne thoght;
How thys Medcyn thow ſchalt encres,
And make hyt mor tyll thow lyſt ſees;
The trowth I ſchall now the certefie,
How thow ſchalt hyt thus Multyply:
Loke as thow did thy Werke befor,
Encres hit forth with mor and mor:
As thow did at the begynnyng,
So continu forth to the endyng:
Thus for ſoth infynytely
Thou mayſt this craft forth Multiply:
Lyke as a man hath lytil Fyr,
And mor to make ys hys deſyr;
He be hovyth this ys no nay,
More Wode or Cole ther to lay:
And thus he may hys Fyr encres,
That he ſchall never be fyreles.
One the ſame wiſe thou underſtande,
Ever thy Medcyn muſt be growande;
And whan the lyſt Projecciun make,
Loke to this leſſon good tent thou take;
Whan thy Medcyn is very parfit,
Thow ſchalt hym caſt on hys lyke;
Als evyn than as thow can geſe,
On part on Ten looke thow not meſſe,
The trowthe yf thow wil wete,
Than ys thy Lexer evyn complete;

And than of that On part thow take,
The trew Projeccion thus ſchalt thow make;
Caſt that on Ten of Tyn or Leede,
Or Coper or Mercury ther in that ſteede,
Into fine Lun hit ſchal be broght,
Or into Sol evyn after thi thoght:
After that thy Lexer ys,
Be hit White or Rede I wys,
If thow hit caſt on Iren alſo,
If it ſchal be Lun or Sol ther to:
Thys ar the Secrets of *Phyloſophie*,
I councel the keepe hit ſecretlye;
And ſerve thy God both nyght and day,
The better thou ſhalt ſpeede, thys ys no nay.
Now I have taught the how thow ſchalt do,
The blys of hevyn God bryng hus to.



HER ys an Erbe men calls *Lunayrie*,
I bleſſet mowte hys maker bee.
Aſterion he ys, I callet alle ſo,
And other namys many and mo;
He ys an Erbe of grete myght,
Of Sol the Sunn he taketh hys lyght,
He ys the Fader, to Croppe and Rote;
Wyth fragrant Flowris that ben ſote,
Flowrys to bere in that ſtede,
Swm ben Whyte, and ſwm ben Red:
Hys Lewys grwyth, both day and nyght,
Lyke to the Ferment that ys ſo bright:
I ſhall declare, thys Erbe ſo lyght,
To many a man hyt ys a fayre ſeyght;
Friſt at the Rote I wolle be gynne,
That cawſyth alle thing for to ſprynge;

A growyth a pon a Mowntayne brym,
Where *Febis* hath grete dominacion:
The Sune by day, the Mone by nyght,
That maketh hym both fayre and bryght,
The Rote growyth on ſtonns clere,
Whyte and Rede, that ys ſo peyre:
The Rote ys blacke, the Stalke ys red;
The wyche ſchall ther never be dede,
The Lewis ben rownd, as a Nowbel ſon,
And wexſyth and wanyth as the Mon:
In the meddes a marke the brede of a peni,
Lo thys is lyke to owre ſweght Lunayre:
Hys Flowrys ſchynith, fayre and cler,
In alle the Worlde thaye have non pere,
He ys not fownde in no maner wyſe,
But of a Schepeherd in Godis ſervyſe:
The good Schepeherd that I her mene,
Ys he that keepeth hys Sowle clene:
Hys Flowrys ben gret and ſum ben ſmall,
Lyke to hem that growyth in Dale;
With many a vertu both fayre and cler,
As ther ben dayes in alle the yere,
Fro fallyng Ewel and alle Sekeneys,
From Sorowe he brengyth man to Bles;
Unto that bleſe that wee maye come,
Byth the help of Marys Sonne:
And of hys Moder that ys ſo fre,
Amen good Lord for cherite.



I Schal yow tel wyth hert mode,
Of thre Kynggys that ben so goude;

And how thaye cam to God almyght,
The wich was ther a sweet syght.

I figure now howr besset *Stone*,
Fro Heven wase sende downe to *Solomon*:

By an Angele bothe goude and stylle,
The wych wase than Christis wylle.

Thẽ present of hem in Bedlem than,
To Cryst brwght Aurum Tus & Myrham.

Owre Sol and Sulphir wyth his Mercuri,
Both Bodi and Soule wyth oure Luneyre.

Aurum betokeneth heer, owre Bodi than,
The wych was brwght to God and Man.

And Tus alleso owre Soule of lyfe,
Wyth Myrham owre Mercurye that ys hys Wyfe.

Here be the thre namys fayre and good
And alle thaye ben but one in mode.

Lyke as the Trenite ys but on,
Ryght so conclude the *Phylosofeers Stone.*

Thow mayst a se her now in syght,
Off owre *Stone* figuriet a right.

How sende he wase out of Heven,
By an Angele wyth mylde Stefyn.

And by hys fygure thow mayst se
That hyt ys lyke to personis Thre.

To Fader and Sonne and holi Gost,
The wych was and ys of mytis most;

Into hys blyse now come wee,
Amen goud Lord for cheyte.

I shew you here a short Conclusion,
To understand it if ye have grace,
Wrighten without any delusion;
Comprehended in a litle space.
All that in this Booke wrighten is,
In this place comprehended is,
How Nature worketh in her kinde,
Keepe well this Lesson in your minde:
I have declared micle thing,
If you have grace to keepe in minde,
How that our Principle is One thing,
More in Number and One in kinde;
For there ben things Seven
That in a Principle doe dwell,
Most precious under Heven,
I have so sworne I may not tell.
In this Booke I shew to you in wrighting,
As my Bretheren doe each one,
A similitude of every like thing,
Of the which we make our *Stone*.
Our *Stone* is made of one simple thing,
That in him hath both Soule and Lyfe,
He is Two and One in kinde,
Married together as Man and Wife:
Our Sulphur is our Masculine,
Our Mercury is our Femenine,
Our Earth is our Water cleere;
Our Sulphur also is our Fier,
And as Earth is in our Water cleare,
Soe is Aer in our Fier.
Now have yee Elements foure of might,
And yet there appereth but two in sight;
Water and Earth ye may well see,
Fier and Aer be in them as quality:

It

Thys *Scyence* maie not be taught to every one,
He were acurſt that ſo ſchould done:
How ſchould ye have Servants than?
Than non for other would ought done,
To tyl the Lande or drive the Plough,
For ever ech man would be proud enough;
Lerned and leude would put them in Preſſe,
And in their workes be full buſie,
But yet they have but little increſe,
The writings to them is ſo miſty.
It is full hard this *Scyence* to finde,
For Fooles which labour againſt kinde;
This *Science* I pray you to conceale,
Or elſe with it do not you meale,
For and ye canot in it prevaile,
Of much ſorrow rhen may you tell:
By ſuddain mooving of Elements Nature may be letted,
And wher lacks Decoction no perfection may be,
For ſome Body with leproſy is infected;
Raw watery humors cauſe ſuperfluity:
Therefore the *Philoſopher* in his reaſon hath contrived
A perfect Medicine, for bodyes that be ſick,
Of all infirmetyes to be releeved,
This heleth Nature and prolongeth lyfe eak;
This Medicine of Elements being perfectly wrought,
Receypts of the Potecary we neede not to buy,
Their Druggs and Dragms we ſet at nought,
With *quid pro quo* they make many a ly.
Our *Aurum potabile* Nature will increaſe,
Of Philoſophers Gold if it be perfectly wrought,
The Phiſitians with Minerall puteth him in preſe:
Litle it availeth or elſe right nought.
This *Scyence* ſhall ye finde in the old boke of *Turb*;
How perfectly thisMedicine *Philoſophers* have wrought,

Rosary with him also doth record,
More then four Flements we occupie nought;
Comune Mercury and Gold we none occupie,
Till we perfectly have made our *Stone*,
Then with them two our Medicine we Multiply,
Other recepts of the Potecary truly we have none.
A hundred Ounces of *Saturne* ye may well take;
Seeth them on the fire and melt him in a mould,
A Projection with your Medicin upon hem make,
And anon yee shall alter him into fine Gold;
One Ounce upon a hundred Ounces is sufficient,
And so it is on a thousand Ounces perfectly wrought,
Without dissolucion and Subtillant;
Encreasing of our Medicine els have we nought.
Ioy eternall and everlasting blisse,
Be to Almyghty God that never schal miss.

In some Copies I found these following Verses set before this Worke.

EArth out of Earth clensed pure,
By Earth of himselfe through his nature,
Rectified by his Milke who can it tye,
And afterward united with Water of lyfe truly:
A Dragon lying in his deepe denne,
Rotting in Water to Putrefie then:
Leprouse huge and terrible in sight,
By bathing and balning the Dragon cometh to light;
Evermor drowned in the bottome of his Well,
Tyl all his Leprousie will no longer dwell,
In his owne Nature he altereth cleane
Into a pure substance, ye wat what I meane.
I shew you here a short Conclusion, &c.

WHy art thou ſo Poore and I ſo Rich,
Aboundance of Treſure in me thow maiſt
In all the World I am nothing ſo liche;
As Man that is ſo proginitous to my kynde,
The Rych man on the Poore hath no pity,
In me therefore have thow affiance,
It is oft tymes ſeene in Towne and Cittie:
He is evyll at eaſe that hath no Craft nor Scyence.
The Ryche men of the Poore now have greate diſpight,
That they ſhould wyth thyr cunyng any good thīg wyn;
And to give to the Poore almes they have no delight,
Lytle is the Charity that is them within,
And Enſample of *Dives* as the Scripture can tell,
Poore *Lazerus* at his Gate for default dyed;
Had he given him Almes he had not gon to hell,
Now for to repent him truly it is too late.
Man thou haſt no goods but God doth them ſend,
Departe with thy Brother as God doth thee Comand.
Thy lyfe that wyll the better amend,
Death will with thee make a ſuddaine hand,
Thy worldly goods thow ſchalt forſaken:
Give every Beaſt againe his due,
And than ſchall thy body be full naked:
Death on the will nothing rue.
Why ſo far and I ſo neare?
Haſt thou no grace Man me to meete,
So oftyn as I to the do appeare;
And yet of me thou takeſt no keepe,
In common Mercury thou doeſt me ſeeke:
In Alkali and in Alembroke,
In common Sulphur and Arſenick eke,
Which makes many a man to dote.
Common Mercury is not good,
It bringeth many a man to care;

It makes his Haire grow through his hood,
And his Purſe both thin and bare.
Mercury and I are of allye,
But ſhe with me may not compare;
In nature ſhe is both cold and dry,
Therefore I councell thee to beware:
Many a man ſhe makes full bare,
Becauſe ſhe lacks humidity,
On her to ſpend they would ſpare,
She brings many a man to poverty.
I am ſhe which wiſe men ſeeke,
Mercury which is moſt of might;
Hot and moyſt, light and weake,
Of the Elements I am full right,
Water, Earth, Aire and Fire,
Quality, and Quantity, you can never have your deſire,
Without Concoction perfectly,
Great riches in us be,
Who hath grace us for to know,
By vertue of her humidity,
In the Fire our *Stone* doth grow.
Thou needy man, where is thy minde?
I councell thee this leſſon leare:
Our Mercury is but of one thing,
In our Veſſell thin and cleere.
Common Mercury in him is none,
Neither Gold nor Silver in him none is;
Of Mettalls we make not our *Stone*,
By proportion more or leſſe,
All manner of Mettalls we deny,
Untill the time our *Stone* be wrought,
All other Receipts we defie
That of the Potecaryes be bought,
With all Spices, ſave onely Mercury.

Gould

Gould with him ſtands us in ſteed,
Our Medicine for to Multiplie,
After our Phiſicks Stone be Red.
  A true Leſſon I have thee tought,
Pray for me and forget it nought:
Many Bookes mayſt thou ſee,
That is not writ ſo openly.
And as I am true Chriſtian man,
A truer Booke findeſt thou none;
And thou wilt of this *Scyence* leare
In riches thou ſhalt have no peare;
He that made this Booke hath it well preved,
The better therefore he may be beleived;
Therefoee I pray you for charity,
To keepe this Booke very ſecretly.
If any man this *Science* of you will crave,
Know he be Sapient that the Coppy ſhall have
I made it not for every man,
Neither for them that litle good can,
But for me and for my Brother,
Such as have Reaſon and no other;
Keepe this Leſſon well in minde,
Beware thou worke not againſt Kinde;
And in thy Worke make no greate haſt,
That thou labour not in waſt:
Worke in light and not in darke,
And ask Councell of a Clerke:
Elſe may you both lightly fayle,
Without you have both good Counſayle.

TAke our Rose with the red Flower,
Which thou maist know by his Colour;
And him knock into Plates small,
A like thin beate over all.
And with a Corosive good and fine,
Forthwith drawe the same tyne;
Of things that be new and good,
And diverse in Nature and one in Moode,
And put together with strong grinding,
In Horse wombe ever abiding;
In a Vessell good and strong,
Thou so it rule and thinke it not longe,
For within a Moneth or litle moe,
And with his might the Body slo;
Thy Corrosive will thy Rose so frett,
Till he be thin as Milke in Meate.
But how the Corrosive made shalbe,
I will it shew plainely to thee;
As I said to thee before,
Elss knowest thou litle of this lore.
Take Maidens Urine younge of age,
Ashes, Salt, and Lyme,
Of him together make a mariage.
Then the Corrosive is both good and fine:
For without this Corrosive shortly said,
Well compound together in One,
All your Worke is but voyd;
As *Philosophers* write every ech one:
For Doctors both to lay and Clearke,
Written that our first Warke
Is to bring our Body all and some;
And him to reduce in Mercurium.
Then is our Worke well begun,
If the first love be thus wone.

Now ſay *Philoſophers* much more,
Our ſecond Worke if thou wilt know,
Labour with paine and travell therefore:
And God is ready thee it to ſhew,
To bring our Water into Air,
Of *Philoſophers* the ſecond verſe,
Spare not to worke and be not afraid;
For ſo it will be without leſe,
But yet be wiſe in the Warke,
For haſty men never lack woe:
And aske the Councll of a Clarke,
For ſober thrift is beſt thereto,
And ſo Continue night and day
I thee charge, and ſleepe thee not,
For in ſix Weekes truly in fay,
All into Earth it wilbe brought:
So the Fyre continued be,
Every Decoction to even meaſure,
And after that fyre his quality,
Thou muſt all the Worke rule,
For when it is in Earth full black,
Then is it our black Stone,
He is ſo ſtrong he may not lack,
Tyll all thy Worke be y done.
The third degree as I thee ſay,
Of our Stone now black as pitch,
Thou muſt him waſh with waters gay;
And make him white for ſo did Ich;
And when thou haſt waſht him cleane,
Then is his blacknes gone;
Then is he bright and ſhine,
As Carbuncle or Beril ſtone:
But ere he come to that degree,
It wilbe labour but thinke not long,

For

For many a Colour change will he,
Browne, Red, Ruſſet, ever amonge:
After that to many other mo,
Greene, Blew, Pale and Whyte,
But all theſe let them goe,
They are not to thy profit,
And when thou haſt thus wrought,
By ſix weekes and a day,
Then is the Earth truly ſought,
A white powder collor'd in ſay:
But then ſpare the fyre,
And bate him even to meaſure;
And within a month and litle mo,
The Whyte Stone hath nigh ſure done,
Which will ſhine and melt as wax,
He muſt needes Maſteries do,
The Spirit and Soule make him ſo lax,
That all other kindes he tourne him to.
Then Ferment him with his like,
By joyning of true Decoction,
And feede him forth by litle and lite,
That both together be brought in one,
In Colour ſight and Demeane,
That there be no diviſion:
As thou haſt wrought ſo will it prove,
Take heede how thou haſt done
In this worke of Conjunction;
Thou ſhalt ſe marvells greate,
Both going up and coming downe,
Of Colours ſpringing by the heate:
For the ſoule that is ſo withheld,
Andthe ſpirit that is ſo bright,
If men it ſeene ſay they would,
Certaine it were a wondrous ſight,

And all this is paſt,
That God and Kinde hath done his cure,
Of the Whyte Stone be not agaſt,
He will not flee but bide the Fyre.
Now farther if thou wilt Worke,
To have the ready way,
Take good heede and be not dull,
For ile tell thee the truth in fay:
Hold alwaies as thou did
Before in the other Stone,
Thou cannot faile God be thy ſpede,
As Clerkes write every one,
For your Fyre will him dere,
So it be dry and laſtingly;
Save other while the changing cheare,
Till he have ſottill faſting and ſlye.
Firſt I wot well change he woll,
Into Citrine and pure degree;
And after that Colour is full,
He ſhall never but be White ay,
After that Tawny and Colour de Pale,
He changeth often in ſuch lay:
Till he be Red withouten faile,
As good Coroll or Roſe in May.
Then dread he nothing I wis,
Of this Worlds adverſity,
An Emperour of conqueſt then he is,
The *Philoſophers* ſayne worthy to be:
And when thou haſt thus done,
And thereof ſeene the privity,
Thanke God and Chriſt his only Son.
Together with our bleſſed Lady.

TAke of the eger bloud that is so Red,
And distill that by Lymbick till it be bright,
Therewith dissolve the Philosphers lead,
Filtering it till it be cleere in sight,
Evaporating it if ye do right.
And from the Medicine with strong Fier,
Distill our Mercury most of myght,
Rede as blood and strong of Eyre,
And there you have your Stone I wysse,
Conteyning in them all that you neede,
The Erth thereof true Ferment is.
Of our purpose yf you will speede,
In other Bokes whatsoever you Reede,
From this Doctrine you never flitt,
But further with these Stones proceede;
Into foure Elements dividing it,
Ayre, Water and Oyle well rectified,
The Earth by boyling make white as Whale bone,
Againe together them neately joyne,
And of them make a precious stone;
The matter goeth to the White alone,
This *Aristotle* tought *Alexander* his lore,
The Stone thus fixed make fugitive,
Againe with Aer reserved in Store;
And then againe make fix belyve:
Multiply it in one and more,
With Nature and Oyle reserved in store,
Both white and red as you did first,
This secret made me study full sore,
Many a night ere I it wyste;

For my Master from me it hidd.
Now is one point yet behind,
With this Stone that must be done:
Ingendering him of Water, Ayr and Winde,
The Red on Sun the White on Moone,
Molten looke thow cast full soone;
And Multiply in them their Tincture,
And then take of the powder with a spoone,
And straine it on Mercury hott and pure;
And a marvelous Battell thow shalt se soone
Betweene that and the said Mercury,
Either it will turne it Sun or Moone,
And then thou shalt the Mastery unfold,
And thus proceeding Multiply,
In every thing as I have tould;
And thus endeth our *PHILOSOPHY*.

THe World is in a Maze, and wot you why?
Forsooth of late a great rich Man did dye;
And as he lay a dying in his Bed,
These words in secret to his Son he said.
My Son quoth he, tis good for thee I dye,
For thou shalt much the better be thereby;
And when thou seest that lyfe hath me bereft,
Take what thou findst, and where I have it left
Thou dost not know, nor what my riches be,
All which I will declare, give Eare to me.
An Earth I had all Venome to expell,
And that I cast into a mighty Well;
A Water eke to clense what was amisse,
I threw into the Earth and there it is;
My Silver all into the Sea I cast,

My Gold into the Air, and at the laſt
Into the Fyre for feare it ſhould be found,
I threw a Stone worth forty thouſand pound:
Which Stone was given me by a mighty King,
Who bad me weare it in a fore-fold Ringe:
Quoth he this Stone is by that Ring found out,
If wiſely thou canſt turne this Ring about:
For every Hoope contrary is to other,
Yet all agree and of the Stone is Mother.
And now my Son I will declare a wonder,
That when I dye this Ring muſt breake aſſunder:
The King ſaid ſo, but then he ſaid withall,
Although the Ring be broke in peeces ſmall;
An eaſy Fire ſhall ſoone it cloſe againe;
Who this can doe he neede not worke in vaine.
Tyll this my hidden Treaſure be found out
(When I am dead) my Spirit ſhall walke about;
Make him to bring your Fier from the Grave,
And ſtay with him till you my Riches have;
Theis Words a wordly man did chance to here,
Who daily watcht the Spirit but nere the neere;
And yet it meetes with him and every one,
Yet tells him not where is this hidden *STONE*.

A

A

Dialogue *betwixt the* FATHER *and the* SONNE,
Concerning the two Principles *of the* BLESSED STONE.

MY *Sonne* if that *Sulphur* be absent away, *Father.*
Our worke is reproved what ever they say,
And it is Water & Fire as tru as your Creed
Which constraineth a Body till it be dead:
Of him shalt thou never have your desire,
Till he be blew as Lead through his owne Fire,
I do liken our *Sulphur* to the Magnet Stone,
That still draweth to her Naturally,
So with our *Sulphur* the firey Woman Mercury,
When she would from her husband flye.
Father I pray you for Charity, *Son.*
Where shall I this *Sulphur* finde?
For I never did him se with Eye;
Nor never knew him in his kinde.
In our Water my *Sonne* keepe it in your minde, *Father.*
Where he will appeare so white as any snow,
Grammercy *Father* ye be full kinde, *Son.*
For through your teaching full well I know.
Now teach me the Red stone when it is in minde,
How it is made by Natures Law.
The White and Red be both of one kinde, *Father.*
Now hast thou my *Son* all thy desire,
Whose tincture by growing thou shalt it so finde,
Through vertue of the Sun and regiment of Fire
His riches there he doth increase,
Farre passing all that I can name,
If they in Fire shall come in presse:
Gune is their glory but he the same,

For the vertues of the *Planets* ſeaven
Shall have, and alſo from the Pole of heven,
Since the VVorld began noe Gemme is found
Equall him till in vertues all,
The Saphir, nor the Diamond,
The Ruby rich behind ſhall fall,
So ſhall the Turkie and Carbuncle:
If they in fire togeather ſhall fight,
All One except ſhall looſe their might,
The fire on him hath power none,
His Elements be ſo coequall,
An Incombuſtible Oyle is this our Stone
In power farr paſſing others all.
Son. In what Element *Father* is our Sulphur bright?
Is it in all, or is it in one?
Father. In all *Sonne* he muſt need be of right,
For Seperacion of Elements we make none:
And yett in them we can it not ſee,
For ſenſuall matter is he none,
But equallitie only intellectuall,
Without which our *Stone* never fixt be ſhall.
Qualitie *Sonne* alſoe groweth in the fire;
Betwixt the White ſtone and the Read,
For Colours many to you ſhall appeare,
Untill the tyme the Woman be dead:
The which things if ye ſhall not ſee,
Red ſhall your *Stone* at noe time bee;
For where the Woman is in preſence,
There is much moyſture and Accidence:
Watry humors that in her bee
Will drowne and devoure our qualitye,
Remember and thinke of *Noahs* flood,
For too much Water was never good:
And yet as qualitie is hid in quantitie,

So

So must in Water our Earth be:
Riches in him thou shalt much finde,
After alteracions all due to his kinde;
When Oyle in him is coagulate,
Then is our *Stone* body made liquefact:
When Sulphur Water and Oyle be one,
Indued with riches then is our *Stone*.
I cannot thee tell a richer thing;
Then is our *Stone* when he is fire dureing,
Our Fire maketh her so strong.
Father how to make our *Stone*, *Son.*
Fayne would I knowe that have we done;
My Sonne with lent and easie heate, *Father.*
The Elements togeather will kindly meate:
Haste not to fast whilest they be rawe,
Keepe well the Fier, beware of the lowe.
Shutt well the Vessle least out passe the Spirit,
So shall you all things the better keepe;
For if the Spiritts doe passe you from,
Remedy to gett them againe have you none:
And how marveillous it is the Elements to meete
Keepe this as your principall secrete,
At your begining give God the prayse;
And keepe your Matter in heate forty dayes,
But so that all things be made cleare,
Or else you are never the neare:
And within this tyme itt wil be Black;
And oft chainge colour till it be White,
There you may cease and further proceede,
By mendinge the heate to your mesure indeed;
And there withall now will I end,
And to God onely thee Commend.

JOHN GOWER

CONCERNING
The PHILOSOPHERS STONE.

AND alſo with great diligence,
Thei fonde thilke Experience:
Which cleped is *Alconomie*,
Whereof the Silver multeplie;
Thei made, and eke the Gold alſo.
And for to telle howe itt is ſo:
Of bodies ſeven in Speciall,
With fowre Spirites joynt withall;
Stant the ſubſtance of this matere,
The bodies which I ſpeke of here,
Of the Plannets ben begonne,
The *Gold* is titled to the Sonne:
The *Moone* of Silver hath his part,
And Iron that ſtonde uppon *Mart*:
The Leed after *Saturne* groweth,
And *Jupiter* the Braſſe beſtoweth;
The Copper ſette is to *Venus*:
And to his part *Mercurius*
Hath the Quickſilver, as it falleth,
The which after the Boke it calleth,
Is firſt of thilke foure named
Of Spirits, which ben proclaymed,
And the Spirite which is ſeconde,
In *Sal Armoniake* is founde:

The

The third Spirite *Sulphur* is,
The fourth Sewende after this,
Arcennium by name is hotte
With blowyng, and with fires hote:
In these things which I say,
Thei worchen by divers waye.
For as the *Philosopher* tolde,
Of Gold and Sylver thei ben holde,
Two principall extremitees,
To which all other by degrees,
Of the mettalls ben accordant,
And so through kinde resemblant:
That what man couth awaie take,
The rust, of which they waxen blake,
And the savour of the hardnes;
Thei shulden take the likenes;
Of Gold or Silver parfectly,
Bnt for to worche it sykerly;
Betweene the Corps and the Spirite,
Er that the Metall be parfite,
In seven formes itt is sette
Of all, and if one be lette,
The remnant may not avayle,
But otherwise it maie nought fayle;
For thei by whome this Art was founde,
To every poynt a certayne bounde,
Ordeinen that a man may finde,
This Craft is wrought by wey of kinde;
So that there is no fallace in;
But what man that this werke begyn;
He mote awaite at every tyde,
So that nothynge be left asyde.
Fyrst of the Distillacion,
Forth with the Congelacion,

Solucion, Diſſcencion,
And kepe in his entencion,
The poynt of Sublimacion,
And forthwith Calcinacion,
Of very Approbacion,
So that there be Fixacion,
With temperate hetes of the fyer,
Tyll he the perfite Elixer,
Of thilke *Philoſophers Stone*,
Maie gette, of which that many one
Of *Philoſophers* whilome write:
And if thou wolt the names wite,
Of thilke *Stone* with other two,
Which as the Clerkes maden tho;
So as the Bokes itt recorden,
The kinde of hem I ſhall recorden.
These old *Philoſophers* wyſe,
By wey of kynde in ſondry wiſe;
Thre *Stones* made through Clergie,
The fyrſt I ſhall ſpecifie,
Was cleped *Vegetabilis*;
Of which the proper vertue is,
To mans heale for to ſerve,
As for to keepe, and to preſerve,
The body fro ſicknes all,
Till death of kinde upon hym fall.
The ſecond Stone I the behote,
Is *Lapis Animalis* hote:
The whoſe vertue, is proper and couth,
For Eare and Eye, Noſe and Mouth;
Whereof a man may here, and ſee,
And ſmell and taſt, in his degree,
And for to feele and for to goe,
Itt helpeth a man of both two:

The

The witts five he underfongeth
To keepe, as it to hym belongeth.
The third Stone in speciall
by name is cleped *Minerall*,
Which the Mettalls of every myne,
Attempreth, till that thei ben fyne;
And pureth hem by such a wey,
That all the vice goth awey,
Of Rust, of Stynke, and of Hardnes:
And when they ben of such clennes,
This minerall so as I fynde,
Transformeth all the fyrst kynde,
And maketh hem able to conceive,
Through his vertue and receive
Both in substance and in figure,
Of Gold and Silver the nature.
For thei two ben the extremitees,
To which after the propertees,
Hath every mettall his desire,
With helpe and comforte of the fyre.
Forth with this Stone as it is said,
Which to the Sonne and Moone is laide:
For to the Red, and to the White,
This Stone hath power to profite;
It maketh Multiplicacion
Of Gold and the fixacion,
It causeth and of this babite,
He doth the werke to be parfite:
Of thilke *Elixer* which men call
Alconomy, as is befalle
To hem, that whilome were wise;
But now it stant all otherwise:
Thei speken fast of thilke *Stone*,
But how to make it now wote none.

After the sooth Experience,
And nathles greate diligence,
Thei setten up thilke dede,
And spillen more then thei spede;
For alwey thei fynde a lette,
Which bringeth in povetee and Dette;
To hem that rich were to fore,
The Losse is had the Lucre is lore:
To gette a pound thei spenden five,
I not how such a Craft shall thrive:
In the manner as it is used,
It were better be refused,
Then for to worchen upon wene,
In thinge which stant not as thei wene:
But not for thy who that it knew,
The Science of himselfe is trew:
Uppon the forme as it was founded,
Whereof the names yett be grounded;
Of hem, that first it founden out:
And thus the fame goth all about,
To such as soughten besines,
Of vetue and of worthines,
Of whom if I the names call,
Hermes was one the first of all,
To whom this Art is most applied,
Geber thereof was magnified,
And *Ortolane* and *Morien*,
Among the which is *Avicen*.
Which founde and wrote and greate partie,
The practicke of Alconomie,
Whose bokes plainlie as thei stonde,
Uppon this Crafte few understonde.
But yet to put hem in assay,
There ben full manie now a day,

That

That knowen litle that thei mene,
It is not one to wite and wene,
In forme of words thei it trete;
But yet thei failen of beyet.
For of to much, or of to lite,
There is algate found a wite:
So that thei follow not the line,
Of the perfect Medicine,
Which grounded is upon nature;
But thei that writen the Scripture;
Of Greke, Arabe, and Caldee,
Thei were of such Auctoritee,
That thei firste founden out the wey,
Of all that thou hast herd me sey,
Whereof the Cronicke of her Lore,
Shall stonde in price for evermore.

THE VISION OF Sr: GEORGE RIPLEY: CHANON of BRIDLINGTON.

When busie at my booke I was upon a certeine night,
This Vision here exprest appear'd unto my dim-(med sight,
A *Toade* full rudde I saw did drinke the juce of grapes so fast,
Till over charged with the broth, his bowells all to brast;
And after that from poysoned bulke he cast his venome fell,
For greif and paine whereof his Members all began to swell,
With drops of poysoned sweate approaching thus his secret Den,
His cave with blasts of fumous ayre he all be-whyted then;
And from the which in space a golden humour did ensue,
Whose falling drops from high did staine the soile with ruddy (hew:
And when this Corps the force of vitall breath began to lacke,
This dying *Toade* became forthwith like Coale for colour blacke:
Thus drowned in his proper veynes of poysoned flood,
For tearme of eightie dayes and fowre he rotting stood:
By tryall then this venome to expell I did desire,
For which I did committ his carkase to a gentle fire:
Which done, a wonder to the sight, but more to be rehear'st,
The *Toade* with Colours rare through every side was pear'st,
And VVhite appeared when all the sundry hewes were past,
Which after being tincted Rudde, for evermore did last.
Then of the venome handled thus a medicine I did make;
VVhich venome kills and saveth such as venome chance to take.
Glory be to him the graunter of such secret wayes,
Dominion, and Honour, both with Worship, and with Prayse.

AMEN.

VERSES

VERSES

BELONGING TO *AN EMBLEMATICALL* SCROWLE:

Suppoſed to be invented by GEO: RIPLEY.

I Shall you tell with plaine declaracion,
Where, how, and what is my generacion:
Omogeni is my Father,
And *Magneſia* is my Mother:
And *Azot* truly is my Siſter,
And *Kibrick* forſooth is my Brother:
The *Serpent* of *Arabia* is my name,
The which is leader of all this game:
That ſometyme was both wood and wild,
And now I am both meeke and mild;
The *Sun* and the *Moone* with their might,
Have chaſtiſed me that was ſo light:
My Wings that me brought,
Hither and thither where I thought
Now with their might they downe me pull,
And bring me where they woll,
The blood of myne heart I wiſſ,
Now cauſeth both Joy and bliſſe:

And

And dissolveth the very *Stone*,
And knitteth him ere he have done;
Now maketh hard that was lix,
And causeth him to be fix.
Of my blood and water I wis,
Plenty in all the World there is.
It runneth in every place;
Who it findeth he hath grace:
In the World it runneth over all,
And goeth round as a ball:
But thou understand well this,
Of the worke thou shalt miss.
Therefore know ere thou begin,
What he is and all his kin,
Many a Name he hath full sure,
And all is but one Nature:
Thou must part him in three,
And then knit him as the Trinity:
And make them all but one,
Loe here is the *Philosophers Stone.*

THe *Bird* of *Hermes* ismy name,
Eating my wings to make me tame.

IN the *Sea* withouten lesse,
Standeth the *Bird* of *Hermes*:
Eating his Wings variable,
And thereby maketh himselfe more stable;
When all his Fethers be agon,
He standeth still there as a stone;
Here is now both White aud Red,
And also the Stone to quicken the dead,

All

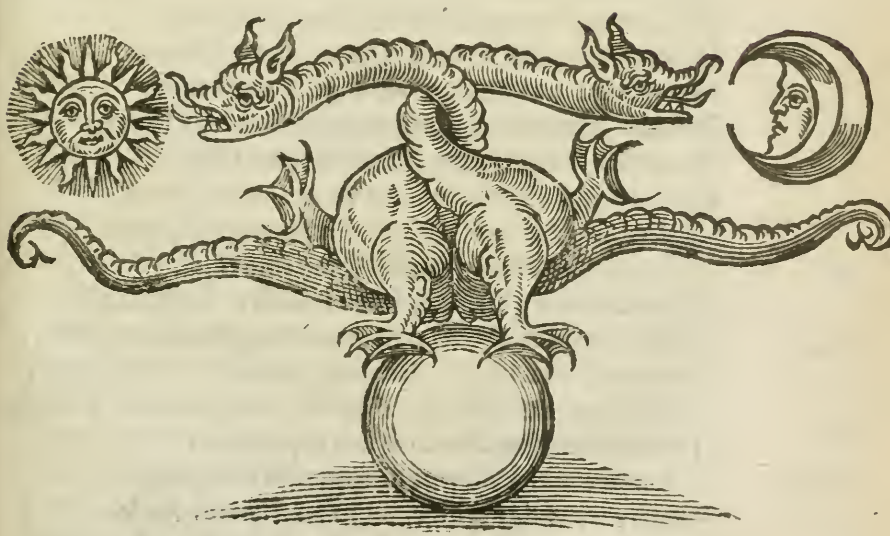
All and ſume withouten fable,
Both hard, and neſh and mailiable
Underſtand now well aright,
And thanke God of this ſight.

TAKE thou *Phœbus* that is ſo bright,
That ſitteth ſo high in Majeſty;
With his beames that ſhineth ſoe light,
In all places where ever that he be,
For he is Father to all living things,
Maynteyner of Lyfe to Crop and Roote,
And cauſeth Nature forth to ſpring;
With his wife being ſoote,
For he is ſalve to every ſore,
To bring about thys precious worke;
Take good heede unto his lore,
I ſay to learned and to Clerk,
And *Omogeny* is my Name:
Which God ſhaped with his owne hand,
And *Magneſia* is my Dame;
Thou ſhalt verily underſtand,
Now heere I ſhall begin,
For to teach thee a ready way:
Or elſe litle ſhalt thou wyn,
Take good heed what I ſay;
Devide thou *Phœbus* in many a parte;
With his beames that byn ſo bright,
And thus with Nature him Coarte,
The which is mirrour of all light:
This *Phœbus* hath full many a Name,
Which that is full hard for to know;
And but thou take the very ſame,
The *Philoſophers Stone* thou ſhalt not know,

Therefore I councell ere thou begin:
Know him well what it be,
And that is thick make it thin;
For then it shall full well like the.
Now understand well what I meane,
And take good heed thereunto,
The worke shall else litle be seene:
And tourne thee unto mikle woe,
As I have said in this our Lore,
Many a Name I wiss it have,
Some behinde, and some before;
As *Philosophers* of yore him gave.

ON the *Ground* there is a *Hill*,
Also a *Serpent* within a *Well*:
His Tayle is long with Wings wide,
All ready to fly on every side,
Repaire the Well round about,
That the *Serpent* pas not out;
For if that he be there agone,
Thou loosest the verue of the *Stone*,
What is the *Ground* thou mayst know heere,
And also the *Well* that is so cleere:
And eke the *Serpent* with his Tayle,
Or else the worke shall litle availe,
The *Well* must brenne in Water cleare,
Take good heede for this thy Fyre,
The Fire with Water brent shalbe,
And Water with Fire wash shall he;
Then Earth on Fire shalbe put,
And Water with Air shalbe knit,
Thus ye shall go to Putrefaccion,
And bring the *Serpent* to reduction.

First he ſhalbe Black as any Crow,
And downe in his Den ſhall lye full lowe:
I ſwel'd as a Toade that lyeth on ground,
Burſt with bladders ſitting ſo round,
They ſhall to braſt and lye full plaine,
And thus with craft the *Serpent* is ſlaine:
He ſhall ſhew Collours there many a one,
And tourne as White as wilbe the bone,
With the Water that he was in,
Waſh him cleane from his ſin:
And let him drinke a litle and a lite,
And that ſhall make him faire and white,
The which Whitnes is ever abiding,
Lo here is the very full finiſhing:
Of the White *Stone* and the Red,
Loe here is the true deed.



THE MISTERY
OF ALCHYMISTS,
Compoſed by Sir Geo: Ripley
Chanon of *Bridlington.*

WHen ☉ in ♈ and Phœbus ſhines bright, (ing
The Elements reviving the new Year ſpring-
The Son by his vertue gives Nature & Light,
And moyſture refreſheth all things growing:
In the ſeaſon of the Yeare when the Sun waxeth warme,
Freſhly and fragrante the Flowers doe grow,
Of Natures ſubtill working we cannot diſcerne,
Nor yet by our Reaſon we can it not know,
In foure Elements is comprehended things Three,
Animalls, Vegetabills, Mineralls muſt be,
Of this is our Principle that we make our *Stone,*
Quality and Quantity is unknowne to many one.
Son. Quality (*Father*) would I faine know,
Of what nature it is and what it hath in his kinde.
Father. As Colours divers which on the ground do grow,
Keepe well this ſecret (*Son*) and marke it in thy minde.
Son. Without Proportion (*Father*) how ſhould I it know,
This working now is far from my minde.
Father. Nature and kinde (*Son*) together do grow,
Quality by waight (*Son*) ſhalt thow never finde.
Son. To ſeperate Elements (*Father*) I muſt needes know,
Either in Proportion which be more or leſſ.

Out

Out of our Principle foure Elements thou ſhalt draw, *Father.*
Thou ſhalt neede nothing elſe that needefull is;
Our Principle in quality is ſo perfectly mixed,
By vertue of the Son and his quality,
So equaly Joyned, ſo throughly fixed,
As nothing ſo well mixed may be.
This Principle (*Father*) is but one thing, *Son.*
Good (*Father*) tel me where it doth grow.
In every place (*Son*) you ſhall him well finde; *Father.*
By Taſt and by Colour thou ſhalt him well know;
Fowles in the Ayer with it doe fly,
And Fiſhes doe ſwim there with in the Sea,
With Reaſon of Angels you may it diſerne,
Both Man and Woman to governe,
With our fixed Body (*Son*) we muſt thus begin.
Of him make Mercury and Water cleare,
Man and Woman is them within,
Married together by vertue of our Fire,
The Woman in her working is full wild,
Be well aware ſhe goe not out;
Till ſhe have conceived and borne a Chylde,
Then all his Kin on him ſhal lout;
In their workes they be unſtable,
The Elements they be ſo raw;
And in their Colour ſo variable,
As ſometyme like the head of a Crow,
When he is black ye may well like,
Putrefaction muſt go beforne,
After Blacke he wilbe White,
Then thanke ye God the Chyld is borne.
This Child is both King and Emperour,
Through his region both far and neere;
All the World doth him honour,
By the vertue he hath taken of the Fire:

His first Vesture is White and pure,
As any Christall shining cleere,
Of White tincture then be you sure;
By verture taken of our Fire,
His first Vesture that is so White,
Betokeneth his Virginity,
A similitude even thereto like,
And according to the Trinity:
Our Medicen is made of things Three,
Against which the *Philosophers* cannot say nay,
The Father, the Son in one degree,
Corpus, Spiritus & Anima.
When Nature is with Nature, thou mayst fruite finde,
By proportion more or lesse,
In practise hereof many men be blinde,
Because they understand not what Nature is;
His second Vesture as Gold is Red,
In his Vessell bright shining,
A Diadem set on his head,
Richer then any earthly thing.
His third Vesture is Purple pure,
Like Sun-beames he shineth bright and clere,
Of Red tincture then be you sure:
By the vertue he hath taken of our Fire.
My beloved *Son* I commande thee,
As thou wilt have my love and blessing,
That thou to God kneele on thy knee,
Unto him give laude and thankeing;
For theis guifts of grace geven unto thee,
To have trew knowledge of this worthy *Scyence*,
That many men seeke by land and sea,
And cannot finde it for any expence:
I shall shew thee my *Son* here a hid Secret,
Because thou art vertuous in thy living,

Of me elſe ſhouldſt thou never it weet,
And for thou art wiſe in thy Councell keeping,
And therefore I charge thee on my bleſſing,
Not to ſhew it to any man living,
For it is the firſt Principle of our bleſſed *Stone*,
Through which our noble worke is releeved,
Note well that I ſhew now to thee my *Son*,
If Sulphur be abſent our worke is deprived;
Our Sulphur my *Son* is Water and Fire,
Conſtraining the Body till it be dead,
Of hem thou haſt never thy deſire,
Till he be bloe as any Lead,
After all this he doth revive,
That in his Veſſell before was dead;
I can no better in my reaſon contrive,
Then to figure him to the greate God head.
For as there dyed no more then One,
Howbeit that there be perſons Three,
The Father, the Son by might is one:
The holy Ghoſt make our full Trinity:
A ſimilitude like unto our *Stone*,
In him ben things three which be concluded all in one,
Our Sulphur is likened to the holy Ghoſt,
For he is quick, called the Spirit of lyfe,
In his working of might he is moſt.
He raiſeth our Body from death to lyfe,
Many (my *Son*) with him do riſe,
The holy Goſpell therein is expert,
The number my reaſon cannot contrive,
Multum & quantum fructum adfert:
I liken our Sulphur to the Adamant Stone,
That Steele drawes to him naturally,
So doth our Sulphur the woman;
When ſhe from her husband would flye.

Son. I muse greatly *(Father)* and mervaile in minde,
Whereof this *Stone* is ingendered,
And also of what manner of kinde,
For I have traveled many a Country,
In vallies low and on hills high,
And spurred therefore of foes and freind,
Yet could I never that Sulphur see,
Nor in any place wat I where him to finde.

Father. *Son* he is made of the Elements,
That God hath given both soule and lyfe,
From Mettall he may never be absent,
For he rules both man and wife.

Son. *Father* I pray you for charity,
Where shall I this Sulphur finde,
For perfectly I know him not by quality,
Nor yet to fore know him by kinde.

Father. In our Water *Son* keepe this in minde,
For there he will appeare as white as snow.

Son. Gramarcy *Father* to me ye be full kinde,
For through your teaching full well I it know,
Now *Father* I pray you for charity,
The while it is in your minde,
To ken the red Sulphur that you will teach me,
And then I trust your Doctrine to finde.

Father. White and Red Son be both one in kinde,
Now hast thou all thy desire,
Keepe well this secret and close it in thy minde,
His tincture and growing is by vertue of our Fire,
For in our Fire our *Stone* will grow,
And there his riches he doth encrease,
And so doth no *Stone* that I do know,
That in the fire will put him in prease;
We liken him therefore unto the Sun,
That to all Elements giveth light.

Nevre

Never ſith the World was begun,
Was any but he of ſo much might,
Were he never of ſo high degree,
Saphir, Diamond or Emarald Stone,
The Turcas, or the rich Ruby,
Of all vertuous Stones ſet ower alone,
The greateſt Carbuncle that is full of light,
May not with our *Stone* Compaire,
For if they in the Fire ſhould fight,
The Carbuncle of vertue ſhould be full bare,
To deſtroy our *Stone*, *Son* that will not be,
The Elements in him be ſo equall;
He is an Oyle incumbuſtible,
And of all things moſt imperiall.

In which Elements (*Father*) is our Sulphur in? *Son.*
Is he in all, or in any one?

In all (*Son*) he needes muſt be, *Father.*
For Seperation of Elements make we none,
Sulphur in Elements *Son* we may not ſee,
By Nature in them he is ſo privily mixed,
In Elements he is a quality,
Our *Stone* will never elſe be perfectly fixed.
Quality (*Son*) growes alſo in fire,
Betwixt the White Stone and the Redd,
For many Colours there will appere,
While the tyme the Woman be dead.

Father muſt the Woman needes be dead? *Son.*

Our *Stone* elſe my *Son* will never be Redd; *Father.*
For whereas a Woman is in preſence,
There is much moyſture and accidence,
Wetnes and humours in her be,
The which would drown'd our Quality;
Perceive well (*Son*) by *Noahs* flood,
To much moyſture was never good.
Like as quality is hid in quantity,

Eee So

So muſt our Erth in Waters be,
The riches in him thou ſhalt finde,
After alteration of kinde,
His Oyle in him is congelate,
This makes our Body liquefact,
Sulphur and Oyle all of one kinde,
Which makes our *Stone* rich and couloring;
I cannot tell thee *Son* a richer thing,
Then he is in the Fire during,
The Fire to him may do no wrong,
Sulphur of Nature makes him ſo ſtrong.

Son. How to make our *Stone* (*Father*) I would faine know.

Father. In ſoft heates my (*Son*) Elements will meete,
Haſt not to faſt whilſt they be rawe,
In the Veſſell (*Son*) the better thou ſhalt him keepe,
Rule well the Fire and and beware of the Lawe,
Shut well the Veſſell for going forth of the Spirit;
Soe ſhall you all things the better keepe;
For how to get him againe it is ſtrange to know,
It is hard for ſome men to make Elements meete,
Keepe well this Secret *Son* and God daily praiſe,
Put into thy Veſſell Water cleare,
And ſet it in Fire full forty dayes,
And then in the Veſſell blacknes will appeare,
When that he is black he will change tyte,
Many Colers in him then will appeare,
From coulour to colour till it be white,
Then it is tyme *Son* to change the Fire,
And melt the heat to your deſire;
And if you will have him White ſtill,
Then muſt you your Medicine apply,
A dry Fire put him till,
And a moyſt Fire naturally,
Till he be made fixed,
For to take Mercury before his flight,

As he is by nature privily mixed;
Of fusion then he shalbe light,
And if you to his proportion take,
Fine Luna then will he make,
So micle of piercing will he be,
Both fluxible with penetrabilitie;
And (*Son*) if thou wilt have thy Medicine Red,
In a dry Fire thou shalt him keepe,
Ever still in one steed,
That never your Vessell come to wet.

Son. So hard, so heavy and so peircing,
(*Father*) this a wonderous thing,
So hot, so moyst, so light, so wet,
This greate Secret *Father* will I keepe,
So white, so red, so profitable,
Of all Stones most incomparable.

Father. He may do more then any King,
He is so rich *Son* in his working,
Gould and Silver men would faine have,
Poore and rich for it do crave,
They that of it have most aboundance,
Of the people have most obaisance,
To serve them both day and night,
And in the feeld will for it fight,
Therefore *Son* upon my blessing,
Keepe secretly this precious cunning,
Of thy Councell make neither King nor Knight,
If they knew they would set it light;
For when they have what they will,
God's curse wil come they say the untill,
For had I wist and had I wend,
That commeth evermore behinde,
Our Mercury my (*Son*) is white and thin,
In our Vessell shining bright and cleere,
Our Sulphur is in him within,

Burning him more then our dry Fire,
He fixes him more in one yeare,
By his naturall working I understand,
Then doth the Sonne by his dry Fire,
In yeares a long thousand,
In short space we may have done,
When our Medicine thou wilt assay,
Thou maist make both Sol and Lune.
In lesse space then in one day.

Son. *Father* is it Water in the well springing,
Or is it Water in the river running?
Other Water (*Father*) can I not finde.

Father. Noe (*Son*) it is of another kinde,
Howbeit it is Water cleere,
Our Sulphur in him is soe cleving,
He may not be departed by any fire,
I tell thee the throath in this thing.

Son. By no fire (*Father*) how may that be?

Father. Fire he is ever brenning,
Our Sulphur is made of the Sun and such humi-
That in the Fire he is ever during. (dity.

Son. The tyme of our working would I know,
In what space might be made our *Stone*,
By Corne and by Frut (*Son*) thou maist it wel
Once in a yeare it is afore thee done; (know.
The Sun in the Zodiack about doth gonne,
Through the twelve Signes once in a yeare,
Soe long it is ere we can make our *Stone*.

Father. Haste not to fast but rule well thy Fire,
The vertue of our *Stone* few men can tell,
The Elements in him be so mighty,
Aboundance of treasure in him do dwell;
For in riches all Stones exceeds he.

FINIS.

The

The Preface prefixt to Sir *Geo: Ripley's* *MEDULLA*; *Which he wrote* Ann. Dom. 1476. *and Dedicated to* Geo: Nevell *then Arch-Bishop of* Yorke.

RIGHT *noble* Lord, *and* Prelate *Deere,*
Vouchsafe of me these Verses take,
Which I present unto you heere,
That mencion of the Stone *doth make,*
Of Wise men meetered for your sake.
For Which of you thus much I crave,
Your gentle favour for to have.

2. *This* Stone divine *of which I write,*
Is knowne as One, and it is Three;
Which though it have his force and might,
Of Triple nature for to be,
Yet doe they Mettalls judge and try.
And called is of Wise men all,
The mighty Stone *that Conquer shall.*

3. *Disdaine you not nor yet refuse,*
To learne the vertues of them now,
By which you may if you them use,
Your selfe preserve and eke know howe,
Old age to hide, and Youth outshewe.
And Brasse by them transmuted is,
And eger Bodyes clensed I wis.

4. *Fined also and made full pure,*
And Aurified be at the last.
The first of these I you assure,
Right hurtfull is for Man to tast,
For Life it will resolve and wast.
Of Corrosives made corrupting all,
And named is the Minerall.

5. *But* Animall *the second is,*
The third forsooth the Vegitable,
To cure all things their vertue is,
In every cause what soe befall,
Mankinde in health preserve they shall:
Reneweth Youth and keepeth it sound,
As trew by proofe the same is found.

6. *And here I will teach you plaine,*
How for to make their Mixtures pure:
In order faire without disdaine.
I will tell you no Dreame be sure,
Beleeve me while my life may dure.
Looke what with mouth to you I say,
My deedes shall prove it true alway.

7. *Yett shall some Figure my Meeter hide,*
Least the Arte with Wings should fly awey,
And soe as vile abroad to slide,
Whose sence, or Truth cannot decay,
And without fraude I will display
The matter plaine on every side,
And true likewise what soe betide.

8. *Although ere this you have heard say,*
That such as practice doth this Arte,
Their thrift in Ashes seeke alway:
And learne at length with heavy heart,
Not more but lesse to make their part,
Yet be not you dismayed therefore;
Ne feare nor shrinke for it the more.

9. *But trust the words which I you tell,*
For truly I doe flatly say,
I have both seene and known it well,
And wittnesse will the same alway,
This the Marrow *called is I say,*
A truer Text full well I wote,
In all this World finde shall you not.

10 *Then*

10. *Then as this Writing of our Wine,*
Whereof I bring you here a taste;
Whose heavenly Water pure and fine,
Doth all things Worke withouten Waste,
To your desire the bodyes fast
It doth dissolve, make light and open
With other things, not yett of spoken.

11. *Against Nature yet is it not,*
But naturall as may men trow,
Which being cleansed from his spott,
There Phœbus *splendor shall forth shewe,*
And cause it fragrantly to grow;
For how more fragrant it shalbe,
Soe much of Valor more is hee.

12. *For* Phœbus *nature doth surpasse,*
And bodyes pure, and eke the sky,
It doth beshine both Corne and Grasse,
The Sonn reneweth from on hye,
And causeth things to fructifie.
Doth mix, and fix, and natureth,
Drives plagues away and nourisheth.

13. *Abandoneth, draweth, and clenseth the Aire,*
Maketh dews sweete, floods and humors dry,
Maketh softe, hard, sweete and fayre;
And purifieth Natures perfectly,
By his working incessantly;
It maketh all things to grow I say,
And chaseth Ugly things away,

14. *In Laurell Tree, it is full greene,*
In Gold it lodgeth glistringly;
It decketh Stones with brightnes sheene,
The shinening bodyes are made thereby:
But if you will more certeinly,
Of Phœbus *vertue have knowledging,*
Then Saturns *Chyld must yssue bring.*

15. *O* Pastor *meeke draw Water cleere,*
From buds of Vynes out of a Glasse,
As red as blood as Gold it were;
Which will you give a Gummy Masse,
As pretious as ever was.
Thus without fraude made open is by wyse,
The Arte *which you shall not dispise.*

16. *It multiplyeth and maketh also,*
Gold Potable *know this for trewe,*
By it are things increased soe,
That health thereby you may renewe,
To learne those Secreats dayly sue,
Which formally prolong well may
Your Life in joy from day to day.

17. *For although many hate this* Arte,
Yet it is precious over all;
Try and discerne within your hearte,
By all the Lessons mistical;
A Gift it is Cœlestiall
Which here is taught to you him by
That prov'd it hath Assuredly.

18. *This have I written for your sake,*
Not in vaine stile, but order plaine,
This little Booke of him you take,
Which frankly doth bestowe his paine.
To God committinge you againe,
And all that doth wish well to thee,
In any place wheresoever they bee.

19. *If you unbroken long would keepe,*
In perfect health, your Vessel still;
Then for your Cannon *looke you seeke,*
Remembring him that hath good will,
By your assistance to fulfill:
And in such sort your Worke display,
As found may to your lawd alway.

A
SHORT WORKE
That beareth the Name of the aforesaid Author,
Sir G. RIPLEY.

TAke *Heavy*, *Soft*, *Cold*, and *Drye*; (ly:
Clense him, and to Calx grind him subti-
Dissolve him in Water of the Wood;
If thou can do any good
Thereof, take a Tincture
And Earthy Calx good and pure.
Of this maist thou have with thy travaile,
Both Mercury, Water, and Oyle;
Out of the Ayre with Flames great,
Fire into the Earth doth Creepe;
In this Worke if thou wilt winn,
Take heed wherewith thou dost begin,
And in what manner thou dost work,
For loosing thy way in the darke;
And where, with what, and how, thy matter shal
I tell and Councell thee as my Frend: (end;
Make Water of Earth, and Earth of Water;
Then art thou well onward in the matter.

For thou ſhalt find hid in the myre,
Both Earth, Water, Ayre, and Fire:
I tell thee my Brother, I will not flatter,
Of our Earth is made our Water:
The which is cleere white as Snow;
And makes our Earth Calcine and growe.
Blackneſſe firſt to thee doth ſhew,
As by thy practiſe thou ſhalt know:
Diſſolve and Calcine oft, and oft; (brought:
With Congelation till the Body to whitnes be
Make the Body fluxible, and flowing;
With the Earth, perfect, and teyning.
Then after Ferment is once done;
Whither thou wilt with Sunne or Moone,
Diſſolve him with the Water of life,
Ycalled Mercury withouten ſtrife:
Put the Soule with the Body, and Spirite
Together in one that they may meete,
In his Dammes belly till he wax great,
With giving Drinke of his owne ſweate:
For the Milke of a Cow to a Child my brother
Is not ſo ſweete as the Milke of his Mother:
This Child that is ſo marveilouſly wrought,
Unto his Heritage muſt be brought:
His livelyhood is ſo worthy a thing,
Of abilitye to ſpend with a King:
He that beareth all this in minde,
And underſtandeth theſe Parables all;
WithSeperation he may finde,
Poore and Rich, great and ſmall;
With our Sulphur we make our Antimony, White and
And thereof we make our Mercury quick, & dead. (Red;
This is a Mettall that I ſpeake of one of the ſeaven,
If thou be a Clerk read what I meane.

There

There is no Plannet of six neither great nor small,
But if he be put to them, he will Calcine them all,
Unto red blood he must be brought;
Else of him thou gettest right nought:
Reach him then with the Wood Water,
Man, and Woman Clothed under one hatter,
In and of them is conceived a Child
Lovely of beauty, meeke and mild;
Out of the Earth with dropps strong,
Nourish the Child in his Mothers wombe;
Till he be come to full age;
And then make thou a Mariage,
Betweene the Daughter, and the Sonne,
And then thou hast the Mastery wonn.
The beginning of this Worke, if thou wilt crave,
In holly Writ thou shalt it have:
Both in Masse Booke and in Psalter
Yea wrighten before the Preest at the Alter:
And what is Antimony that thou shalt worke,
I have written to thee if thou be a Clerke;
Looke about before if thou canst finde
Plainely written, which maketh men blind:
Our Werke is bringing againe our Mercury,
And that *Philosophers* call Solucion;
And if thou loose not the uncleane body,
Thou werkest without discretion;
The Inbibition of Water, is not the loosing;
But bringing the Body into water againe turning:
That is to say into such water,
That is turning the Body into his first Matter:
The second Werke is to bring,
Earth and Water to Congealing;
The cleansing of the Third is another
Unto Whitenes; my owne Brother;

With this Water of his owne,
That is full marvalous to be knowne:
The fourth werke is diſtilling
Of Water, and Earth upſweating.
And thus haſt thou by one aſſent,
Earth, Ayre, Water, and Fire; the foure Elements:
The Aſhes that are in the bottome of the Veſſell,
Looke thou diſpiſe them not though left,
For I tell thee right well,
There is the Diadem of our Craft.

FINIS.

JOHN LYDGATE
MONKE OF
St. EDMUNDS BURY,

In his Translation of the second Epistle that King Alexander *sent to his Master* ARISTOTLE.

WHan *Alysaundre* as is Rehersyd heer
This *Phylosophre* for vertues manyfoold;
Sent unto hym a secret Messengeer,
Without exskus to come to hys housoold;
But he ageyn for he was feeble and old,
And impotent on the tother syde,
And unweldy for to goon or ryde.

But chiefe cause why *Alysaundre* sente,
A purpoos take and a fantasye,
To declare pleynly what it mente;
He wyst in sooth that in *Philosophye*,
Wyth other secrets of *Astronomye*:
He was experte and mooste cowde understonde,
Thys was in cheefe Cause of the Kynges sonde.

Powder of Planetys and mevyng of all Sterrys,
And of every heavenly Intelligence;
Dysposicion of Pees and ek of Werrys;
And of ech othyr straunge hyd Scyence,
As the sevene Goddys by theyr Influence
Dyspose the Orders of Incantacions,
Or of sevene Metallys the Transmutacions,

With othir Craftys which that be secre,
Calculacion and Geomancye,
Dyfformacions of *Circes* and *Meed*:
Lokynge of Facys and Pyromancye,
On Lond, and Watir, Craft of Geometrye.
Heyghte and Depnesse with all Experyence,
Therefore the *Kinge* desires his presence,

But for all this within himselfe a thing
There was a Secre he kept not to disclose;
Nor to publishe opynly to the *Kynge*,
Takeyng Example by two things in a Roose,
First how the Flower greet sweetnesse doth dispoose:
Yet in the Thorne men finde great sharpnesse,
And thus in Konnyng there may been a lykenesse.

In Herbe and Flour, in Writeing, Word and Stoon,
Ech hath his vertue of God and of Nature,
But the knowyng is hyd froo many oon:
And not declaryd to every Creature,
Wherefor he cast twen Reason and Measure:
To shape aweye both the *Kyng* to plese,
Somewhat to unclose and set his herte at ese.

There

There is of ryght a greete difference,
Tween a Princes royall Dignite,
And a twen Commons rude In telligence,
To whom nat longeth to meddle in no degre,
Of Konnynges that should be kept secre,
For to a Kynges famous magnificence,
And to Clerkys whiche have Experience.

Itt cordeth well to search out Scripture,
Mysteries hid of Fowlys, Beeste, and Tree,
And of Angellys moost sotyl of Nature;
Of Myneralls, and Fysshes in the See,
And of Stonys specially of Three.
Oon *Myneral* another *Vegetatyff*,
Partyd on Foure to lengthe a Mannys lyffe.

Off whych I radde oonys among othir Stonys,
There was oon calyd *Anymal*;
Foure Elements wrought out for the noonys:
Erthe, Watir, and Ayre, and in especyall,
Joyned with Fyre proporcyon maad egal.
I dar seyn breefly and not tarye,
Is noon swych *Stoone* found in the Lapidarye.

I rad Oonys of a *Phylosophre*,
Ageyn ech syckenesse of valew doth moost cure,
All the Tresure and Gould in *Cræsus* Coffre;
Nor all the Stoonys that grow by Nature,
Wrought by Craft or forgyd by Picture.
Lapis & non Lapis, Stoon of greetest fame,
Aristotiles gaff it the same name.

And

And for I have but little rad or seyne,
To write or medle of so high mateerys,
For presumcion some would have disdeyn;
To be so bold or clymbe in my desires:
To scale the Laddere above the nyne Speerys,
Or medle of Rubyes that yeve so cleere a light,
On hooly shrines in the dirk night.

I was nevir noon expert Joweleere,
In suych mateerys to put my sylfe in prees,
With *Philosophres* myn Eyen wer nat cleer,
Nowthir with *Plato* nor with *Socratees*:
Except the Prynce *Aristotilees*.
Of Philosophres to *Alisaundre* Kyng,
Wrott of this *Stone* the mervaylle in all werking.

In prevy wyse lych to hys Ententys,
Secretys hyd cloos in *Phylosophye*,
Fyrst departyng of the foure Elementys;
And aftyrward as he doth speceffye,
Every ech of hem for to recteffye.
And after thys lyk hys Oppynyon,
Of thys foure to make a Conjunccyon.

In suych wyse performe up thys *Stoon*,
Seene in the joynynge there be noone outrage
But the fals erryng hath founyd many one;
And brought hem aftyr in full greete rerage,
By Expensys and outragyous Costage.
For lak of brayn they wern maad soe wood,
Thyng to begynne whych they not understood.

For

For he that lyſt putte in Experience,
Forboode ſecrees I hold hym but a foole,
Lyke hym that temptyth of wylfull neglygence,
To ſtonde up ryght on a three foote ſtoole,
Or ſparyth a ſtewe, or fysſheth a bareyn poole.
Whan all is doon, he get noon othir grace,
Men wyl skorne hym and mokke hys foltiſh face.

Itt is no Craffr poore men t'aſſayle,
It cauſeth Coffers and Cheſtys to be bare,
Marryth wytts, and braynes doth affray;
Yit by wryting this booke doth declare,
And be Reſons lyſt not for to ſpare,
Wyth Golden Reſouns in taaſt mooſt lykerous,
Thyng *per Ignotum* prevyd *per Ignocius.*

Title of this Booke *Labor Philoſophorum*,
Namyd alſoe *De Regimine principum*,
Of Philoſophres *Secreta Secretorum*,
Treſour compyled *omnium Virtutum*;
Rewle directory ſet up in a ſom,
As Complexions in helthe and ſekeneſſe,
Dyſpoſe them ſylf to mornyng or to gladneſſe.

The whych booke direct to the Kyng
Alyſaundre both in the werre and pees,
Lyke hys requeſt and royall commanding,
Full accompliſhed by *Ariſtotiles*,
Feble for Age and impotent doubtles,
Hoole of corage and trew in his entent;
T'obeye his byddyng this booke he to hym ſent.

How Ariſtotle *declareth to King* Alyſaundre *of the Stonys.*

TOwching the *Stone of Philoſophres Oold,*
Of which they make mooſt Sovereyn mencyon ;
But there is oon as *Ariſtotle* toold ,
Which alle excelleth in Compariſon,
Stoon of Stoonys mooſt Sovereyn of renoune ;
Towching the vertue of this rych thyng,
Thus he wrote to the moſt ſovereyn King.

O *Alyſaundre* gretteſt of dignite,
Of al this World Monark and Regent,
And of al Nacyons haſt the Sovereynte ;
Echoon to obeye and been obedyent,
And to conclude the fyn of our entent,
All worldly Treſure breefly ſhet in oon,
Is declaryd in vertue of this *Stoon.*

Thou muſt firſt conceiven in ſubſtance,
By a maneer uncouth dyvyſion ;
Watir from Eyr by a diſſeverance :
And fyr from Eyr by a departicion,
Echoon preſervyd from all Corruptyon.
As *Philoſophres* a forme have ſpeceffyed,
Which by Reaſon may not be denyed.

Watir from Eyr departyd prudently,
Eyr from Fyr and Fyr from Erthe don,
The Craft conceyved devyded truly ,
Withouten Errour or Decepcyon,
Pure every Element in his Complexion.
As it perteyneth pleynly to his parte,
As is remembryd perfyghtly in this Arte.

This

This *Stone* of Colour is ſometyme Citrynade,
Lyke the Sonne ſtremyd in his kynd,
Gold treſſyd maketh hertes full glade;
With more Treſour then hath the Kyng of *Inde*,
Of pretyous Stoonys wrought in their kynde.
The Cetryn Colour for the Sonne bryght,
Whyte for the Morne that ſhyneth all the nyght.

This *Philoſophre* brought forth in *Paris*,
Which of this Stoonys wroot fully the nature,
All the Dyvyſion ſet by grett advys;
And thereuppon did his beſy cure,
That the perfeccion long ſhould endure,
Lyke the entent of *Ariſtotles* ſonde,
Which none but he cowd well bryng on honde.

For though the mateer opynly nat toold,
Of this Stoonys what *Phyloſophres* mente,
Ariſtotiles that was experte and Oold;
And he of *Paris* that forth this preſent ſent,
And in all hys beheſte feythfull true of Entent:
With Circumſtances of *Araby Inde & Perce*,
Towching the Stoonys that Clerkys can reherſe.

Hermogenes hadde hymſelfe alloone,
With the ſeyd *Phelip* that with him was ſecre,
Knewh the vertue of every prevy Stone;
As they were diſpooſyd of Degree,
From him was hyd noon uncouth prevyte.
This *Hermogenes* and he knewh every thing,
Of alle ſuych vertues as long to a Kyng.

THE *FIRST CHAPTER.*

IN the name of the holy Trinitie,
I will write of this Worke breiflie;
Leaving matters of circumſtance,
And promiſe the truth to advance:
I will not write Figuratively,
But declare the Matter plainely,
And how things muſt be made to accord,
By Natures true worke and the helpe of our Lord:
The World is but one incloſed with heavens round,
Though divers matters and formes be therein found:
The Earth this worlds Center borne up by the Aire,
In kinde hath noe more but being baire,
And neereſt to not being, *Philoſophers* have told,
In kinde of Complexion is full dry and cold;
And now for my Figure of rotundity,
I will ſhew how Elements accord and diſagree:
And though the Elements be ſo contrary,
Yett by heavens Influence they are brought to unite,
And when once togeather a body they binde,
Nought may them looſen without wrecke to the kinde.
Firſt Fire in Nature is hott and dry,
Aire differs from Fire in moiſture only:
Earth only for coldneſſe from Fire diſagrees,
This Concord and diſcord every man ſees:
Aire hot and moiſt of complexion and kinde,
Water differs from Aire but in heate we finde:

Soe

Soe that in moysture we finde them both one;
Naturall heate in Water we finde none;
Water cold and moiste, of Complexion is,
Earth differs from Water in drynes I wis:
Earth agrees with Fire in drynes noe doubte,
Thus one in another the Wheele turnes about.
From this round Circle proceeds a quadrant,
Each line unto another an equall distant:
And as the round Figure concludes all in One,
Soe the Quadrant of foure things makes distinction.
From this Quadrant a Fire must proceed,
Which is *Animall*, *Vegitable* and *Minerall* we reede:
And with the Fire I will begin;
Pray God I be not too bold therein.
The whole Composition of this world is fram'd,
Of the Three things which before I have nam'd:
Now to make things of Excellencie,
We must take things neerest Nobilitie;
And as this greate Masse conteines things Three,
Soe Blood, Flesh and Bone in the least World we see;
Yett lesse World and greate World is all but One;
Thus still we keepe an Unyon:
Whatsoever itt is that is alive,
Without Blood they may not thrive.
Sperme is Generacion of each thing,
Of what kinde soever itt bene;
Blood is Sperme be itt White or Redd,
For without Blood each thing is dead:
Blood conteineth the three things I have told,
And in his Tincture hath Nature of Gold:
Without Gold noe Mettle may shine bright,
Without Blood noe Body hath bene fitt of light:
Thus doth the greate and lesse World still,
Hold the Union according to Gods will:

Now of all things Blood Noblest is,
For nothing in the World may itt misse,
Blood hath true proporcion of the Elements foure,
And of the three species I spoke of before:
The Blood must be the principall matter of each thing,
Which hath any manner of increasing :
Mercury in Mettalls is the Blood certeine,
Sperme in Animalls getts the like againe ;
Vegetable moysture from heaven so good,
Yett all these three are but Blood :
Then Blood in procreation is neerest of kinde,
This Secrett good *Brother* keepe close in thy mynde :
And uppon that Condition,
Which Blood thou shalt take I will make repeticion ;
The true Blood of Mettalls is hard to have,
And long tyme of gettting itt doth crave :
Blood of Vegetables hath moysture greate store,
And therefore to have itt requireth much labour:
The true Blood to finde without labour and cost,
Thou knowst where to have it ere thy witts be lost.
Seeke out the noblest as I said before,
For now of the Matter I dare say noe more.
This Secrett was never reveal'd till this tyme,
By any Mans writings that ere I could finde,
But I which by practice have found itt true,
Knew how things caused things to renew :
God grant noe *Alchymists* meete with my Booke,
For they would have *Elixir* by hooke or by crooke;
And he would spend what his Freinds wan,
And be as neere at the last as when he began,
And would promise to give men Gold greate store,
But beware thou of Expence, as I said before.

CHAP.

Chap. II.
Of the manner of the Worke.

NOW after the Matter the Manner compute,
How to bring this our Worke aboute:
First take the Matter crude as itt is,
Which will cost you little or nought I wis:
Searce it soe cleane as it may be,
Untill from filth itt is all free,
Which wilbee done in houres three or foure,
Then will it be cleare from his ill humour:
Then take the Faces which you shall finde,
In the same which the Matter left behind:
Purge him also with the noblest Element,
Untill that he to Earth be brent:
Then have you a *Stone* of wonderfull might,
With small Cost a secret right.
Take ye this *Stone* and use Millers Craft,
Till it be fine powder and made very soft:
Then give him the moisture which from him ye tooke,
Then use him as ye shall finde in this booke.
But give him noe other Drinke but of his owne kinde,
For elce you doe not after my mynde.
Let him drinke noe more then will suffice,
Beware of Floods I you advise:
Then search him twice againe as you did before,
And still put uppon his owne liquor:
Thus their first Order to passe is brought,
And your foulest Worke fully wrought.

CHAP.

Chap. III.
Of the ſecond Order.

NOW the ſecond Manner I will ſhew plaine,
How you ſhall worke it with little paine:
When your three ſearſings be done after my lore,
Then breake the *Stone* as you did before:
Then muſt you have one Veſchell,
Which muſt be made like an Eggſhell,
Into the which Veſſell the Matter you muſt putt,
Then ſee that itt be well cloſed upp:
The Veſſells divided in parts three,
Whereof two ſtill voyde muſt bee:
This Veſſell muſt be ſet in a kinde heate,
That the Matter may kindly ſweate;
The Spiritts muſt not be oppreſt with Fire,
For then thou ſhalt never have thy deſire;
Neither muſt thy Veſſell have cold,
For then itt will ſpoile as *Philoſophers* have told;
But keepe itt in a temperate heate alwayes,
For the ſpace of fortie dayes:
Then Blackeſſe will appeare to ſight,
That Blackneſſe thou muſt bring to be White.
ake out t he Glaſſe at the forty dayes end,
And ſe that from cold thou doe itt defend;
And ſet itt in a Furnace with dry fire,
Till itt be White after thy deſire,
Which wilbe done in Weekes three,
And dryed from his moyſture utterly:

Then

Then with the first Water thou first didst imbibe
Againe thou maist feede it att this tyde,
But give itt noe more, nor you doe thinke
May suffice at once for itt to drinke,
This done putrefy as you did before,
Even in the very selfe same maner,
And in the said tyme which it stoode before,
Itt will becom of blacke Colour,
And in the same Order if it congeale White,
Then is your Worke both perfect and right;
Now you must goe lerne the Bakers occupacion,
How he Leavens Bread by Fermentacion;
And truly to Ferment take noe plate of Gold,
But parte of that the plates doe hold.
You know that if *Sol* shew not a faire Tincture,
Itt will be had but in little honour,
Then Tincture of Gold is a most noble thing,
With a grace to noble men of our workeing,
For that true proverbe doth well accord,
Base things befitt not a noble Lord.
Now have I told you what Ferment is,
To teach you to Ferment I will not misse;
This Chapter is now brought to an end,
And now the third Order to shew I intend.

CHAP. IV.
Of the third Order of this Worke.

R*ECIPE Sol* that is pure and good,
And see that from him you take his pure blood,
Your *Stone* you must divide in parts three,
And the fourth of the Ferment must be.

If you will have for Red, and White too,
To Red after this Order you muſt doe,
And the White after the ſame,
Muſt be ferment with *Lune* by name,
And the matter equally divyde
One for the Red, the other for the White.
Another like Veſſell for the White you muſt looke,
As before is taught you in this Booke.
When your Ferments to your matters be put,
Then your Veſſell cloſe you muſt ſhut;
And ſett it to Putrifye as you did before,
The full tyme as I ſaid of yore:
And uſe itt in every degree,
As in the next Chapter before you may ſee.
But looke that you knowe your two Ferments aſſunder,
Or elce of your folly itt were great wonder:
And when from his Blacknesse you have brought itt White,
Then have you *Elixir* of wonderfull might:
Your Red to his perfection is not fully brought,
But your White is perfectly wrought.
Your Red with moſt ſtrong heate muſt be fedd
In a cloſe Furnace untill itt be Redd:
When itt is Redd and will melt like waxe,
Then of all that ſhould be nothing laxe.
Now have you a *Stone* of wonderfull might,
Which will take Mercury before his flight,
And command him to ſtay, and cauſe him to bring
All Mettalls unto him, and call him their Kinge,
And make ſuch obedyence without Digreſſion,
That of him they ſhall all take Impreſſion;
Now have you a *Stone* of wonderfull power,
Which conteineth the three Species and the Elements (foure:
Fire in Colour, Water by Effuſion,
Earth to ſight without deluſion,

Aire

Aire is in Water all men doe knowe,
And thus the foure Elements accordeth nowe:
As for the three Species I will ſhewe,
How in your *Stone* you may them knowe:
Tincture for Blood perteineth to the Animall,
Moyſture the Vegetable part poſſeſſe ſhall;
All Earth is Minerall without any doubt,
Thus keepe we in one Circle and never goe out.
Now have I my *Figure* perfectly wrought,
Yett of the Center I have ſaid right nought.
A Center is a pricke of whatſoever itt be,
Without any manner of diviſibilitie;
And made as Nature doth well provide,
So as no Accident may itt divide:
Only by hand but in the Quantitie,
But by noe Element ſeperate the Qualitie;
If in greate Fire you ſett it downe,
A true Salamander itt wilbe found;
If in the Water thou throwe I wis,
It will live there as doth a Fiſh;
If in the Aire you caſt it up hye,
There will it live, and never dye:
If in the Earth thou bury itt faſt,
Then will it remaine there, and ever laſt.
Thus can no Element divide without doubt,
The Center which our Wheele turnes about:
Now how to Multiply your Medicine I trow,
Would doe you much good for to knowe;
For unleſſe you know howe to Multiply,
Your Medicine will be ſpent quickly:
Then would itt put thy minde to much paine,
To thinke that thou muſt make itt againe:
Therefore the next Chapter ſhall teach thee right,
To Multiply this *Stone* of wonderfull might.

Chap. V.
How to Multiply.

NOW in this Chapter I meane to ſhewe,
How to Multiply that thou may knowe:
If Iron to the Load-ſtone be not put certeinly,
Itt will decreace wonderfully;
The Species of all things both more and leſſe each one,
Are mainteyned by reaſon of Multiplication;
Then if they be not Multiplyed they decay,
But Multiplication makes them be all away.
All things after Conception receive naturall Food,
To mainteine their kind as Nature ſeeth good:
Soe likewiſe our *Stone* muſt needs Multiply,
Or elce the Species of that *Stone* will dye:
And Multiplication muſt needs be of ſuch thing,
As the thing multiplied takes beſt likeing.
Fire which burneth perpetually,
If Matter want Fire will dye;
But for to feed our *Stone* rightly,
The way I will ſhewe preſently.
Take your Glaſſe and Medicine withall,
And in a warme Fire ſett itt you ſhall;
And when itt begins to liquefy,
Put common Mercury to itt by and by;
And itt wilbe devoured anon
By vertue of heate that is in our *Stone*,
And as much as you putt in quantitie,
Soe much doth your Medicine augment truly:
Yett you muſt have reaſon not for to cloye,
With overmuch cooling, kind heate thereby:

And

And as of a Dragme you will make a Pounde,
You may well do itt, if you keep round;
And when it is Multiplied ſufficiently,
Then from the Fire ſet it by.
A man in this Land once I knewe,
That marred that he made, and ſo may yowe;
Except ye doe as I have taught,
And then neede you to feare nought.
Another I knewe which wanted good direccion,
And at once ſpent all at one projection.
Theſe knew not howe itt ſhould be multiplyed,
Which things I have taught you at this tyde;
But ſee that the Mercury wherewith ye Multiply,
Be made ſoe cleane as itt may be.
Now to make him extend his perfection,
It is needfull to know how to make projeccion:
Whereof in the next Chapter I will treate,
For of Multiplicacion I will noe more ſpeake.

Chap. VI.
Of Projection.

NOw lacke we but onely this Leſſon to take,
Perfectly projection for to make:
Take one parte of the Medicine, and of ☿ ♄ or Tinn,
But ſee that you make them exceeding cleane;
And when your Mettall doth Liquefy,
Then caſt in your parte of Medicine quickly.
Then will it be brought to ſuch a paſſe,
That all will be as brittle a glaſſe;
Take the brittle ſubſtance as it is,
And upon an (100.) to take doe not miſſe.
That 100. uppon 1000. ſoe ſtill increaſe you may,

And project noe more when your Tincture doth decay.
This projection is sure without any doubt,
Thus is our Wheele turned round about.
In what Vessell to project I need not to tell,
For a Maister of his Arte knoweth it very well;
To project on Mettalls nowe you knowe,
And to project on mans body nowe will I shewe.
First the Body must be purged well,
And by swetting and bathing be made suttell.
And when you are cleane according to your minde,
Take a dragme of your Medicine with the Quintessence of (Wine;
Such a suddeine alteration itt will showe,
As you need not to feare Corruption noe moe:
Nowe of his Vertues I need not to declare,
They are fully shewne by others elce-where.
Now to the holy Trinitie I thee commend,
Thankeing him my Worke is at an end:
Chargeing thee this Secret from bad men to keepe,
Though with greate Importance of thee they itt seeke;
And beware itt goe not from thy hand,
Except to a perfect honest man.
By Bookes the true Worke I could never finde,
Therefore left I this Booke behinde,
That to whose share soever itt might fall,
By itt they might know our Secretts all.
God grant noe *Multiplyer* meete with my Booke,
Nor noe sinister Clerkes thereon to looke;
Then will they pay their debts surely,
And build Churches, and Steeples very hye;
Keepe itt from these folkes I thee pray,
As thou wilt answere before God att last day:
For whatsoever hath bin said to our worke doth accord,
Therefore give honour, prayse, and thankes to our Lord;
Holy and Reverend be his Name,
Which to me vile Synner hath revealed the same.

THE

HERMET'S TALE.

IN Pilgrimage one onely thing I found
Of worth in *Lemnes* nere to *Vulcan*'s ſhopp,
A Chriſtall founteine running under ground;
Between a Vally and a Mounteines topp.
Pleas'd with this ſight, I bid a *Hermite* tell
The ſtory of the place, who there did dwell.

Within this Vale a hallowe dusky Cave
There is (quoth he) of greate Antiquity,
Where plumes of *Mars* blew greene and red you have:
Torne from his creſt for his Iniquity.
The Troope of Smiths, as he for *Venus* lay,
Surpris'd and tooke him, yett he gett away.

For as the *Cyclops* him in tryumph brought,
To halting *Vulcan* to receive his doome,
They lifted up his beaver, and found nought
But vacant place and Armour in the roome.
Of th'armour then they thought they had good prize,
But working it they found itt ſcyndarize.

The Smiths amaz'd finding themſelves deluded,
Satt all in Counſaile in their Maſters Denne,
Deliberating well, at length concluded,
There is no equall War twixt Godds and men,
Lett's finde the Angry God and pardon crave,
Lett's give him *Venus* our poore ſelves to ſave.

They

They fought in Heaven *Mars* knew his fact so bad,
He came out there, then one began to tell,
Saturne turn'd from his Throne, a Place had
Not far from thence, hard by this Christall Well.
Thither they went and found two Gods alone,
Sitting within a darke, but glittering throne.

Downe fell old *Vulcan* on his crooked knee,
And said forgive, O mighty God of Warr,
My servants and my selfe (once God as yee)
Then use thy will with *Venus* my faire starr.
Saturne (quoth *Mars*) and I must not yet part,
Though shee for whom th'art pard'ned hath my heart.

With this the Cuckold with his sweaty Troope
Went to his Forge and seem'd to make a legg,
Att every steppe, where halting made him stoope,
In thankes to *Mars*, granting what he did begg;
In whose remembrance you shall ever have
Syndars, and fetters in that hollow Cave.

But lett me tell you all that then befell,
Iove seeing this, meaning the Smith to right,
Sent downe a winged God, he trusted well,
Disguis'd in habitt of a shineing light,
Which to the Vally from the Hill's high topp,
Affrighted all the smiths in *Vulcans* shopp.

A voyce was heard from *Ioves* Embassadour,
To summon *Mars* t'appeare before the Gods:
With *Saturne* forth came *Venus* Paramour:
Thinkeing with might to gett of right the odds:
Downward came he 9. myles, they upward fower,
All mett in mist, he fledd, they nere went lower.

Vulcan

Vulcan came hobling up to se what's done,
He findes nor light, nor Gods, but other shape;
To witnesse of this fact he calls the *Sonne*,
Who streght cryes Murther,and made hast to scape:
Some dyeing Soule groan'd forth, *Apollo* stay,
Helpe wise *Apollo* ere thou goest away.

With this *Apollo* lookeing round about,
Espies this fountaine knowes the voice was here,
And boweing downe to finde the party out,
Himselfe unto himselfe doth streyght appeare.
There gaz'd he till a sturdy showre of rayne
Tooke wise *Apollo* from himselfe againe.

Farewell *Apollo* then *Apollo* sayd,
To morrow when this storme is fully past,
Ile turne and bring some comfortable ayd,
By which Ile free thee ere the latter cast.
Then did itt cry as if the voyce were spent,
Come sweete *Apollo*, soe itt downwards went.

Vulcan went to his Forge, the *Sonne* to bed,
But both were up betimes to meete againe;
Next morne after the storme a pale soule dead
Was found att bottome of this faire Fountaine.
Smith (said *Apollo*) helpe to lade this spring,
That I may raise to life yonder dead thing.

Then *Vulcan* held *Apollo* by the heele,
While he lades out the Waters of the Well;
Boweing and straining made *Apollo* feele
Blood from his nose, that in the fountaine fell.
Vulcan (quoth he) this Accident of blood
Is that or nought must doe this Creature good.

He ſpake the word, and *Vulcan* ſawe itt done,
Looke *Sol* (ſaid he) I ſee itt changeth hue,
Fewe Gods have vertue like to thee ô *Sonne*,
From pale itt is become a ruddy blue;
Vulcan (quoth *Phœbus*) take itt to thy forge,
Warme it, rubb it, lett itt caſte the Gorge.

Thus *Vulcan* did, itt ſpued the Waters out,
And then itt ſpake and cry'de itt was a cold;
Then *Vulcan* ſtuft and cloath'd it round about,
And made the *Stone* as hott as ere itt would.
Thus fourteene dayes itt ſickly did indure,
The *Sonne* came every day to ſe the cure.

As itt grewe well the Colours went and came,
Blew, Blacke, White, Redd, as by the warmth & heate,
The humours moved were within the ſame,
Then *Phœbus* bid him put it in a ſweate;
Which *Vulcan* plyde ſoe well, it grue all Red,
Then was itt ſound, and cald for drinke and bread.

Stay (quoth *Apollo*) though itt call for meate,
Diſgeſtion yett is weeke, 'twill breede relapſe,
By ſurfett, therefore ere you lett itt eate,
Some little exerciſe were good perhapps,
Yett had itt broath alowde the ſtrength to keepe,
But when 'twas on his leggs it would ſcarce creepe.

Sol ſawe ſome reliques left of th'ould diſeaſe,
A ſolutive (quoth he) were good to clenſe,
With which the ſickneſſe he did ſo appeaſe,
Health made the Patyent ſeeke to make amenſe;
Who went away three weekes, then brought a *Stone*,
That in projection yeelded ten for one.

This

This did he lay downe att *Apollo*'s feete,
And said by cureing one th'hast saved three:
Which three in this one present joyntly meete,
Offring themselves which are thine owne to thee.
Be our Physitian, and as we growe old,
Wee'le bring enough to make new worlds of Gold.

With that this *Hermite* tooke me by the hand
And ledd me to his *Cell*; Loe here (quoth he)
Could'st thou but stay, and truly understand
What thou now seest, thou knowst this Mystery.
I stayd, I saw, I tryde, and understood,
A Heav'n on Earth, an everlasting good.

A DISCRIPTION of the STONE.

THough *Daphne* fly from *Phœbus* bright,
Yet ſhall they both be one,
And if you underſtand this right,
You have our hidden *Stone.*
For *Daphne* ſhe is faire and white:
But Volatile is ſhe;
Phœbus a fixed God of might,
And red as blood is he.
Daphne is a Water Nymph,
And hath of Moyſture ſtore,
Which *Phœbus* doth conſume with heate,
And dryes her very ſore.
They being dryed into one,
Of chriſtall flood muſt drinke,
Till they be brought to a white Stone:
Which waſh with Virgins milke,
So longe untill they flow as wax,
And no fume you can ſee,
Then have you all you neede to aske,
Praiſe God and thankfull be.

The ſtanding of the Glaſſe for the tyme of the Putrifaction, *&* Congelation *of the* MEDICINE.

THe *Glaſſe* with the Medicine muſt ſtand in the fyre
Forty dayes till it be Blacke in ſight; (deſire,
Forty dayes in the Blackneſſe to ſtand he will
And then forty dayes more, till itt be White,
And thirty in the drying if thou liſt to doe right;
And then is the Sulphur perfectly Calcinate,
To drinke up his moyſture for him, being preparate.

In this tyme the *Glaſſe* neither open nor ſhutt,
But ſtill let him ſtand all the aforeſaid dayes,
Not once from the Furnace that ye take him upp:
For by Cooling the Matter the Medicine decayes,
Therefore you muſt Fire continue alwayes,
In one meaſure and temperatenes of heate,
Untill all be White, and the Sulphur compleate.

This heate ſufficeth for this principle one,
Which is the cheife ground of our Secretts all,
Without which Knowledg thou muſt not make the *Stone*,
If thou labour thy lyfe tyme, not proſper thou ſhall,
Therefore merry beware thou doe not fall.
But firſt truly learne, before thou beginne,
And ſo to true workeing thou ſhalt the better wynne.

Follow this Booke, and wander not aside
Out of the way, to the left hand, nor the right,
But streight betweene both directly you guide
Thy Worke, soe as I to thee doe write,
For in this Booke I will thee plainely excite,
How thou shalt make the Philosophers Lead,
That is *Elixir* to the White and the Redd.

And then the Golden Oyle called *Aurum potabile*,
A Medicine most mervelous to preserve Mans health,
And of Transmutation the greatest that can bee,
For in the same Oyle is nothing but wealth;
Then glorious he is in the power of himselfe:
For noe sicknesse can stand where he is in place,
Nor povertie dwell in the pleasures of his Face.

Ænigma Philosophicum.

THere is no light, but what lives in the *Sunne*;
There is no *Sunne*, but which is twice begott;
Nature and *Arte* the Parents first begonne:
By *Nature* 'twas, but *Nature* perfects not.
Arte then what *Nature* left in hand doth take,
And out of *One* a *Twofold* worke doth make.

A *Twofold* worke doth make, but such a worke
As doth admitt *Division* none at all
(See here wherein the *Secret* most doth lurke)
Unlesse it be a *Mathematicall*.
It must be *Two*, yet make it *One* and *One*,
And you do take the way to make it *None*.

Lo here the *Primar Secret* of this *Arte*,
Contemne it not but understand it right,
Who faileth to attaine this formost part,
Shall never know *Artes force* nor *Natures might*.
Nor yet have power of *One* and *One* so mixt,
To make by *One fixt*, *One unfixid fixt*.

D. D. W. Bedman.

FRAGMENTS COPPIED From THOMAS CHARNOCK'S *owne hand writing.*

WHen an hundreth & fourſcore had run their
Then ſone after in ſhort time & ſpace, (race
Blacknes began to ſhew his Face, (in ſyght
But when a C. and L. had overcumde hym
He made him waſh his Face white & bright
Which unto me was a joyfull ſyght.
Yet xx. at laſt came in with greate boſt,
And made both Black and White to fly the Coſt.

Written by T. Charnock *at the end of* Scotus de Bufone.

HEre in Gods name take thy reſt,
Quietly in thy warme neſt,
For ſo *Charnocke* thinks it beſt,
Tyll the *Sune* hathe runne Weſt,
Seaven tymes 600. and 16. juſt,
Then this *Chyld* awake thou muſt.

Written at the end of RIPLYE'S *Cantalena.*

ABowte 653. I dare be bold,
This *Chyld* ſhall put on a Crowne of Gold;
Or at 656. at the moſte,
This Chyld ſhall rule the roſte.

OTher Fragments ſcattered in the waſt places of an Old Manuſcript, written with T. Charnock's *own Hand.*

WE worke this Worke of wonder,
By Wayght, Meaſure and Number.
Quoth THOMAS CHARNOCK.

WHen he is full Black then take ſome payne,
To waſh him 7. tymes in the water of Jourdayne.

CHARNOCK.

FRo the tyme that he be Black and Ded,
Waſh him 7 tymes, or he be perfect Red.

ANd when he is full Black then take ſome payne,
To waſh hym 7. tymes in the water of Jourdayne.

ANd when you ſee hym perfect Redd,
Then take a ſtone and knock him on the hedd.

Id eſt.

ANd when this Woman is brought a bed,
Take the *Chyld* and knock hym on the hedd.

CHARNOCKE, 1573.

PErfect Whyte will not be accomplished,
Untill it hath byne twelve tymes circulated,

Id est.

Six tymes Black, and vi. tymes Whyte.

BEtwixt true Black, and true Whyte;
Wyll appeare many Collers to syght. } T. C.

BEtwixt Purgatory and Paradyse,
The Raigne-bows Collers will arise. } T. C.

BEtwixt Black and Whyte sartayne,
The Pekokes fethers wyll appeare plaine. } T. C.

LOoke you conceive my words aright,
And marke well this which I have sede;
For Black is Ferment unto the Whyte,
And Whyte shalbe Ferment unto the Rede:
Which I never saw till I had whyte heres upon my head.

T. C. 1574.

The 50 yeare of my age.

IN

In some Coppies I have found these Verses placed before Pearce the Black Monk, *upon the* E L I X I R.

MAN and Woman God hath wrought,
And full mykle fruite forth they brought,
So multiplyeth the workes of our heaven
And yet come they but of one thing. (King
Now quod *Marlin* what may that be ?
The slithe of the Yearth so say we:
Yearth it was, some Men would say nay ,
And yet was it nether cleane yearth sand ne clay,
But the feces of yearth it was of Colour grey,
Which then turned to yearth as it on yearth lay.
The Water turned to blude to make man stronge,
The Ayre and Fire was medled theare amonge.
How be Ayre and Fire quod *Marlin* ?
Through the workes of our Lord quod *Martin*.
For the brightnes of the holy Ghost is the Aire,
And the lightnes that gafe lyfe is Fyre.
Wheare hast thowe goe too Scolle to learne all this ?
For that thou sayest is right true I wisse ;
And I suppose it in thie thought,
That with iiii. Spirits it must be wrought.
Nay your Spirits are too wilde quoth *Marlin* againe,
Therefore I will not medle with them certaine:
I will have a Spirit made by kinde naturally,
That will abide with every body kindly ;
Such a Spirit could I macke quod *Marlin*,
And yet men would hold yt but in veyne.

And yet of all workes it is the beſt,
Leſt of Coſt and moſt ſureſt:
For if it ſhould faile then were we done all,
And therefore for the moſt parſiteſt worke we it call;
It is ſo rich when it is wrought,
Though all the world were turned to nought:
As mennye rich bodyes agayn make would he,
As ever were or ever ſhould be.

Take Earth of Earth, Earths Brother, &c.

I have ſeene an old Coppy of the ſaid work of Pearce the Black Monk, *to the end of which theſe following Verſes were joyned.*

NOW of this *Matter* derke and nothing clere,
An Expoſicion I doe mack here;
Wherein I charge you ſecre to be,
That frend ne foe doe yt ſe;
Erth hyd within the bodies center is moſt fine,
Water of Wood Eſſell of Wine,
For by the moyſter of the Grape,
This centrall Earth who can it take;
It and *Sercion* do our Maiſtry make,
For it ſhall become Mercuriall,
And after that Eſſentiall.
But now beware that you not faile,
For then you looſe your greate travaile,
Whan you have drawne owte of the Gum,
All the *Mercury* that wyll come,
Underſtand that Lycowres three
In that *Mercury* conteyned be;

The

The firſt is the Watur of lyfe Ardent,
By Bath departed that is moſt lent;
It burneth as Aquavite by live,
And is called our *Mercury* attractive,
Wherewith is made Earth Chriſtalline,
Out of all Collours Metallyne:
I ſpeke no more thereof as yet,
For in this worke we neede not it.
Then runneth a Water after thilke,
Litle in quantity white as mylke;
Whych ys ſperme or nature of our *Stone*,
That is earneſtly ſought of many one:
For of Man, Beſte, and every thynge,
Sperme is there begynyng,
Therefore we our *Mercury* do it call.
Whych ys found here and there and over all,
For wythout yt ys nothyng lyvyng,
Wherefore yt ys in every thyng:
As well in thyngs moſt preciouſe,
As in thyngs moſt vyle and odious;
Of yt they have there firſt nature,
Thys moyſter to you as now is clere,
Thys ys the *Mercury* that we call
Vigetable, Minerall and Animall:
Our Quickſilver and our *lac Virginis*,
Our Water permanent forſooth yt ys;
Wyth thys Water Mercuriall,
We waſch the fylth Originall
Of our Erth tyll yt be whyte,
Lyke a Gumm that floweth lyte,
By dry fyre after that ſchale cume
Oyle wherewyth we make red Gumm:
Wych ys our Tincture and our Sulfur vive,
The ſoule of *Saturne* the Golde of life.

 Our

Our Tincture and our airy Gould,
Wych before was never so plainely tould;
God graunt that I do no displeasure
To hym in fulfillyng your desire.
Now Elements be divided every one,
Wyth thys Oyle make red your *Stone*;
Owre Gumms two then have schall ye,
Wythout the wych no *Elixir* may be.
They go the Body and the Spirits betwixt,
Wythowte the wych our *Ston* cannot be fixt,
And makyth of hym in a lytle space,
Two *Elixirs* by Gods Grace:
Whereby are trewly alterate,
All Metalline Bodies into a better state,
Wyth *Sol* and *Luna* equall to be,
To helpe us in our necessitie.
Now thanked be God most gracious,
Wych hath this Secret lent to us,
Hys grace therewyth to us he leave,
To our Soules helth us for to meve.

THIS

This following Fragment *in ſome copies I have found placed at the end of the aforegoing Expoſition of* Pearce the Black Monke. *In others, immediately before* —With *Hic* and with *Hæc*, &c. *and bearing this Tytle,*

A CONCLUSION.

TAke Wynde and Water, white and greene,
And thereof draw a *lac Virgine*;
Where ſome it call a water cleere,
The which water hath no Peere;
And then make your Fier ſtronger,
When the white fume doth appeare;
Chaunge your Receiver and continue longer:
And then ſhall you ſee come a Fire,
Red as blood and full of Yre.
Quod dicitur menſtruum fætens, & ſol philoſophorum,
In quo fit noſtra diſſolutio, & congelatio.
Sublimatio, attractio, & etiam fixatio,
Et Sulphuris noſtri, ſive foliati creatio.

With

With *hic* and with *hæc* thus may ye do,
As Husband and Wife togeather them wed;
Put them in a chamber both two,
And ſhet faſt the dore when they be a bed.
The woman is both wanton and wilde,
With her husband ſhe cannot reſt,
Till ſhe have conceived a Child;
Of all his kin he ſhall be beſt.
He is a Childe of the Elements
Both by Father and by Mother,
None ſo worthy in preſence,
Not perfect *Sol* his owne Brother.
Sol and *Luna* owe unto him obedience,
And all that him needes they to him bring,
Saturne doth to him obeſance,
Howbeit he is next of his kinne:
There is neither Emperour or Kinge,
But of his preſence they would be glad,
If he from them were one yeare wanting;
In their hearts they would be full ſad.
In riches he exceedeth all other,
The Elements in him are ſo even,
Luna is his Siſter, and *Sol* is his Brother,
His Father dwelleth among the planets ſeaven.
Nulla virtus mineralibus where ſhall we him ſeeke,
Sit tibi principium principale Councell we muſt it keepe;
Reperitur ubiq; localis by way in every ſtreete.

An other Conclusion.

FIrst Calcine and after Putrefie,
Dissolve, distill, sublime, discend and fix
With *Aquavitæ* oftymes wash and dry;
And make a marriage of Body & Soul theSpirit betwixt.
Which thus together naturally if ye cannot mix,
Then shall the Body utterly dye in the flix.
Bleeding and changing Collours as ye shall see,
In *bus* and *nubi* he shall uprise and descend;
First up to the Moone and after up to the Sun,
Onely shipped within a litle glasen Tunne.
When he commeth thether,then is all theMaistry wonne,
About which Journey great goods ye shall not spend,
And ye shall be Glad that ever it was begun;
Patiently if ye list, to your worke to attend.
Who so shall our Pearle and our Ruby make,
Our Principle let him not forsake.
For at the beginning if his Principle be trew,
And that he can by craft so him bake;
Trewly at the end his Worke shall him not rew.

The whole Scyence.

THere is a bodi of a Bodi,
And a Soule and a Spryte,
Wyth two Bodyes must be knete.

There ben two Erthys as I the telle,
And two Waters wyth hem do dwelle;
The ton ys Whyte the tother is Red,
To quick the Bodies that ben ded.

And oon Fyre in Nature y hydd,
And oon Ayre with hem that doth the dede.
And all hyt commeth out of onn kynde,
Marke thys well Man and beare yt yn mynde.

TAke *Mercury* from *Mercury* which is his wyfe,
For *Mercury* wife to *Mercury* maketh greate stryfe:
But *Mercurys* wyfes Wyfe,
To *Mercury* maketh no stryfe.

AND thou wed *Mercury* to *Mercury* with her wyfe,
Then shall *Mercury* and *Mercury* be merry with-
(outen stryfe:
For *Mercuries* Wyfe to *Mercury* maketh greate stryfe,
But *Mercuries* wyfe's wyfe to *Mercury* maketh no stryf.

A

A Ridle to you I will propoſe,
Of a Comon thing which moſt men knowes,
Which now in the Earth very reefe doth grow,
But is of ſmall Price as all men know;
And that without roote, ſtalke or ſeede,
Wherewith of his kinde another to breede:
Yet of that nature, that it cannot ceaſe,
If you plant it by peeces it ſelfe to increaſe,
Right heavy by kinde, yet forced to fly,
Starke nought in the purſe, yet good in the Eye,
This ſomething is nothing which ſeemeth full ſtrange,
Having taſted the fire which maketh the change:
And hath many Collours yet ſheweth but one,
This is the materiall of our *STONE.*

I Asked Philoſophy how I ſhould
Have of her the thing I would,
She anſwered me when I was able,
To make the Water malliable,
Or elſe the way if I could finde,
To meſure out a yard of Winde:
Then ſhalt thou have thyne owne deſire,
When thou canſt weigh an ounce of Fire:
Unleſſe that thou canſt doe theſe three,
Content thy ſelfe, thou get'ſt not me.

LEt the old man drinke wine till he pisse:
The meanes to the *blest Stone* is:
And in that menstrous water drowne,
The radiant brightnes of the Moone,
Then cast the Sun into her lapp,
That both may perish at a clapp.
Soe shall you have your full desire,
When you revive them both by Fire.

IF ye wolle to hys Medycyn aplye,
Make furst hevy, hard, hotte and drye:
Nesshe, lyght, cold and wete,
Put ham togeder and make ham mete,
Thus may ye spend mor thann the King,
Yf ye have connyng of suche a thynge.

IF thou the Fixid can dissolve,
And that Dissolv'd doest cause to fly,
That Flying then to Fixing bring,
Then maist thou live most happily.

R. B.



These Hieroglyphicks vail: the Vigorous Beames
Of an unbounded Soule: The Scrowle & Scheme's
The full Interpreter: But how's conceald.
Who through Ænigmaes lookes, is so Reveal'd.

T. Cross sculp: T: W: M: D :

ANNOTATIONS
AND
DISCOURSES,
UPON
Some part of the preceding VVorke.

Pag.6.lin.1. TO the honor of God——

FRom the *first word* of this *Proeme*, and the *Initiall letters* of the *six* following *Chapters* (discovered by *Acromonosyllabiques* and *Sillabique Acrostiques*) we may collect the *Authors* Name and place of Residence: For those *letters*, (together with the *first line* of the seventh *Chapter*) speak thus,

Tomas Norton of Briseto,
A parfet Master ye maie him trowe.

Such like *Fancies* were the results of the *wisdome* and *humility* of the Auncient *Philosophers*, (who when they intended not an absolute concealement of *Persons, Names, Misteries,* &c.) were wont to hide them by *Transpositions, Acrostiques, Isogrammatiques, Symphoniaques*, and the lyke, (which the searching *Sons* of *Arte* might possibly unridle, but) with designe to continue them to *others*, as concealed things; And that upon the Question no other Answer should be returned, then the like of the (a) *Angell's* to *Manoah*. [*His name was Peli*, to wit, *admirable* and *secret*.] (a) *Iudg.* 13. 18.

In imitation of whome, tis probable our *Author* (not so much affecting the *vanity* of a *Name* as to *assist* the lovers of *Wisdome*) thus *modestly* and *ingenuously* unvailes himselfe; Although to the generality of the world he meant to passe *unknowne*, as appeares by his owne words:

(*b*) For that I desire not worldly fame,
But your good prayers unknowne shall be my name. (*b*) *Nort.Ordinall.* pag. 6.

(*c*) *Iohn Pitts* from *Iohn Bale*, and (*d*) he from *Robert Record*, relates, that this *Thomas Norton*, was *Alchymista suo tempore peritissimus*, and much more curious in the Studies of *Philosophy* then others, yet they passe some undecent and abusive *Censures* upon him, with referrence to this *vaine and frivolous Science*, (*c*) *De Illustr. Angl.Script.* pag. 666. (*d*) *De Script. Br.Cent.*11.f.67

Science, as they are pleas'd to tearme it, (and a better opinion I find not they had even of the *Hermetick learning* it selfe.) Indeed, every one that is educated a *Scholler*, is not borne to aff-ct or be happy in every *Art*, some love one, some another, but few *All*. And this ariseth from the various *Influences* of the *Starrs*, which beget sundry *Inclinations* and *Affections* in Men, according to the different *Constitutions* and *Temperatures* of their *Bodies*; so that commonly what either a man does not *affect*, or *know*, he *despises* or *condemnes*, yet seldome with any shew of *Reason*. But it is no good *Conclusion* for *Blinde men* to affirme the *Sun* has no *light*, because they were never so happy as to see it. For though thy selfe (saith *Conwraib*) art ignorant of a *Matter*, 'tis not denied to others to know the same. However, our *Author* was so happy as to become a *Master* of this *Science* very early: which he learned in (*e*) *forty dayes*, and when he was

e) *Ord*.p.33.

(*f*) Scantly of the age of twenty eight yeares,

f) *Ordin*. p. 88.

He earnestly moved his *Master* (who is generally thought to be *Ripley*) to communicate the *Red Medicine* to him, which after some tyme (finding him capable of it) he accordingly did.

Much more might be said in *Honour* of this *Author*, but I refer the *Reader* to the *Ordinall* it selfe, which will abundantly satisfie.

Besides this worke (which is called both by *Pitts* and *Bale*, *Epitomen Alchymiæ*, but by himselfe

(g) Named of Alkimy the Ordinall,
The Crede mihi, the Stand ard perpetuall)

g) *Ordinall*. pag.9.

He wrote another Booke *De transmutatione Metallorum*; and to these (*h*) *Pitts* adds a third *De Lapide Philosophico*.

h) Pag.666.

In the time of *Hen* 8. there flourished Nyne Brothers of the family of the *Nortons* and all *Knights*, one of them (viz.) *Sir Sampson Norton*, *Master* of the *Ordnance* to the said *King* (an *Office* of greate *Honour*, and not usually confer'd but upon Men very *eminent*) lyes buried in (*i*) *Fulham Church* nere *London*, whose *Tombe* was adorned with severall *Hermeticke*, *Hieroglyphicall* paintings, which have lately perisht by the *Ignorant zeale* of those that understood them not.

i) *Wever's fun. Mon.* fo. 526.

The *Epitaph* this.

Of your cherite pray for the Soule of Sir Sampson Norton Knight, late Master of the Ordinance of Warre, with King Henry the 8th and for the Soule of Dame Elizabyth hys wyff. Whych Sir Sampson decessyd the eyghth day of February one thousand five hundred and seventeen.

Pag.11.l.7. That no Man, for better ne for worse,
Chaunge my writing for drede of Godscurse.

Doubtlesse *Norton* was truly sensible of the high injuries done to *learned men* through the *Erronious Transcriptions* of their *Bookes*, and had shared in the unimaginable *misfortune* which thereby befell the then *Students* in *Philosophy*, for he lived in those tymes that could not afford him the use of any other

Bookes

Bookes save onely *Manuscripts* (*Printing* having not served an Apprentiship to *England*(k) when he wrote this *Oridinall*) & in that regard he layes this weighty charge upon unfaithfull *Scribes* who *negligently* or *wilfully* alter their *Copy*, whereby the wariest *Students* are encombred with *doubts*, and misled, or plunged into unhappy *Errors*.

k) The first *Printing-Presse* was set up in *Westmin. Abbey* by *Symon Islip*, An.1471 and *William Caxton* the first that practised it there. See *Stowes Surv.* 525.

How ordinary a fault this was amongst the *Transcribers* of former times may appeare by *Chaucer*, who (I am confident) tooke as greate care as any man to be served with the best and heedefullest *Scribes*, and yet we finde him complayning against *Adam* his *Scrivener* for the very same:

(l) So ofte a daye I mote thy worke renew,
It to Correct and eke to rubbe and scrape,
And all is thorow thy neglegence and rape.

l) *Chaucer to his Scrivener.*

But as in other *Artes* and *Sciences* the fault is scarce pardonable, so cheifly in *Hermetique learning*, where the Injury may prove *irreparable*.

(m) And chaunging of some one Sillable,
May make this Boke unprofitable.

m) *Ord.* p.11.

Pag.33.l.13. If I shulde write I shulde my fealty breake
Therefore Mouth to Mouth I must needes speake.

THis is part of the *Letter* which *Norton*'s Master wrote when he invited him to come and receive the *Secret* by *word of Mouth*, for without *breach* of his *Oath* he durst not commit it to *writing*, lest he might *cast the Childrens Bread to Doggs*.

In like manner *Aristotle* refused to communicate to *Alexander* by *Letter*, things apperteyning to this *Mistery*, untill a *personall meeting* might allow him to do it *viva voce*: for thus writes *Lydgate* out of *Aristotles Secreta secretorum*.

There be Secrees of Materis hih and lowe,
Hyd in Nature concelyd and secree,
Which Alysandre desired for to knowe;
By Aristotles a certyn previtee,
Nat specified cloos in hym sylff kept he,
Which was delayed of grete providence,
Tyll he hymsylff came to his presence.

And this was for fear his *Writings* should come to the view of such whose *Eyes* were not worthy the perusall of so *sublime Secrets*, and thereby suffer under the contempt of the prophane *Vulgar*, or by *wicked men* be abused to *wicked uses*. (For *a Secret discovered* will not faile of doing *Injury* to one party or an other) which (if by his meanes it should happen) might render him *Criminall* before *God*, and a *presumptuous violator* of the *Calestiall Seales*.

Cap 2.

However the auncient *Philosophers* have used *writings*, and they as well *obscure as obvious*, *whereby the* Ignorant *might be more Ignorant*, *but the* Wise *understand and profitt*, *the* one *be deceived*, *the* other *alured*: And like *Aristotle* who (publishing his *Acromaticall Discipline* and) being therefore taxed by *Alexander* (because he alone had learned them of him) answered *Se scripsisse*, & *non*

G br.

non scripsisse; edidisse quidem sed legentibus non intelligentibus. They have taken much paines by *Ænigmaticall* and *Parabolicall* discoveries (according to their affected *Ideoms*) to point out the *Philosophers Mercury*, and (with an *univocall* consent) asserted the wonderous operations of an *Agent* and *Patient* united but *we must not looke for the Name of that in plaine words which hitherto never, any man durst name*: For that they have lockt up *in scrinio pectoris*, and purposely deprived of *light*.

Anonymi.

Their chiefest study was to wrap up their *Secrets* in *Fables*, and spin out their *Fancies* in *Vailes* and *shadows*, whose *Radii* seems to extend every way, yet so, that they all meete in a *Common Center*, and point onely at One thing.

o) *Chauc. Prol.* to his owne *Tale.*

o) And thus ye wote that every Evangelist,
That telleth us the pains of Jesu Christ.
He sayth not al thing as his fellow dothe,
But nay the lesse her Sentence is all soth.
And all accorden in her Sentence,
Albe therein her telling difference.
For some of hem saine more and some lesse,
When thei his piteous pasion expresse.
I meane of Mark Mathew Luke and John,
But doubtlesse her Sentence is all one.

p) *De chim. Mir. secunda pars* Pag. 28.

And to this effect is that of *Count Trevisan.* (p) *He that well understands the* Philosophers *shall finde they agree in all things, but such as are not the* Sonns *of* Art *will think they clash most fouly.*

Pag. 33. l. 15. —— Myne Heire unto this Art
I will you make——

THere has ever beene a continued *Succession* of *Philosophers* in all *Ages*, although the *heedlesse world* hath seldome taken notice of them; For the *Auncients* usually (before they dyed) *Adopted* one or other for their *Sonns*, whom they knew well fitted with such like *qualities*, as are sett downe in the *letter* that *Norton's Master* wrote to him when he sent to make him his *Heire* unto this *Science.* And otherwise then for pure *vertues* sake, let no man expect to attaine it, or as in the case of *Tonsile.*

q) *Ordin.* Pag. 41.

q) —— For Almes I will make no store,
Plainly to disclose it, that was never done before.

r) *ibid* pag. 35.

Rewards nor *Terrors* (be they never so *Munificent* or *Dreadfull*) can wrest this *secret* out of the *bosome* of a *Philosopher*: amongst others, witnesse (r) *Thomas Dalten.*

Now under what *Tyes* and *Ingagements* this *Secret* is usually delivered, (when bestowed by *word of mouth*) may appeare in the weighty *Obligations* of that *Oath* which *Charnock* tooke before he obtained it, for thus spake his *Master* to him:

Will

q) Will you with mee to Morrow be content
Faithfully to receive the blessed Sacrament
Upon this Oath that I shall here you give,
For ne Gold ne Silver as long as you live,
Neither for love you beare towards your Kinne,
Nor yet to no great Man preferment to winne,
That you disclose the Secret that I shall you teach,
Neither by Writing, nor by no swyft Speeche;
But onely to him which you be sure,
Hath ever searched after the Secrets of Nature,
To him you may reveale the Secrets of this Arte,
Under the Covering of Philosophie before this World yee (depart.

q) *Brev.* of *Philos.* cap.5.

And this *Oath* he charged him to keepe *Faithfully* and without *Violation*.

r) As he thought to be saved from the pitt of Hell.

r) Chap.ibid.

And if it so fell out, that they met not with any, whome they conceived in all respects worthy of their *Adoption*, (*s*) *they then resigned it into the hands of God*, who best knew where to bestow it. However, they seldome left the *World* before they left some *written Legacy* behind them, which (being the *issue* of their *Braine*) stood in roome and place of *Children*, and becomes to us both *Parent* and *Schoolmaster*, throughout which they were so universally *kinde*, as to call all *Students* by the deare and affectionate Tytle of *Sons* (*t*) (*Hermes* giving the first President) wishing all were such, that take the paines to tread their Fathers stepps, and industriously follow the Rules and Dictates they made over to posterity, and wherein they faithfully discovered the whole *Mystery*;

s) *Ord*: pag.37.

t) in *Pimand*.

u) As lawfully as by their fealty they may,
By lycence of the dreadfull Judge at domes day.

u) *Ordin.* pa.10.

In these *Legitimate Children* they lived longer then in their *Adopted Sons*, for though these certainly perished in an *Age*, yet their *Writings* (as if when they dyed their *Souls* had been *Transmigrated* into them) seemed as *Immortall*, enough at least to perpetuate their *Memories*, till *Time* should be no more. And to be the *Father* of such *Sons*, is (in my Opinion) a most noble happinesse.

w) *Let Clownes get Heires, and Wealth; when I am gone,*
And the greate Bugbeare grisly death
Shall snatch this Idle breath,
If I a Poem leave, that Poem is my Son.

w) *Rand. Poems* pag.63.

Pag 34. li.33. I made also the Elixir of lyfe,
Which me bereft a Marchaunt's Wyfe.

THe *Conjecture* has much of probability in it which speakes this the *Wife* of *Will. Cannings*, who was 5. tymes *Major* of *Bristoll*, contemporary with *Norton*, and whose *wealth* was farr beyond the best of those tymes, as appeares

" by that notable Worke of his in building *Saint Mary* of *Radcliff* without the
" *Walls* of *Bristoll*, into which *Church* there is a Stately ascent upon many
" *Staires*, so large withall, so finely and curiously wrought, with an arched
" *Roofe* over head of stone, artificially Imbowed; a *Steeple* also of an exceeding
a) *Brit.* fo. 237. " height, that all the parish *Churches* in *England* which hitherto I have seene
" (saith judicious (*a*) *Camden*) in my judgement it surpasseth many degrees.
b) *Camb.Brit.* fo. 238. The said *William Cannings* also (*b*) *Instituted*, (*Isaacson* saith very much (*c*)
c) *Chron.* fo. 467. *augmented*) the *Colledge* of *Westbury* neere *Bristoll* (not long before (*d*) founded by *John Carpenter*, *Bishop* of *Worcester*) and in his old age tooke upon him the *Sacerdotall function* and became *Deane* thereof.
d) *Godw.*pag. 367.

Pag. 38. li. 4. **And** Delvis **at** Teuxbury **lost his head**

e) 4. *May* 1471. WIthin two dayes after the (*e*) *Victory* which *Edw.* *the fourth* obteyned over *Queene Margaret* and *Prince Edw* (the *Wife* and *Son* of *Henry the*
f) *Stow.* Ann. fo. 424. *sixt*) at *Teuxbury*; This (*f*) *Delvis* (the *Sonne* of Sir *John Delvis* then slaine) was *beheaded*: Notwithstanding a *Pardon* granted unto him and others by the *King* at the earnest solicitation of a *Priest* who withstood his entrance into a *Church*, whither *Hee* and many more were fled for *Sanctuary*, till the said Pardon was obteyned. A just punishment for betraying so honest a *Philosopher* as *Dalton* into the hands of so imminent danger, as the *Story* at the latter end of the *second Chapter* mentions.

Pag. 39. li. 1. Tonsile **was a Labourer in the Fire.**

THe great *Letter T.* set in *pa. 6.* wherein the *Gryphon* is cut, should have been placed the first *Letter of* the *Line*: But this mistake was comitted in my absence from the *Presse*, for which the *Printer* beggs pardon, as also the *Engraver*, for giving the *Gryphons* hinder *Feete*, those *cloven ones* of a *Hogg*, instead of the *ungued pawes* of a *Lyon*.

What was contained within the lower compasse of the said *T.* which in the *Originall Manuscript* was like a *Capitall Secretary* T. seemes (in my judgement) a *Coate* of *Armes*, for although it was not drawne in the forme of a *shield* or *Scutcheon*, yet within the compasse of the *Letter* (which I take to be the *field*) was *Azure*, a *Gryphon Rampant*, with *Wings displayed*, *Argent*. But to what *Family* it belongs I cannot yet learne.

Pa. 52. l. 1. Brise **whose Surname when the change of Coyne was had.**

g) *An.* 1465. THis alteration of our *English Coyne* was in the (*g*) 5th. of *Edward* the 4th. the value of Money at one rise was never so great before or since; for he
h) *Stow Annal.* 418, *Surv.* 46. made of an (*h*) *old Noble* of *Gold* a *Ryall*, and from the value of 6 s. 8 d. with adding 8. d. in *allay* raised it to 10 s. (and so other *Coynes* in like *proportion*) and yet that *Noble* was by *H.* 4. made 4 d. in value lesse then the *Rose Noble*

of *Edw:* 3. coyned Anno 1351, the (*i*) Gold whereof as is affirmed (by an *unwritten-verity*) was made by *Projection* or *Multiplication Alchimicall* of *Rai-* " *mund Lully*, in the *Tower* of *London*, and besides the *Tradition*, the *Inscription* " is some proofe, for as upon the one side there is the *Kings Image* upon a *ship*, " to notifie that he was *Lord* of the *Seas*, with this title set upon the *reverse*, a " *Crosse floury* with *Lioneux*, inscribed, *Iesus autem transiens per medium eorum* " *ibat*, that is, as Jesus passed invisible and in most secret manner by the midst " of *Pharises*, so that *Gold* was made by *invisible* and *secret Art amidst* the *Ignorant*. *Mayerus* confirmes this, and saith (*k*) *Raymond* made most pure *Gold* in the *Tower* which is yet called *Raymonds noble, obrizi summæq; indicaturæ*, some of which himselfe had seen. Tis also worth observing that (*l*) there was no *Gold* coyned in *England* before the said *Edward the third's Reigne An.* 1443. & *Raymond Lully* was long in *England* before that, for (*m*) *An.* 1332. he wrote his *Testamentum Novissimum* in St. *Katherins Church* neere the *Tower* of *London*, and *Dedicated* it (with other of his *Workes*) to *Edward the third*, and it may be presumed he was some while there before he wrote the same: For, that he was brought over by *Cremer Abbot* of *Westminster*, afterwards made knowne to the *King*, and did furnish him with much *Gold*, as shall appeare hereafter in the *Annotations* upon **Hermes Bird**.

i) *Camb.Rem.* pag.172.

k) *Simb.aur.* pag.418.

l) *Camb.Rem.* pag.172.

m) See the latter end of his *Test.Nov.*

Pa.61.li.7. **But the cheife Mistris among Sciences all**
For the helpe of this Arte, is Magick naturall,

IUdiciall *Astrologie* is the *Key* of *Naturall Magick*, and *Naturall Magick* the *Doore* that leads to this *Blessed Stone*.

Howbeit, the *Ignorance* and *Malice* of some times, and the common *Custome* of ours has most falsly and abusively called *Necromancy* (and what other *Arts* are raised from the Doctrine of *Divels*,) *Magick*; without affording that just and due distinction which ought to be made betweene them: and what greater Injury to learning then without Distinction to confound *Laudable knowledge*, with what is *Impious* and *Devilish*? For, if there be any thing in (what we call) *Magick*, other then *a searching into those hidden vertues which God has been pleas'd to bestow upon created things* (though closely lockt up by the generall Curse) *whereby we may aptly and naturally apply* Agents to Patients, I say, if in it there be any thing else, they are only subtill *falsehoods* that shelter and shroud themselvs under that *Tytle*, and which would gladly be esteemed *Leaves* of that *Plant*, from whose *Root* they never sprung. And therefore is it not lesse absurd, then strange, to see how some Men (who would have the World account them learned, and whome I beleive to be so learned, as to have read and found what Latitude is due to the word *Magus*, how it is accepted by the *Judicious*, and what a vast difference there is, betweene the *Doctrine* of a *Magician*, and the abuse of the *Word*) will not forbeare to ranke *True Magicians* with *Conjurers, Necromancers* and *Witches* (those grand *Impostors*) who (*n*) *violently intrude themselves into Magick, as if Swine should enter into a faire and delicate Garden*, and (being in *league* with the *Devill*) make use of his Assistance in their *workes*, to counterfeit and corrupt the admirall *wisdome* of the *Magi*, betweene whom there is as large a difference as betweene *Angels* and *Devils*

n) *Paracel.de. occult Phil.* cap. 11.

The *Magick* here intended, and which I ſtrive to Vindicate, is, *Divine*, *True*, o) *Gaſſ.Curios.* pag.66. of the *Wiſdom* of *Nature*, & indeed comprehẽdeth the whole *Philoſophy* of *Nature*, being (*o*) a *Perfect Knowledge of the works of God, and their Effects*. It is that, p) *Bac.adv.* fo. 33. which (*p*) *reduces all* naturall Philoſophy *from variety of* Speculations *to the* magnitude of workes, and (*q*) *whoſe* Miſteries *are far greater then the* naturall Phy- q) Dr.*Gells* *Serm.* 1650. loſophy *now in uſe and reputation will reach unto*. For by the bare application of *Actives* to *Paſſives* it is able to exerciſe a kind of *Empire* over *Nature*, and worke *wonders*: and 'tis from the ignorance of ſuch marvelous *Operations* that the *Ignorant*, (*viz* the moſt *learned* in other things (as well as the *Illiterate*) if they be not learned in this,) either by an unwarrantable *adoration* eſteeme them as *Miracles*, which onely are the *workes* of *Naturall* or *Mathematicall Philoſophy*: or elſe (which is an *Errour* as wide on the left hand) forthwith cenſure and ſlander thoſe truly *Naturall* as *Diabolicall*, becauſe wonderfull *ſtrange* and beyond the *randome* of their *Apprehenſions*. The latter of which r) *Gen.* 31. 37. might as well ſay (*r*) *Jacobs* practiſing to make his *Lambs* of a *Py'd Colour* was performed by the aſſiſtance or miniſtry of the *Devill*, and as well condemne the uſe of *Phiſick*, becauſe the *Devill* has taught *Witches* divers harmfull and uncharitable uſes of *Herbs*, *Mineralls*, *Excrements*, &c.

And as in ſome *dull ages*, and among ſome *Groſſe Spirits* it has proved dangerous to be *Learned*, Witneſſe our Renowned *Roger Bachon*, whom (Together with *Artepheus*, *Arnold*, *de villa nova*, who were *Philoſophers* of known res) *De Preſtigiis Dæm.* li.2.ca.4. pag.140. putation & credit) (*s*) *Wierus* reckons among the *Deplorati ingenii homines* (t) *all whoſe Workes fairely written and well bound, were by Religious pretending Scioliſts dam'd as Deviliſh, with long Nailes through them faſtned to desks in the Franciſcan* t) *Selden pref. to Hopt.Concord* *Library at Oxford*, and there *with Duſt and Moths conſumed*: Even ſo our other famous Country-man [*Profound Ripley*] was alſo abuſed, (u) *who after his* u) *Bale Cent.*8. fol.633. *death is ſaid to have been branded with the name of a* Necromancer. *Pope Silveſter* the *ſecond* paſs'd for a *Magician* (in the worſt ſence) becauſe he underſtood *Geometry*; and about 150. yeares agoe (ſo blind an age was it,) that to know *Greeke* and *Necromancy* were one and the ſame thing, in opinion of the *Illiterate* However, let the *Ignorant* ſcoffe and attribute that to *Deceipt* and *Illuſion* which is the proper worke of *Nature* produced by exquiſite knowledge, I am confident the ingenouſly learned will approve and admire it.

But to teare off that ugly *vizard* which *Envy* has placed before the *Face* of ſo *Divine* a *Beauty*, and to make way for the meaning of our *Author*, I thinke it neceſſary (in the fiſt place) that I touch upon the *Word*, that gives a name to the *Profeſſors*;

And that is *Magus* (primitively a *Perſian* word) which onely ſignifies or imports a *Contemplator of Heavenly and Divine Sciences, a ſtudious Obſerver,* w) *Par:prim.*fo. 573. *an expounder of Divine things, a name* (ſaith (*w*) Marcellus Ficinus) *gratious in the Goſpell, not ſignifying a Witch or a Conjurer, but a wiſe man and a Prieſt.* And in truth a true *Magician*, acknowledges *God*, to be the true *Cauſe* and *Giver* of *life* and *vertue* to *Nature*, and all *Naturall* things, of the *Cauſes* of x) *Magia præcipua eſt pars Theologiæ.* which things (*as alſo of* (x) *Divine*) is the whole ſcope and effect of all their *Writings* and *Diſcourſes*:

In the Next place, that I give the *Definition* of *Magick* (becauſe as (*y*) *Myrandula* ſayes) y) *Pic.Mir.*fo. 81. *it is an Art which few underſtand and many reprehend*, and therefore of neceſſity to be clearly evinced:) Receive it from a learned hand: youle finde it worth your obſervance. Ma-

Magick, is, the Connexion of naturall Agents and Patients, answerable each to other, wrought by a wise Man to the bringing forth of such effects as are wonderfull to those that know not their causes. Thus Hee. *Paracelsus* called it (z) *a most secret and hidden Scyence of supernaturall things in the Earth, that whatsoever is impossible to be found out by mans Reason may by this Art.* And shortly after to cleere it from *imputations* adds, *that tis in it selfe most pure and not defiled with Cerimonies nor Conjurations as Necromancy is.* z) *De Occult. Phil.*cap.11.

Agreeable to both (but more copiously delivered) is that of *Corn: Agrippa*, who affirmes, (a) *Magick to containe the profoundest Contemplation of most secret things, together with the nature, power, quality, substance, and vertues thereof, as also the knowledge of whole nature: That instructs us concerning the difference and agreement, of things amongst themselves, whence it produceth its wonderfull effects, by uniting the vertues of things through the application of them one to the other, and to their inferiour sutable Subjects, joyning and knitting them together throughly by the powers and vertues of superiour Bodies.* This briefly is an account of that *Learning*, whose *Operations* and *Effects* (being full of *Misteries*) was by the Ancients esteemed as the highest and sacred *Phylosophie*, the *fountaine* of all *good doctrine: Animadverto* (saith *Pliny*) *summum Litterarum claritatem, gloriamque, ex hac scientiâ antiquitus, & penes semper petitam.* a) *De Occult. Phil.*lib.1.ca.2.

What hath been hitherto said, will not (I presume) offend the *Eares* of the most *Pious*, for here is no *Incantations*, no *Words*, no *Circles*, no *Charmes*, no other fragments of invented *Fopperies*; nor needs there any: *Nature* (with whom true *Magicians* only deale) can worke without them, she findes *Matter*, and they *Art*, to helpe and assist Her, and here's *All.*

To instance the *Generation* of *Froggs*, *Lyce*, *Wormes*, *Insects*, &c. The worke of a *Philosopher* is therein onely to (b) strengthen the *Seeds* of *Nature*, (for she alone Workes) and so to quicken them that they hasten the worke of *Generation* (and by such meanes *Tho. Aquinas* supposes *Pharo's Magitians*, produced *Froggs*) insomuch as it seems to the *Ignorant* not to be the *Worke* of *Nature*, (that usually operates more leasurely,) rather the *Power* of the *Devill.* But they who are learned in those *Arts*, marvell not at such working, but Glorifie the *Creator*. To whose *Honour* alone these Operations must chiefly tend, *for (c) he is best praised in his workes*, and we knowing him in and by these visible things, may through such knowledge understand his more *Secret* and *Invisible* things, and thereby be better inabled to *Glorifie* him, then men otherwise can. b) *Guli. Par. de leg.* cap.24. c) Dr. *Gells Serm.*1650.

Now I deny that any measure of understanding, in *naturall Magick*, how large soever, or the utmost and farthest search we can possibly make into that pure and primitive knowledge of *Nature*, to be a prying into those *Hidden Secrets*, which *God* would have concealed and ranked among the number and nature of those things he has prohibited us to search into, (as I know there are that will tell you it is, and they such as weare the *Coat*, and would be loath to want the reputation of *Schollars*) And this is fully manifested from *Adam*, who (d) before his *Fall* was so absolute a *Philosopher*, that he fully understood the true and pure knowledge of *Nature* (which is no other then what we call *Naturall Magick*) in the highest degree of Perfection, insomuch, that by the light thereof, upon the present view of the *Creatures* he perfectly knew their *Natures*, and was as able to bestow names sutable to their *Qualities* and *Properties*, d) Gen.2.v.19. 20.

For, This was a larger and cleerer *Ray* of the *Light* of *Nature*, then all the industry of man (since the *Fall*) was able to hope for or attaine unto, and (to attest the allowance) bestowed upon him by *God* himselfe: Nor was it this *Naturall* knowledg that introduced his Fall, or can be any *Offence* or *Sin* in us (were it possible) to arrive at his *Perfection*. No certainly; *Adams* transgression (for which he fell) was of a higher *Nature*, [even *that* proud inquiry into the *(e)* *knowledge of good and evill, with no lesse intent then to make a totall defection from God, and depend wholly upon himselfe and his free will.*]

e) Bac. advancement; *fol.* 5. and 43.

Besides, tis worthy Observation, that *God* in constituting *Moses* to be a *Governor* over his owne people, seemed as willing to make choyce of such a one for that high *Office*, as was *(f)* learned in all the *Sciences*, then in request with the *Egyptians*, among whom *Magick* was the chiefe. And we find that upon *Salomon*'s Prayer to *God* for *Wisdome* he granted him *a Heart as large as the Sea*, and therein lodged so greate knowledge of *Humane* things, that he penetrated whatsoever the understanding of *Man* might comprehend: and (to manifest the inoffensivenesse of *Naturall Magick*,) never reckons it up in all his *Retractations* Though he throughly understood it, and in his *practise* attempted the highest Experiments, which had it been *unlawfull*, certainly he would not have omitted.

f) Act. 7. v. 22. Ench. Phil. Rest. Can. 11.
g) Canon. 3.

Thus much for a *Preparative*. And now that I may come closer to what *Norton* intends, and bring *Magick* neerer to our purpose; We must understand that the *Order* and *Symmitry* of the *Universe* is so setled by the *Lawes* of *Creation*, that the lowest things [the *Subcelestiall* or *Elementary Region*] should be immediately subservient to the *Midle*; the *Midle* [or *Calestiall*] to those above; and these [the *Supercelestiall* or *Intelligible*] to the *Supreame Rulers* becke. With this it is further to be knowne that these *(g) Superiours* and *Inferiours* have an *Analogicall* likenesse, and by a secret *Bond* have likewise a fast "cohærence between themselvs through insensible *Mediums*, freely combiening "in *Obedience* to the same supreme *Ruler*, and (also to the) benefit of *Nature*: Insomuch, that if we take the said *Harmony* in the *Reverse*, we shall finde that things *h* *Supercelestiall* may be drawne down by *Celestiall*, and *Supernaturall*, by *Naturall*. For this is the *Maxim* of old *Hermes*, (i) *Quod est superius, est sicut id quod est inferius.*

h) Cor. Agr. de oc. Phil. *l.* 1. *cap.* 38.
i) Tab. Smaragd.
k) Cor. Agr. de Occult. Philos. *lib.* 1. *cap.* 1.

And upon this ground (*k*) *Wisemen* conceive it no way *Irrationall* that it should be possible for us to ascend by the same degrees through *each world*, to the very *Originall world* it selfe, the Maker of all things and first *Cause*.

But how to conjoyne the *Inferiours* with the *vertue* of the *Superiours* (which is marrying *Elmes* to *Vines*) or how to call out of the hidden places into open light, the dispersed and seminated *Vertues*, (i e. *Virtutes in centro centri latentes*,) is, the work of the *Magi*, or *Hermetick Philosophers* onely; and depends upon the aforesaid *Harmony*. For,

They know that the *Production* of things is *Naturall*, but the bringing forth of the *vertue* is not *Naturall*: because the things are *Create*, but the *Vertues Increate*.

Hence it is that the *Power* and *Vertue* is not in *Plants*, *Stones*, *Mineralls*, &c. (though we sensibly perceive the *Effects* from them) but tis that *Universall* and *All-piercing Spirit*, that *One operative Vertue* and *immortall Seede* of *worldly things*, that *God* in the beginning infused into the *Chaos*, which is every

where

where *Active* and still flowes through the *world* in all kindes of things by *Universall extension*, and manifests it selfe by the aforesaid *Productions*. Which *Spirit* a true *Artist* knowes how-so to handle (though its *activity* be as it were *dul'd* and streightly *bound up*, in the close *Prison* of *Grosse* and *Earthie bodies*) as to take it from *Corporiety*, free it from *Captivity*, and let it *loose* that it may freely *worke* as it doth in the *Ætheriall Bodies*.

But the *meanes* whereby it is to be done (which is the *first Preparation*) all *Philosophers* have hitherto *concealed*. For,

l) To (m) Create Magnesia they made no care,
In their Bookes largely to declare.
But how to Order it after its Creation,
They left poore Men without Consolation.

l) Hunt. Green Lyon.

m) *i.e.* To tell what it is, though Ænigmatically.

And unlesse *God* please to *reveale* it, (like the *Iewish Fire*) it must be kept *hidden*, and till he doth there is no *humane industry* can forcibly *wrest* the *knowledge* thereof out of the *Almighties hands*.

n) *Si te fata vocant, aliter non.*

n) Augurel.

Looke not then for it at the *hand* of *Man*, for tis the *Gift* of *God* onely.

o) A singular gift and grace of th'Almighty.

o) Ordin. *p.* 13.

Nil dat quod non habet, Man has it not, (*that is*,) he has it not to bestow where he will.

p) The Philosophers were y sworne eche one,
That they shulde discover it unto none,
Ne in no Boke it write in no manere,
For unto Christ it is so lefe and deare:
That he wol not that it discovered be,
But where it liketh to his deite:
Man to inspire and eke for to defend,
Whan that him liketh: lo this is his end.

p) Chan. Yeom Tale.

In fine, if any man be so blest as to discover and unvaile our *Diana*, he shall finde and confesse that he was beholding to *Naturall Magick* for directions at the *Beginning*, Midle, and *End*; and when it is wrought up to his *highest degree of Perfection*, he shall see things not fit to be written; for (may I aver it with awfull Reveronce) *Angelicall wisdome* is to be obteyned by it.

Pag. 72. li. 25. Casted our White Stone a parte.

UNlesse the *Medicine* be qualified as it ought, tis *death* to tast the least *Attome* of it, because its *Nature* is so highly Vigorous and strong above that of *Mans*; For if its least parts are able to strike so fiercely and throughly into the *Body* of a base and corrupt *Mettall*, as to *Tinge* and *Convert* it into so high a degree as perfect *Gold*, how lesse able is the Body of *Man* to resist such a

force

force, when *its* greatest strength is far inferiour to the weakest Mettall? I doe believe (and am confirm'd by severall *Authors*) that many *Philosophers* (having a desire to enjoy perfect *Health*,) have destroyed themselves by adventuring to take the *Medicine* inwardly, ere they knew the true use thereof, or how to qualifie it to be received by the *Nature* of Man without *destruction*.

Pa.88.li.15.——The Red Stone is preservative,
Most precious thing to length my lyfe.

THis is the Stone which some builders up of life have refused, when in truth it was the *cheife Stone in the Corner*; It being produced from that undefiled *vertue* which is yet left with the *Creature* (as a small remainder of the *First Blessing*) and able to make a (q) perfect *union* betweene the *Body*, *Soule* and *Spirit*, whilst our lively *Fire*, (that *Medium* between the *Body* and *Spirit*) by receiving this *Ætheriall Medicine* consisting of heavenly *vertues* (that consume the *Impurities* and *Superfluities* of the *Body*) is delivered from all *Impediments*, and the Body forced to agree with that incomparable *Nature* into which it is changing by so sweete and powerfull *Compulsions*, and consequently life Prorogued.

q) R. Bost. Phil. cap. 3,

As touching the *Prolongation* of *life*, wee meete with some *Presidents* in *Histories*, and they not *Fables*, where by the *Application* of things inward or outward, the *Spirit* hath beene renewed, the *Body* strengthned the *Vitall* and *Animall* faculty quickned, *decrepid* and *withered Age* renewed, & *Life* inlarged. Besides these *Relations*, we perceive *Nature* is so curteous to some kind of *Creatures*, as the *Hart*, *Eagle*, and *Serpent*, that she affords them meanes to obteine the benefit of *Renovation* (here Nature teaches them *Naturall Magick*, for tis no other) and why then may it not be granted to Man if sought after? Nay the (r) consideration of this *Favourable Blessing* afforded to *Animalls* has been the principall ground whence many *Philosophers* have addicted themselves to the search "of this Mistery, hoping that might not be denyed to Man, upon his search, "which is bestowed gratis upon the Creature.

r) R. Bach. Ep. De Secret. Natur. cap. 6.

It is apparent that our (s) *Diseases proceed chiefly from Transplantation* (though I deny not but some *Hereditary Corruption* is *intail'd* upon *Posterity*, from the decaying, mouldering, and rotten *Natures* of our *Ancestors*) for, by what we *Eate* or *Drinke* as *Nourishment*; the corrupt and harmfull, nay deathfull qualities, which the (t) *Divine malediction* lodged in created things, is removed from them into our *Bodyes*, and there grow up and multiply till (having heightned the *Sal*, *Sulphur* and *Mercury*, into an irreconcileable *Contestation*, through the impurities wherewith they are loaded and burthened) they introduce a miserable *decay*, which consequently become a *Death*: and this is the sooner hastned if thereunto we adde the heavy *loade* of *Luxuriousnesse* and *Glutony*. Yet is not this *Death Naturall* but *Accidentall*, and (as may appeare by what has been said) a (u) *Death arising out of the fruits of the greate World* which *growes up by Transplantation*, the *Rebellious Disobedience* of man provoking *God* to *plant* a *Death* in every thing that he had made, by the *Curse* wherewith he had *cursed the Earth*. And to this the Doctrine which the (w) *Angell* taught *Esdras* is agreeable.

s) Severin. Idea Med. Philos. cap: 12.

t) Sir W. Raw. Hist. fol. 65.

u) J W. Epist.

w) 2 Esd. cap. 7. v. 11. 12. 13.

And though it is appointed *all must dye*, against which *Decree* no *Elixir* has

power

power to resist, yet this *Medicine* is a remedy for the particular *corruption* of *Man*, to keep back those *greifes* and *diseases* which usually accompany & molest *Old Age*; insomuch, that that *Death* which man eates in his *Bread* may be brought to a *Seperation*, and conseqnently (in the comfort of an *Uninterrupted Health*) spin out his *thread* of *life* to the longest end of that *Nature* fallen from *Originall Justice*. For tis a certaine truth that what we receive into our *Bodies*, of that, *Nature* findes two *Substances*, the (one with a Gladsome appetite,) she retaines to feede *Vitality*, the other (with an abhor'd dislike) she expells, as not onely uselesse but *Putrefactive* and *Dangerous*: and if thereupon we throughly advise with our selves we must needes confesse *Her* way is best to be imitated, in seperating the *Pure* from the *Impure*, (which are joyned together in every thing) before we make use of them, and where *she* does manifestly *Substract* and *Divide*, let us not there *add* and *multiplie*; for doubtlesse the *Faeck* (y) profit nothing, nay in sick persons they plainely *opresse* the penetrating vertue of the *Spirit* it selfe, and commit that *seperating Art* to the diseased *Body*, which through *weaknesse* is not able to performe the *Taske*. y) *Rothm.Comment.*

The *Brevity* of *Life* came in with the *Fall* of *Adam*, and though some of the *Autients* before the *Flood* lived almost a thousand yeares, yet certainely their lives were *prorogued* by the use of this *Medicine*, with which they well knew how to *seperate* and *correct* the obnoxious *Qualities* of all things, and I much question whether the *generality* of Persons then lived *so long*, or onely *those* who were the (z) *true Ancestors*; of *Abraham*, they not being alwaies the *eldest* and *first begotten* of the *Patriarks*, but such as *God* chose out of the *Family* to continue the *line*, and had (by the permission of *God*, as a singular and peculiar *blessing*) this *Secret Traditionally* committed to them. x) Sir *W.Raw. Hist.* fo.64.

Pa.89.li.27.———— I never made assay
Of the Red worke before this day.

HEnce some affirme that *Norton* neither had nor knew how to make the *Red Medicine*, but that's not so, for to the time of publishing his *Ordinall*, 'tis true, he had not a *second time* gon about to make it, and why?

(a) The cause appeareth in this Boke before,
When Hee was robbed then Hee would no more. a) *Ord*.pag.89.

Yet that he was *formerly* at *worke*, *made* it, and was *robb'd* thereof appeares also (*b*) before, where he saith the (*c*) *Merchants Wife* stole it from him, and that the misfortune thereof deterr'd him from making further progresse therein. Besides, he avers his *Master* taught it him, and that he fully nw how to make it, for so himself witnesseth. b) *Ord*.pag.34. c) See Anota. upon pag.34.

d) *Ord*.pag.89.

(d) I had with Grace the true Doctrine
Of Confection of the Red Medicine.

And lastly, in the latter end of the 5. *Chap.* of the aforesaid *Ordinall*, *Norton* truly and cleerely declares how it is made; unto which *I* refer the *Reader*.

Pag. 99. li. 31. **Wherefore they being in Warke of Generation, Have most obedience to Constellation.**

Here our *Author* refers to the *Rules* of *Astrologie* for *Electing* a time wherein to begin the *Philosophicall* worke, and that plainly appeares by the following lines, in which he chalkes out an *Election* fitly relating to the Businesse.

In the *operative* part of this *Science* the *Rules* of *Astronomie* and *Astrologie* (as elsewhere I have said) are to be consulted with.

e) Pat. Sapient.

(e) **For in Astronomie thou must have right good feeling,**
Or else in this Boke thow schalt have simple beleiving.

So that *Elections*, (whose *Calculatory part* belongs to *Astronomie*, but the *Judiciary* to *Astrologie*) are very necessary to begin this worke with; and the paines that *Norton* hath taken manifests no lesse, most Authors hinting the same, although we take but little notice thereof. For

f) Ord *pag.* 60.

(f) **Such simple kindes unformed and unwrought,**
Must craftily be guided till the end be sought.
All which season they have more obedience,
Above formed Natures to sterrs Influence.

Generally in all *Elections* the *Efficacy* of the *Starrs* are used as it were, by a certaine *application* made thereof to those unformed *Natures* that are to be wrought upon; whereby to further the working thereof, and make them more available to our purpose. (g) *For since both inferiour and superiour Causes concur to every effect, it followeth that if the one be not considered as well as the other, this Negligence will beget Error.* And by such *Elections* as good use may be made of the *Celestiall influences*, as a *Physitian* doth of the variety of *Herbes*. Agreeable to which is that of *Ptolomy Aphor.* 8. *A Juditious man helpes forward the Celestiall operation, even as a discreet Husbandman assists Nature in his plowing and preparing the Ground.* But *Nativities* are the Radices of *Elections*, and therefore we ought chiefly to looke backe upon them as the principall *Root* and *Foundation* of all *Operations*, and next to them the *quality* of the Thing we intend to fit, must be respected: so that by an apt position of *Heaven*, and *fortifying* the *Planets* and *Houses* in the Nativity of the Operator, and making them agree with the thing signified; the *Impression* made by that *Influence*, will abundantly augment the Operation.

g) Mar. Ficinus.

And this is upheld by very evident reason of Nature, (h) *for (saith a learned Gent.* whose *Defence of Iudiciall Astrologie* (so long since published) stands hitherto firme & unconfuted, notwithstanding all the whifling Assaults of any *Adversary*) *the Celestiall Influences never cease to flow into us, and therefore not unlikely that the like position or Configuration to that under which we are borne, may by like impression and influence increase and strengthen the operation of the former, more then it would if the Nativity were considered alone.* And upon these grounds *Norton* advises to make *Elections* like those he layes downe.

h) Sir *Chr: Heyd.* Def. of Astrol. *pag.* 363.

i) Unlesse then your Nativity pretend infection,
In contrariety to this Election. i) Ordin p. 100

Which is the same in effect with that of (k) *Ptolomy*, where he saith to this purpose, *viz.* "Though an *Election* of a *Day* or *houre* be well made, yet "will it prove of little *advantage* unlesse sutably *constituted* to the *scheame* "of the *Nativity*, because else it cannot divert that *evill* which in the *Nativity* "the *Planets* threatned: and hence it comes that *Actions Thrive* or *Miscarry* (though begun at one and the same time,) according as the position of *Heaven* then agrees with the *Nativity* of the *Persons* that manage them. k) Aphor. 6.

As touching the *Necessity* of *Elections*, to be used in *Dyet*, *Building*, *Dwelling*, *Apparell*, and the severall *Actions* of our *Life*, let any that would be satisfied, read *Marcellus*, *Ficinus*, *Hesiode*, *Cato*, *Virgil*, *Varro*, *Columella*, *Pliny*, who (and generally all *Philosophers*) ordered their affaires of planting, sowing, lopping, &c. by them.

For in those things (here below) which have no sence (as well as those that have) the *Heavenly Influences* alwaies make *Impression* according to the measure and Capacity of the *Subject*, and doe evidently manifest their *Dominion* in them, (l) for *nothing is more powerful then their Influences*, when Impressiõ is once made. Witnesse their power in *Plants*, *Herbes*, *Corne*, and what is *Vegitable*, whose *Seeds* diversly prosper, or decay, according to the state of the ☽ with the ☉ at the time of their *sowing*. This the *Husband-mans Experience* can tell the world, and the *Sun's Annuall Accesse* and *Recesse* makes manifest to the sence. l) *Gaff. Curios.* pag. 219.

And great Reason there is in *Nature* why the *Moons* condition ought chiefly to be observed, for she is the *Planet* neerest the *Earth*, and appointed as it were the *Vehiculum* of all other heavenly *Influences* unto what is *Sublunary*, and in that regard she is properly called (m) *An Instrument of the Armies from above*: according to whose present *Condition* things are steered; for if she be *Fortunate* by good *Aspects*, *happy* by *Position*, *swift* of *Course*, and increasing in *Light*, things *thrive* apace and *flourish*; But the contrary if she suffer *Impediments*. We may ordinarily observe how *poorely* and *slowly* the Seeds of *Plants* grow up, nay many times *languish* and *degenerate* into an unkindly *Quality* and *Tast*, if sowne in the *Waine* of the Moone, and the Reason is because the *Moysture* and *Sapp* that should feed them is exceedingly diminished; yet it is the fittest tyme for cutting downe *Timber*, or what else we would preserve from decaying. m) Eccl. 43. 8.

(n) *Thurneisserus* (among many other admirable and usefull *Observations*) gives us the *Position* of *Heaven* under which severall *Plants* are *Impregnated* with the greatest *vertue*, the gathering of which at such times, for *Phisicall* uses, deserves to be taken notice of; for the notable difference that evidently appeares betwixt their *virtues* and the vertues of such as are gathered without that Consideration. In a word, By *Elections* we may *Governe*, *Order* and *Produce* things as we please: *Faber quisq; Fortunæ propriæ.* n) Hist. Plant.

Pag. 100. li. 1. **Is a direct and firie Ascendant.**

IN this and the first *Ten* following *lines*, are laid downe the *Authors Rules* for framing an *Election* by, agreeable to which he erects you *Scheames* (about the *Latitude* of 51. degrees) that are placed before the sixth Chap. which I have caused to be exactly *Copied* from the *Originall*, though some *Planets*, I must acknowledg, are not placed in that exact order (for *houses* and *signes*) as *Astronomicall Rules* direct, and the *Doctrine* of *Astrologie* requireth. For Example, In the first *House* of the first *Figure* you have ☿ in 7. *degr.* of ♐, the *Ascendent* in 2. *degr.* of ♐, and then the ☉ in the 18. *Degr.* of the same *signe*; whereas the 2. *degr* of ♐ being fewer *degrees* of that *Signe* then 7. (wherein ☿ is placed) should Antecede it. Againe in the second *Figure* you have both ☿ and the ☽ in the 11th *House* thereof, who should of Right be posited in the 10th. because the 20th *degree* of ♎ is the Cuspe of the 11th, and therefore all *Planets* in lesser *degrees* of that Signe are falling into the 10th. Besides you have ♀ placed in every *Figure* so remote from the ☉, that *Astronomers* must count it absurd, since she is never above 48. *degr. Elongated* from him; and yet in the third *Figure* she comes not within the compasse of a ⚹ *Aspect*, nay in the second she is almost in ☍ to him.

For their *Position*; I could have placed them in Houses according to *Art*, but I rather let them stand as I found them in the *Originall*, being well assured they were thus Posited by *Designe*, and not through *Ignorance* or *Mistake*; for our *Author* manifests himselfe a learned *Astrologian*, and too wary a *Pen-man* to be guilty of either. And though it may seem contrary to *Art* for the Position of ♀ to be so far distant from the ☉, yet tis agreeable to his *Rule* of *Election* that she is so often placed in the 4th *House* (especially seeing the *Signe* falls out to be there in which she is exalted) because he appoints the *Lord* thereof to be fortunate,

(o) *Ord*. pag. 100. (o) **For this is Thesaurum absconditum of old Clerks.**

Withall, the *Planets* as they stand here placed in *Signes* and *Houses* are not so as that these *Figures* were the *Elected* times for the *Authors* owne *Operations* (or any others in that *Faculty*) but are rather *fained* and invented, onely to bring them within the compasse of his *Rules*. And to satisfie my selfe herein, I have taken some paines to *Calculate* the places of the *Planets* for severall years about the *Authors* time, but cannot finde the three *Superiors* and place of the ☉ to be in those Signes wherein he has posited them.

It is also worthy of our Observation to see how the *Author* continues his *Vailes* and *Shadows*, as in other parts of the *Mistery*, so likewise in the very *Figures* of some of the *Planets*, for he does not exhibite them under the Characters commonly now (or then) used, but Hierogliphically in Figures agreeable to their Natures, yet (p) diversitie of *Names* (or *Figures*) makes no diversitie in the things they signifie: For ♄ is pointed out by a *Spade*, ♃ by a *Miter*, ♂ by an *Arrow*, ♀ by a beautifull *Face*, ☿ by the figure (in those daies) usually stamped upon the Reverse of our *English Coyne*: Onely the ☉ and ☽ are left us in that fashion the *Auntients* bestowed upon them.

(p) *Aristotle*.

Pag.100.li.32. **Trust not to all Astrologers, I saie why:**
For that Art is as secret as Alkimie.

ASTROLOGIE is a profound *Science*: The depth this *Art* lyes obscur'd in, is not to be reach't by every vulgar *Plumet* that attempts to sound it. Never was any *Age* so pester'd with a multitude of *Pretenders*, who would be accounted (and stick not to style themselves) *Masters*, yet are not worthy to weare the Badge of illustrious *Urania*. And (oh to be lamented!) the *swarme* is likely to increase, untill through their Ignorance they become the ridiculous object of the *Enemies* to *Astrologie*; (would that were all,) and Eclipse the *glory* of that *light*, which if Judiciously *dispens'd* to the *World* would cause *admiration*; but *unskilfully expos'd*, become the scorne and contempt of the *Vulgar*.

He that understands no more of *Astrologie* (nor will make a further use of it) then to quack with a few *Tearmes* in an *Horary Question*; is no more worthy to be esteemed an *Astrologian* then Hee who hath onely learnt *Hebrew* may be accounted a *Caballisticall Rabbi*. Tis true, he may be so fraught with *words*, as to amuse the unlearned, with the *Canting* noyse thereof, but what is that if compared to the full and intire knowledge of the *Language*? Yet of this sort at present are start up divers Illiterate *Professors* (and *Women* are of the Number) who even make *Astrologie* the Bawd & Pander to all manner of Iniquity, prostituting Chast *Urania* to be abus'd by every adulterate *Interest*. And what willbe the issue (I wish it may prove no *Prophesie*) ere long *Astrologie* shall be cried down as an *Impostor*, because it is made use of as a *Stale* to all bad *Practises*, and a *laudable Faculty* to bolster up the *legerdimane* of a *Cheate*. And besides having now growne famous by the true *Predictions* of some of her able and honest *Sons*, shall grow into as much disgrace and infamy, by the unskilfull *Prognosticks* of ignorant Illegitimate *Bastards*: who rather then they will accuse themselves when they faile of truth in their *Judgments*, will not stick to condemne *Astrologie* it selfe as defective and lame, in what their slothfull negligence or ignorant blindnesse was not able to finde out. And therefore *Norton* here speaks truly, that *Astrologie* (take it with all its Comprehensions) is as *Secret* or *Misterious* as *Alchimy*, and as difficult to be throughly and perfectly understood.

There are in *Astrologie* (I confesse) shallow *Brookes*, through which young *Tyroes* may *wade*; but withall, there are deepe *Foards*, over which even the *Gyants* themselves must *swim*. Such is the Doctrine of *Nativities*, *Directions*, *Annuall Revolutions* and what else depends thereupon, belonging to *Man*, the *litle World*: and beyond these, those of *Comets*, *Eclipses*, *Great Conjunctions* and *Revolutions*, that refer to the greate *World*. These are subjects of *Eminency*, and being judiciously handled Magnifie the *Art*. But,

q) **Many men weene which doth them reade,**
That they doe understande them when they do not indeede. q) *Ordin.* cap. 5. pag. 60.

I know some few *Artists* have satisfactorily manifested what *excellency* of *Skill* there is in Judging an *Horary Question*, and how much of *truth* may be

drawne from that branch of *Art*; But they are those that are throughly read in all other parts of *Astrologie*; for such only are able to give a true *Resolution* to the *Querent*, and from the events of their considerate *Predictions*, bring *Honour* to the *Art*, and gaine *Reputation* to *Themselves*.

Pag.104.li.20. **Ordeine therefore to fetch breath from your Foote.**

IN regard of the *violent Nature* of the *Medicine* which is *deadly* indeed, because its *Nature* is so infinitely *strong* above *Mans*, that it overcomes his *Spirits* and *poysons* him; *Norton* therefore lets fall a hinte, what Parts an *Operator* ought to Arme, and whence to fetch *Breath*: Meaning thereby, that those *Orifices* of the *Body* be closely stopt (through which there is so open a passage, that a *Strong vapour* would fly as speedily as *lightning* into the *inmost parts*) while the *Vessell* is opening. But how to *breathe* the while is the *Difficulty*. We have *Practises* something neere it, as of those who attempt to lye long under *Water*, &c.

And therefore let this be a *Caution* sufficient to young *Practisers* in this *Science*, that when they worke upon a *Matter*, and bring it (as they suppose) to some *perfection*, if they can indure the *opening* of their *Vessell* without being Armed, they may rest satisfied that nothing is more certaine then that their *Matter* is not the *Philosophers Mercury*, and their *Practise* erronious.

Pag. 105.li.17. **Now have I taught you every thing by Name.**

r) *Hor.* ————r) *Hoc tibi dictum*
Tolle memor:

THis Verse ought to be heedfully observed by the Student in this *Science*, for he speaks a reall truth, *Nihil prætermissum quod à quovis dici poßit*. Nothing being *wanting*, nor nothing *left out* that is *needfull* to be knowne to compleate this greate *Worke*: which many have not the happinesse to *apprehend*, though it should be more *plainely* discovered unto them. Much alike unfortunate as those that *Sandivogius* speaks of, *(s)* to whom he had intimated the *Art* from *word to word*, but they could by no meanes understand him, yet would be accounted *Philosophers*.

s) *Præf.in Ænig.Philos.*

Seeing then a *Man* may be in the true *Path* and not know it to be so, it behoves the serious *Student* earnestly to desire of *God* to (*t*) "remove from his "Mind al thoughts without understanding, to make him a (*u*) Child of the light "as of the Day, that his *(w)* Eyes may behold the right, and his Eye-lids di-"rect his wayes. That his Dayes be not spent in vanity, nor his Yeares wast "doing nothing: but that (*y*) one Day may teach another, and one Night "add knowledge to another, And then he shall find that though this *Author* has opened his *Mouth* in a *Parable*, yet he hath declared [or made plain] hard *Sentences* of Old.

t) *Wisd.* 1.5.
u) 1 *Thes.*5.5.
w) *Prov.*4.25.
y) *Psa* 19.2.

z) *Ord.* pa.106.

z) **For in this Ordinall (he sets you out of doubt,)**
Is nothing set wrong, nor no point left out.

Pag. 106. li. 21. **In the yeare of Christ MCCCCLXXVII. This Worke was begun.——**

IN the *search* I have made after *Authentique Manuscripts* to compleate this *Worke*, a private *Gentleman* lent me a very faire one of *Norton*'s *Ordinall*, which I chiefly followed; yet not admitting to compare it with fourteen other *Copies*. It was written in *Velame* and in an auncient *sett Hand*, very exact and exceeding neate. The *Figures* (whence I caused these herewith printed to be *Graved*) being also most neatly & exquisitely *lym'd*, and better work then that which was *Henry the seaventh*'s own *Booke*, (as I am informed by those that have seene both.) It had placed in the midle and bottome of the *Compartiments* of *Flowers*, *Birds* and *Beasts*, the *Nevell's* Coate of *Armes*, with others which that *Family* quartered. This induced me to believe it to be the *Originall* (or one exactly *Copied* from it) presented by the *Author* to *George Nevell* then *Arch-Bishop of Yorke*, who was a most wealthy and *Magnificent Bishop*; as appeares not onely by the rich (*a*) *Iewell* he offered at *Becketts Tombe*, but for the greate and stately *Entertainment* he provided at *More* in *Hartfordshire* for *Edward the* 4th: to make which more Magnificent he brought forth a (*b*) vast *Treasure* of *Plate*, that he had hid during the distractions of former *yeares*, all which the *King* seised upon with his *Money* and *Goods* then valued at 20000 l. (a farre more considerable sum of *Money* in those *dayes*, then *now*;) and made of the *Arch-Bishops Mitre* (set with precious *Stones*) a *Crowne* for himself.

a) Isaac. Chr. fo. 468.

b) Stow. Ann. fo. 426.

I have beene informed that there was greate *Correspondency* betweene this *Arch-Bishop* and the *Hermetique Philosophers* of his time, and this is partly confirmed to me from *Ripley*'s (*c*) *Dedication* of his *Medulla* to him, *Ann.* 1476. as also the presentation of this of *Norton*'s *Ordinall*; for though I finde the said *Arch-Bishop* dyed the same yeare this *Ordinall* was begun to be written, yet the certaine time of that yeare I cannot yet learne; But it was towards the latter end thereof, when his Successor (*Lawrence Booth*) was *Consecrate*, viz. (d) 25. *Sept.* Besides, in all probability he lay not long *sick*, because he dyed (at *Blithlow*) upon a (*e*) *Iourney* from *Yorke*: So that the *Booke* might be finished and *presented*, (or if not presented, yet *intended*) before he dyed, though begun but the same yeere.

c) See the Preface.

d) Godw. Succ. p. 482.

e) Godw. pag. ibidem.

Pag. 107. **The Compounde of Alchymie, &c.**

THis *Worke* (which is also called the *Twelve Gates*) was pen'd by Sir *George Ripley*, and formerly (*f*) set forth in print by *Ralph Rabbards*; I have compared it with severall other *Manuscript Copies*, amongst which I happily met with one written neere about the time that *Ripley* lived, (and in these Streames of *Learning* the more clearest and without the least of *Mixture* is to be found neerest the *Spring-head*,) the which I most relyed upon. Yet where they differ, the *Reader* (if this *Copy* please not) may make use of the former.

f) An. 1591.

It appeares at the end of this (*g*) *Worke*, that it was written in the yeare 1471. which I the rather take notice of, because I have met with a kind of *Retractation* of *Ripley*'s beginning,

g) Pag. 193.

Fœlix

Fælix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

Wherein he beseeches all men, wheresoever they shall meete with any of his *Experiments* written by *Him*, or that go under his *Name*, (from the yeare 1450. to the yeare 1470.) either to *burne* them or afford them no *Credit*, being written according to his *esteeme*, not *proofe*; and which (afterwards upon *tryall*) he found *false* and *vaine*: for soe long was he seeking the *Stone*, but in the truth of *practise* had not found it, till towards the end of that yeare, and then (saith He) *Inveni quem diligit anima mea.*

So that this *Treatise* of the 12. *Gates* being wrote the yeare after, is unquestionably to be *relyed upon*, because pen'd from a grounded *experimentall Practise*, as himselfe Testifies in his *Admonition*,

h) *Ripl.* Admonition.

h) I never saw worke truly but one,
Of which in this Treatise the truth I have told.

In which (for the Students safeguard) he gives an account of his own *Erronious Experiments*, therein following *Chaucer*, *Richardus Anglicus*, *Dionisius*, *Zacharius* the noble *Trevisan*, and divers other honest and Consciencious *Philosophers*.

i) Anno 1649. k) *Pref. ad Oper.* G. Rip.

Ludovicus Combachius (who hath (*i*) lately set forth divers of *Ripley*'s *Works* in *Latin*) tells us (*k*) that he then had in his hands these *Twelve Gates* rendred in most pure *Elegiaque verse*, by one *Nicholas May* upon the Command of the *Emperour Rudolph* the *second*, and that he could willingly have added it to that he *published*, (which was *translated* out of *English* into *Latine verse* by Sir *Edw: Kelley*) for the better understanding thereof, but that the *Copy* was none of his owne.

l) *Printed at* Tolouse,

The learned *Faber*, (1646.) bestowed much Paines and Cost in publishing to the world (*l*) *Basilius Currus Triumphalis*, and others, in one *Volume*. In the *Argument* of which Booke *Georgius Riplæus Canonicus Anglus doctissimus & mirandus in quo nihil falsi & supervacui ad metallorum omnium proprietates, & naturas manifestandas*, is thus Ingeniously acknowledged. He further assures us that his *Workes* are worthy to keep pace with the best *Philosophers*; and knowes that Policie in *Printing* is surest, and takes well with the *Iudicious*, to begin with a good *Worke*, and end with the best; to which place he refers ou *Ripley*. But I must needs tell the *Reader* that in *pag.* 338. and so to the end, he is by *mistake* called *Triplanus* instead of *Riplæus*. There are other the like notorious faults which the *Printer* (most likely) is guilty of, as giving *Isaac Holland* the name of *Irsacus*. *Cornelius Drebble* he prints *Tornelius*, (and sometimes *Fornelius*) *Trebellianus*; and besides these, further causes of *Exception* to other parts of the *Worke* (too many to be mentioned here) amongst the rest where *Faber* sayes they were all rendred into *Latin* out of *Dutch*, and that this peece of *Ripley*'s, which he there calls *Triplanus de lapide Philosophorum* (but is indeed an *Epitomy* of these 12. *Gates*) was by one *Nicholas Barnard* a *Philosopher* Translated out of *Dutch* into *Latin*, intimating withall that it was *Originally* written in the *Germain Tongue*; which is very *false*, injurious to our *Author*, and dishonourable to our *Nation*.

Thus much for the *Worke*, and now to say something touching our *Author*.

Philemon Holland in his *Translation* of *Cambden*'s *Britania* Printed 1636.

is

is pleased to take the liberty to tell us that the place of his *Nativity* was (m) *Ripley*, a *Village* in the *County* of *Surrey*, and calls him a *Ring-leader of our Alchimists, and a mysticall Impostor.* This Imputation of *Mysticall Impostor* smells more of *Envious dislike* then *faithfull Account*, and therefore I'le passe it by. But as to the place of his *Birth*, I am induced to believe it to be about *Yorkshire*, (not that he was a Foundling at *Ripley* in that *County*, or of so obscure *Parents*, that the name of the place of his *Nativity* must be impos'd upon him in defect of a better) No certainly, his *Name, Relation*, and *Kindred* discover him to be the Sonne of a *Gentleman*; and though I cannot exhibite his *Pedigree*, yet it appeares in some ancient *Manuscript Copies* of his (n) *Medulla* (which I have seene) that his Relation of *Kindred* lay in the *Northerne parts*, where (he saith) "he had divers Kindred, Gentlemen of "Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, as *Tevarsall, Ripley, Medlay, Willoughbie, Burham*, "*Waterton, Flemming* and *Talboyes*, who (as he there complaines to the *Arch-*"*Bishop Nevell*, to whom he dedicated that Worke) were by the Conquering "Sword of *Edward* the *fourth*, (*God* so permitting) lamentably destroyed. 'Tis also considerable that his *Ecclesiasticall Promotion* hapned to be at *Bridlington*, a (o) *Towne* in the *East Riding* of *Yorkshire*.

m) fol. 295.

n) *towards the end thereof.*

o) *Camb. Brit.* fo. 714.

——p) According to my Profession,
In Order Chanon Regular of Bridlington.

p) *Pref. to his 12. Gates.*

And probably such his *Advancement*, might be procured rather in that *Country* where his *Kindred* and *Friends* lived, and himself that *Country-man*, then if he had been a *Stranger*.

I determine not whether *Holland* has done the learned *Antiquary* or profound *Philosopher* the greater *Injury*, in what he puts downe concerning the place of his *Birth*; for I must let the *world* know, 'tis not to be found in the *Originall Latin* which *Cambden* published *Anno* 1607. nor can I learne that there was any other *Impression*, to the time of *Translation*, nor in probability could there be when *Holland* (q) fell to worke immediately upon the coming out of the said *Impression* in 1607. and set forth his *Translation* within foure Yeares.

q) *Postscript to Camb. Brit.*

So that I cannot but wonder at the Boldnesse of this *Translator*, not onely in *adding* many things of his owne score, but for abusing so learned a *Philosopher* with the Tearme of *Mysticall Impostor*, and putting it upon the Account of an *Author*, who should he thus vilifie one of so cleere a *Reputation*, ingenious *Schollars* might have just cause to question the *Candidnesse* of his *Pen* in other things. But this kind of liberty I finde *Holland* hath taken in other parts of that worthy *worke*, The effects whereof, hath rendred *Banbury* (amongst others) much beholding to him for an eminent *Flout*: For, where *Cambden* fames it for (r) *Cheese* onely, he addes *Cakes* and *Zeale*: Neither of which are to be found in the *Originall*, though doubtlesse both in the *Towne*, and for better purpose then to be *boasted* of.

r) *Nunc conficiendo Caseo notissimum* fo. 266

But to leave this *Digression* & returne to *Ripley*. *Pitts* tells us, "He was a Man "of a *Quick*, & (more then can be expressed) curious *Wit*, and that *Totam ferè* "*suã ætatẽ in perscrutandis rerũ Naturaliũ occultis & abstrusis Causis & effectibus* "*consumpsit*; He wasted almost his whole *Life* in searching out the occult and "abstruse Causes and Effects of *Naturall things*. And that he might more

s) *Pitts de illustr. Aug. Scrip.* pag. 677.

"copiously and plentifully study *Philosophy*, and accomplish what he conceived "in his *mind*, he boldly travailed through *France*, *Germany*, and *Italy*, where he "grew into familiarity with severall of the most *Learned men*.

t) *Bale Cent.* 8. fo. 622. *Leland* saith truly, that he (*t*) laid the foundation of his Studies in *Italy*, for there indeed he had the *blessing* first to see *Projection*.

u) *Camalena* G. Ripley.

(u) *In Romanis partibus nuptiis Mercurii,*
Accidit post studium semel quod interfui.

w) *Pitts* p. 677 x) *Bale*. fo. 622 y) *Præf. ad oper* C. Rip. 'Tis further testified, that He alwayes either (w) *Writ*, or *Learnt*, or *Taught* something; He was perfectly *learned* in *all* the liberall *Arts*, and well red in all manner of *Philosophy*; a most famous *Mathematitian*, a *Rhetoritian* and *Poet*, (x) *per eam ætatem, non vulgaris effectus. Combachius* styles him (y) *Author procul dubio dignus, qui ab Amatoribus Chemiæ sedulo evolvatur, cum in sermone apertus sit, rotundus & planus, nec ullis spinis aliorum more obsitus:* A worthy *Author* without exception, who is diligently studyed by the lovers of *Chimestry*, forasmuch as he is *open*, *well compact*, and *plaine of delivery*, and not wrapt in any Thornes, after the custome of others. *Habet insuper* (saith the same *Author*) *cum Lulii scriptis magnam affinitatem, ut unus alterum explicet, &c.* Besides, he hath great Affinity with the Writings of *Lully*, insomuch that the one explaineth the other.

Amongst other parts, abroad, he visited the *Isle* of *Rhodes*, and resided there for some time with the *Knights* of the *Order* of *Saint Iohn of Ierusalem*. An *Acquaintance* of mine hath in his *custody* certaine private *Observations* of an *English Gentleman* of good quality and credit, who in his *Travells* abroade, *Observes* (amongst other things) that in the *Isle* of *Malta* he saw a *Record*, which declares that this Sir *George* Ripley gave yearely to those *Knights* of *Rhodes* 100000l. towards maintaining the *war* (then on foot) against the *Turks*.

z) *Bale Cent.* 8. But at length, that he might bid his farewell to the *World*, and wholly consecrate himselfe to *God*, and betake him to his private *Studies*, upon his (z) returne into *England* he obtained an *Indulgence* of *Pope Innocent* the *eighth*, that for the future he might be

a) *Tit. oper.*

a) **Exempt from Claustrall Observance,**

b) An. 1488. c) *Bale* fo. 622. d) *Camb. Brit.* fo. 538. e) *Ibid.* fo. 532. and alwaies discharged and freed from the burthen of the *Ceremonies* and *Observancy* of his *Order*; but in regard the *Chanons* admit no such things, he became a (*b*) *Carmelite* in the *Monastery* of Saint *Butolph*, which (saith *Leland*) is a famous (*c*) *Mart Towne* nigh the *Banks* of the River *Lindus*: This *River* I take to be the *River Witham* in *Lincolnshire* (anciently called (d) *Lindis*) which passing from *Lincoln*, runs towards the maine *Sea* by *Boston*, more truly called (e) *Butolphs Towne*, (for it carried that name from *Butolph*, a most holy and devote *Saxon*:) And if you observe *Cambdens Map* of *Lincolnshire*, you shall see St. *Butolph* stands neere to *Boston*. So that in all likelyhood this was the *place* of *Ripley*'s *Retirement*, where he continued an *Anchorite* untill his *Death*, and was there *Buried* Anno 1490.

f) See the latter end of that worke. The probability whereof, may be further confirm'd from his *Medulla*, where it appeares he had *then* (*f*) a great desire to return into *England*, and to that end therein became a *Suter* to the *Archbishop of Yorke*, that by his meanes he might obtaine an *abiding place* in some *Religious house*, within his *Dioces*. Which

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Archbishop presently after dying, he could not performe, but not unlike *Ripley* having still an earnest *longing* thereto, (because it was his *native Countrey*,) might without doubt otherwise effect.

And whereas *Bale* saith he obteined *Pope Innocents* Indulgence upon his returne into *England*, and thereupon became a *Carmelite*, *An.* 1488. It is manifest from the aforesaid *Medulla*, that at the writeing thereof, which was in 1476. (at least 12. yeares before the time *Bale* makes him to enter into that *Order*) he had this *Dispensation*, for so he tells the *Archbishop*: And if so, then it must be either (g) *Sixtus* the fourth, or *Paul* the second (his *Predecessor*) that must grant it unto him. g) *Isaac. Chron.* fo. 366.

He wrote divers *Bookes* worthy of perusing, but amongst those which *Bale* Registers, I shall onely cull out these, *viz.*

1. *Compendium Alchimiæ, seu Castellum Duodecim Portarum.*
2. *Concordantias Guidonis & Raymundi.*
3. *Secreta Philosophorum.*
4. *Alcumistarum Misteria.*
5. *Artem brevem vel Clangorem.*
6. *Practicam Ceremonialem.*
7. *Dictata Ægri.*
8. *De Magia Naturali.*
9. *De lapide Philosophico, Latinè Tractatum rythmicum.*

All which *Pitts* recites, and to them adds the following *workes.*

10. *Medullam Philosophiæ.*
11. *Pupillam Alchimiæ.*
12. *Terram Terrarum.*
13. *Experimenta Philosophica.*
14. *De rerum temperaturis.*

What followes *Ludov: Combachius* has lately printed, and added to some of the aforementioned *Peeces.*

15. *De Mercurio & lapide Philosophorũ.*
16. *Philorcium Alchimistarum.*
17. *Clavis Auræ Portæ.*
18. *Viaticum seu Varia Practica.*
19. *Accurtationes & practicæ Raymundinæ.*
20. *Cantalena.*

And *lastly* take into the *Number* the small *Peeces* published in this *Theatrum. viz.* His

21. *Epistle to* Edw. *the fourth*, pag. 109.
22. *Vision.* pag. 374.
23. *Verses belonging to his Scrowle* —— Pag. 375.
24. *Preface to his* Medulla, 389.
25. *A short worke supposed to be his*, Pag. 393.

Pag. 177. lin. ult. **A Quintessence this Water we call,**
In Man, which helpeth Disseases all.

PHysick is a *divine Science*, even *Gods Theologie*; for the *Almighty* wrote his *Scripture* in that language, before he made *Adam* to reade it. The *Ten Fathers* before the *Flood*, and those that followed, together with *Moses* and *Salomon*, were the great *Physitians* in former *Ages*, who bequeathed their heavenly

knowledges of *naturall* helpes to those they judged as well *worthy* in honesty and industry, as capable thereof: and from their piercing *Beames* all *Nations* enlightned their *Tapers*. *Abraham* brought it out of *Chaldea*, and bestowed much thereof upon *Egypt*, and thence a refulgent *Beame* glanced into *Greece*. The *Coacks* and *Æsculapian Family*, &c. *God* greatly incouraged to serve that *Age*. *Democritus* and *Hypocrates* supported *Ruinous Mankinde*, with their *Phisicall* administrations, and *Schollers* successively supplyed their places for at least 400. yeares, untill *Galen* undertooke by his strong *Abilities* and incessant Paines to vivifie the then dying *Genius* of *Phisick*: which hath since most nobly beene Augmented, by the stupendious paines of *Arabians* and *Europeans*.

And in the *Progresse* this *Science* has made into severall parts of the *World*, we may finde, that *God* hath evermore been pleas'd to call upon the *stage* thereof in sundry Ages, some choyce and eminent *Men*, whom (by the *Illumination* of his *blessed Spirit*) he hath furnished with ability to reade the *Characters* of his blessed will, writ in that ample and sacred *Volume* of the *Creation*, and the severall *Pages* of individuall *Natures*. And further, to testifie his care of his *Creatures*, hath also given them *Balme* in their hands to stoppe the over-spreading contagiousnesse of bainefull *Diseases*. But to contract the Rayes of my Prospective to our owne *homes*, the *Phisitians Colledge* of *London* doth at this day nourish most noble and able Sons of *Art*, no way wanting in the choycest of Learning; And though we doe not, yet the World abroad has taken notice of sundry learned *Fellowes* of that *Societie*, as *Linacres*, *Gilbert*, *Ridly*, *Dee*, *Flood*, &c. and at present *Doctor Harvey*, who deserves for his many and eminent *Discoveries*, to have a *Statue* erected rather of *Gold* then of *Marble*.

Neverthelesse, it has beene observed in other *parts* that we *English* will sooner abuse and detract from the worth of any of our owne *Nation* (though never so well deserving) then render them what they justly merit by a worthy *Applause*: And rather cry up a Frie of *Illiterate Quacks* (for every *Galen* hath his Plague, [a mounting ignorant *Thessalus*] that cheare the *poore* and *simple* of their Money, and (I wish they did not) often in Conclusion murder their
(h) *Ecclef.* 38. over-credulous *Patients*;) then give the learned *Phisitian* the due (*h*) *Honour* *God* has appointed us to pay him.

Now as *God* hath formerly shed most eminent *Beames* of the *first light* upon a few particular *Men* (as it were to gratifie the deserving Labourers at all times of his day;) So I am confident there are yet most noble *seeds* of that *light* of *Nature* appointed to spring up for the Benefit of *Posterity*. The *Glory* whereof we see hath shin'd in other *Horizons*, shortly it will draw neere to *ours*; and that which with incessant *Toyle* cannot yet be *Discovered*, shall in those dayes be freely *Revealed* to some that little dreame of it. I am more then Confident *Succession* will meete with many *advantages* and *helpes*, which this corrupt and ingratefull *Age* deserves not, nor shall have; because we deride, what *Posterity* will adore with a lasting admiration: The *Circuit* of that great and *Sabbathicall* Conjunction of the two *Superiour Planets* which began An. 1603. in the *Fiery Triplicity*, will *Illustrate*, *Enlarge*, and *Refine* Arts like the tryed *Gold*, It shall produce more pregnant and famous *Philosophers* by *Fire*, (I meane such as is *Etheriall*) then yet the *world* ere saw; and so purifie some

inge-

ingenious *Inquisitors*, as to make them fit *Mettall* for *Angells* to Project on. This *Fiery Trigon* shall not passe, before that *God* make *manifest* what he commanded former *Ages* to keepe *Secret*, Where old *Hermes* his *Ætheriall Phisick* (*viz.* this **Quintessentiall Water** which *Ripley* here speakes of, and which is

(i) **Such as auncient Phisick taught,**

i) Sir E.K. to *G.S.*

shall be *Restored*; whose *perfect* and *incorruptible Qualities* of *Heate, Cold, Moisture* and *Drinesse* are able not onely to *Nourish, Fortifie,* and *Encrease* the *Vitall Spirits*, but *Digest, Correct* and *Consume* all *Impediments* and *Corruptions*, those hurtfull and Impure *Seeds* which crept in with the *Curse*, (and joyning themselves with the *Good*,) have ever since (like a growing *Tyde*) encroached so far upon the *Body* of *Man*, till he is almost *overwhelm'd* and ready to *Perish*.

But it is to be acknowledged that those *Chemists* deserve a considerable share of *Honour*, who, for want of this *Ætheriall* and *Universall Medicine* (which *God* hath hitherto granted to few) zealously apply themselves to finde out a *Particular* one, (that *sedulous Industry* may afford to more) and to raise up a *Body* of *Phisick*, from those (*k*) *Three Principles* which are to be found in every *Body*, because compounded of them; (though strongly lockt up) namely *Sal, Sulphur*, and *Mercury*: (to which *De Clave* of late adds two more, *viz.* *Earth* and *Phleagme*) and so comfortably relieve decaying *Mortality*, and heale *Diseases* by the meanes they are Cured.

k) *Bosf. Phis.* cap. 4.

In the painefull and curious *search* of which *Experiments*, where there is more of *Nature* that still lyes hid, (yea she is as Infinite in her *Productions*, as the *Minde* of *Man* can be *Unsatiable*, in the *search*) let the satisfaction the Ingenious *Artist* findes in one *Truth*, leade him cheerfully on to make *Inquisition* after a further, perhaps the *Event* of his *Labours* may discover a *Perfection* in the *knowledge* he hunts after, and *Providence* may be as kinde to so diligent an *Inquisitor*, as *Nature* is to the *Ant*, who bestows *Wings* on her in her *declining Age*, as a reward for her former *Labours*.

And albeit I magnifie *Chemicall Phisique*, yet I do not lessen the due commendations that belong to *Galenicall*: nor dare I, when so great an *Hermetick Philosopher* as *Arnoldus de villa Nova* has taken so much paines to Joyne them together. And besides him, it has been the worke of *Maierus, Faber*, and many other consciencious *Philosophers*, to reconcile them. Who laying aside (indeede abhorring) all thought of *Faction*, conceive nothing to come neerer the *Divinity* of *Nature*, or be any way more gratefull to *God* and *Good men*, then to help the *Afflicted*, and relieve the *Sick*; nor greater *Charity* then to bestow *health*, and support *dejected Nature*. Nor is *Galenicall Phisick* hard to come by, it being at all times easy to be met with, the *Superficies* of the *Earth* never denying us some thing or other for *Medicine*, and they, *Milde, Gentle*, and *Safe* for weake and tender *Natures*. Moreover, it is observed by *Nollius* and others, that where *God* strikes with any *Disease*, in those parts he also sends forth a *Plant* that he endowes with vertue to cure it. And truly I cannot but admire at those snarling *humours*, who make it their *Taske* to disparage what they affect not, (nay oftentimes what is beyond their owne worth) and rent those noble

parts of *Art* asunder, which *Nature* has conjoyned in an harmonious *Agreement*, and whose wide breaches, honest hearted *Philosophers* endeavour to make up by a friendly Reconciliation, it being not to be denyed, but that each hath their peculiar *Eminencies* for which they deserve both *Praise* & *Honour*. For my owne part, I am none of the *Detractors* from *Learning*, but beare an Universall affection to *Arts*, and am in freindship with each of their particular *Branches*; Nay even in those I understand not, for I am perswaded by the satisfaction I have received in things which before time I knew not, that there may be something deserving of my faire Opinion, in what I am yet to know.

l)*Bac.adv.*pag. 37.

It has proved a great (l)*Errour* in some *Practitioners*, who (tumbling up and downe their owne *Speculations*) seeke out for *Truth* in the *Little world*, and withdrawing themselves too much from the *Contemplation* of *Experimentall Naturall Obsevations*, neglect to looke for it in the *greate* and *common World*: When certainly such may far sooner arrive at that *Truth* they seeke for in *Man*, if they would but observe the Beginnings, Change, declination, and death of all things, in and upon this inferiour *Globe*, and compare their vertues with our owne internall *Natures*, for they are certainly (*m*) united by a Noble, excellent, and secret Harmony and Relation.

m)See Davison's Curic. Chemic.
n)De occult. Phil.*cap* 3.

And having found the true *Originall* and *Cause* of *Diseases*, then further to search after a proper remedy; for all *Diseases* are not cured by one sort of *Physick* (save that which is *Ætheriall* and *Incorporeall*) And therefore according to the Doctrine of (n) *Paracelsus*, such as are bred from so light a cause as the impure *Seeds* of *Vegitables*, viz. *Meate*, *Drinke*, *Fruits*, *Herbes*, and the like *Elementary* things, may be very easily cured with the *Secrets* of *Hearbes*, *Roots*, and such like mild and tender *Medicines*, of which sort *Galenicall Physick* is more plentifully furnished then any of the rest. Those that are produced from the more rude and knotteer *Qualities* of *Mineralls*, and what is cast within the Compasse of that *Tribe*, the *Chemicall Phisitian* must expell by the power and force of his *Metalline Sulphurs*, &c. *Vegitables* being (in this Case) too weake to *Master* and *Dissolve* their tenacious and coagulated *Spirits*: Those which are derived from the *Influences* of *Heaven*, must be removed by *Plants*, &c. *Magically* gathered and prepared, or by *Sigills*, &c. framed or made under sutable *Positions* and *Aspects* of the *Planets*, and impregnated with the rayes of *Celestiall Vertues*, for without opening the *Bodyes*, Infusing superiour *Influences*, and (by an additionall Artifice) *fixing* them to the said *Bodies*; their own ordinary *vertue* (be *Elections* never so propitious) hath not strength enough to conquer *Diseases* of that *Nature*: and severall of these choice *Secrets* (of *Nature* and *Art united*) I my selfe have *prepared*, *made* and Experimentally *verified*. Finally, where *Diseases* happen by *Supernaturall* meanes, as by *Inchantments*, &c. none of the other three are able to remedy the same, save onely *Magicall* and *Supercelestiall* meanes, by and through the Vertues of particular *Intelligences*, Or the *Red Medicine* wrought up to the highest degree of *Perfection*. And in such cases the *Hermetique Philosopher* must apppeare, who

o)*Anonymi.*

o) ——In his Reason hath contrived
A Perfect Medicine, for Bodies that be sick
Of all infirmities to be releived,
This helpeth Nature, and prolongeth lyfe eke.

Therefore

Therefore let all men ceaſe to wonder why ſo many *Diſeaſes* ſeeme *incurable*; when many times being *Supernaturall* we judge them *Naturall*, and the true *Cauſes* unknowne, no ſutable *Medicamen* is adminiſtred.

And whereas I have toucht upon *Sigills*, I thinke it will not be remote from this *diſcourſe*, if I give a little ſatisfaction to my *Reader* therein; Though perhaps it may be eſteemed as a thing of too daring a *Nature* for my *Pen* Nor am I ignorant how ſome, moſt learned Men, have extremly ſuffered under the heavy and ſharp *Load* of unworthy and raſh *Calumny*, for manifeſting or defending this *Doctrine*; but it hath only beene (ſuch is their *Glory*) by theſe that could never ſufficiently *Anſwer* their *Arguments*. p) See R Moſes, his Doctor dubiorum.

The framing of *Sigills*, *Lamels*, *Taleſmes* (for all depend upon one *Radix*) is a piece of *Learning* as (*p*) Ancient as the *Babilonians* and *Caldean Magi*, (who firſt found out the Secret power of *Figures*) a chiefe part of their *Magick*, And practiſed by the greateſt *Philoſophers* in the *Eaſterne World*; Where remaine to this day, (as evident Teſtimonies of their firſt *Invention*) very many and ancient *Taleſmes*, the miraculous effects whereof were admired and approved throughout all *Ægipt* and *Perſia*: although (I confeſſe) their *Name* and *Uſe* be yet ſcarce knowne in theſe parts of the *World*; Or if, onely to ſuch whoſe *Wiſdome* thinkes fit to conceale and preſerve the *knowledg* thereof, from the hands of the ſenſleſſe and profane.

Among all other *Philoſophers* (famous for this kinde of knowledg) *Apolonens Tyaneus* was the (*q*) mightieſt, and his *Workes* (in my Opinion) moſt *Stupendious*: Who though the Envious and Ungratefull *World*, has throwne ſome dirt upon him, to blemiſh the Innocency of his *Operations*, yet he never deſerved other then well; all He did being for the (r) *good* thereof, and not for *hurt*; He was no leſſe a *Pious* then *Illuſtrious Philoſopher*, His whole *Life* being ſtrict and vertuous, and his *Death* not blaſted with any ſcandalous *Exit*. And for a juſtification of his *Praxis*, take this Teſtimony of *Juſtinus*, who, ſaith (*s*) that he was a Man skillfull in the "*Diſſent* and *Conſent* of all *naturall Powers*; and who wrought wonderfull things by the meanes of this *Science*; "(which were only *Naturall* and not *Miraculous*:) For which purpoſe, he "made choyce of ſuch fit *Subjects*, as might conduce to the perfection of "what he intended to *Effect*: And indeed *God* did not withſtand thoſe "*Workes* of his, in regard they were done by the knowledg of *Naturall things*, "for the uſe and benefit of *Man*.

q) Greg Obſerv. pag. 36.

r) Mayerus Sym. Aur. Menſ. pag. 127.

s) In queſt. ad Orthod: quæſt.

What I have further to ſay, ſhall onely be to ſhew what *Naturall powers*, *Sigills*, &c. *Graved* or *Impreſt* with proper *Characters* and *Figures*, and made under certaine peculiar *Conſtellations* may have. *Albumazar*, *Zahel*, *Haly*, *Albategnus*, and divers other *Arabians*, give us ſeverall examples of ſuch as have been cured of the biting of *Serpents*, *Scorpions*, *Mad dogs*, &c. by *Taliſmaticall Figures*: And in other *Authors* we meete with a world of (*t*) *Stories* which tell what Admirable effects they have *wrought* being rightly prepared, (which ſhould I here mention, would ſwell beyond the limits of my *Diſcourſe*) But this peece of *Art* is of extreme difficulty, and not to be performed by every one that takes it in hand.

t) See Greg. Obſerv. Gaff. Curoſ.

As for the uſe of ſuch *Characters*, *Letters*, *Words*, *Figures*, &c. Formed or Inſculped upon any *Matter* we make uſe of, we are led to it by the preſident of *Nature*, who *Stampes* moſt notable and marvelous *Figures* upon (*u*) *Plants*, Rootes

u) See Crolius de ſignat. inter. rerum.

Rootes, Seeds, Fruits, nay even upon rude *Stones*, *Flints*, and other inferiour *Bodies*.

Nor are these remarkable *Signatures* made and described by Chaunce, (for there is a certaine *Providence* which leades on all things to their end, and which makes nothing but to some purpose,) but are the *Characters* and *Figures* of those *Starrs*, by whom they are principally governed, and with these particular *Stamps*, have also peculiar and different *vertues* bestowed upon them. What *Artists* therefore doe in point of *Character*, is onely to pursue the Track, that is beaten out by *Nature*; And by how much the more the *Matter* whereupon such *Impressions* are made, is sutable to the *Qualities* of those *Starrs* whose *Characters* it is signed with: By so much more apt and inclineable it will be to receive those *vertues* that shall impower it to produce an *Effect*, in things whereunto it's applyed.

Neverthelesse, this is not all, for this *Body* must have as it were a *Soule* infused, and be *Impregnated* with a *Celestiall vitality*, or else it remaines *Ineffectuall* and *Dead*. In which respect other meanes must be found out before we can obtaine that Effect. And therefore we are to Consider, that the *Soule* of the *World* is not confined, nor the *Celestiall Influences* limited, but doe indifferently emit and communicate their *Vertues* alike, as well to things *Artificially made*, as to those that are *Naturally generated*, though sometimes they are more, at othertimes lesse vigorous and powerfull, according to the different *Aspects* under which they are wrought: In which regard a fit *Election* must be built up from the foundation of *Astrologie*, sutable to the *Nature* of the *Operation* proposed, which being effected, and the *Stars* finding a *figure* aptly disposed for receiving them, they forthwith *Impresse* their *vertue*, which they retaining doe afterwards *operate* in that they finde to be *semblable*. And this is not strange if we reflect upon the Vulgar experiments of the *Loadestone*, who communicating its vertue to a peece of *Iron* (a thing made fit by *Nature* to attract and reteine) that *Piece* thereby becomes of strength to communicate this vertue to a *third*. But if we should consider the *Operations* of this *Magnet* throughly (which proceeds onely from a *Naturall Principle*) there is no other *Mystery, Celestiall, Elementall*, or *Earthly*, which can be too hard, for our *Beliefe*.

Moreover, these *Celestiall vertues* and *peculiar Gifts* are not infused into *Individuall* and *particular things*, by the *Idea*, and by meanes of the *Soule* of the *World* alone, But also are invited thither, through the *Obedientiality* of their *Matter*, and a certaine aptitude and likenesse that these *Inferiours* beare to their *Superiours*; which being once taken in, they thereupon contract and reteine (besides such as they receive from their owne *Species*) those naturall *Vertues* and Roots of the Starrs, wherewith they suscitate and stir up the *Influences* of the Celestiall *Bodies*; who are (as it were by compact when *United*) Obliged to *Operate* in and for that purpose, which the *Artist* appoints them. And more especially if the Minde of the *Operator* be vehemently inclined towards the same. For *that* through the strength and Efficacy of the *Imagination* and *Passion*, (being seriously intent upon any *Operation*) is joyned with the Minde of the Starrs and *Intelligences*, and as sodainly fitted with *Vertues*, as if it were the proper Receptacle of their *Influences*, and consequently helpes more effectually to infuse their *Vertues* into our *Workes*: And the reason is; *because there is an apprehension and power of all things in the* Minde: Whereupon all things

having

having a naturall *Obedience* to it, have also of necessity an *Efficacy*; and more to that which desires them, with a strong and intent Desire.

Notwithstanding, all these *Wonders* are not wrought but by the Cooperation of *second Causes* disposing of the *Corporall Matter*, *God* (the first cause of all things) having variously distributed these *vertues* to every one as he pleaseth, who by his Command and appointment are necessitated to produce their *Effects*.) Which *Matter* (by reason of its *Purity* or *Inequality* may cause the *Celestiall vertues* to erre in their *Actings*, (for certainly *Influences* may be hindred, and prove ineffectuall through the indisposition or insufficiency of the *Matter*.) And therefore it is no ordinary *Speculation* to awaken the *sleeping Spirit* which lyes bound up in the straight Prison of the *Body*; to invite and allure that propitious *Spirit* to descend from *Heaven*, and unite it selfe with that which is *Internall*; and there withall to convey a *Vinculum* thereinto, that is of power to hold fast and fix the *Celestiall Influencs*, from recoyling back into their *united Centers*.

This is the *Series* and *Order* of *Nature* conjoyn'd with *Art*: and this, and all this must be effected, before one true *Magicall Operation* can be performed.

Pag. 194. **Liber patris Sapientie.**

THough I cannot yet satisfie the *Reader* who was the *Authour* hereof, and therefore must *Register* it, (together with **Experience and Philosophy**, the **Hermets Tale**) amongst the *Anonymi*: yet I can assure him *He* gives exceeding good advice to the *Student* in this *Science*, where he bids him be *Secret* in the Carriage on of his *Studies* and *Operations*, and not to let any one know of his *Undertakings*, but his good *Angel* and *Himselfe*: and such a close and retyred *Brest* had *Norton's Master*, who

w) **When Men disputed of Colours of the Rose,** w) *Ordin*. p. 32.
He would not speake but keepe himselfe full close.

Privacy will (questionlesse) prove an unimaginable benefit to him, whereas on the contrary *Apertnesse* exposeth a true *Philosopher* to a multitude of Misfortunes. Witnesse Sir *Ed. Kelley*, whose immoderate *Ambition* of spreading his *Name*, lifted him up even to a *Madnesse* of *publique Carriage*; which not correcting in Time, he most miserably *fell*, through the fatall *Virtego* of imprudent *Glory*. To such therefore I shall only adde *Chaucers* Councell which may prove of no litle advantage if they remember it.

x) **Make privy to your dealing as few as you maie,** x) *Ten Commau. of Love.*
For three may keepe Councell if twaine be awaie.

THe *Figure* cut in *Brasse* and placed in *Page* 210. is an Hieroglyphicall device of *Cremer* somtime *Abbot* of *Westminster*, and *Scholler* (in this *Science*) to *Raymond Lully*, which he caused to be painted upon an *Arched Wall*

in *Weſtminſter Abbey*, where now the *Statues* of our *Kings* and *Queenes* are ſet in their reſpective *Habits*.

I met with it *Limned* in a very *Ancient Manuſcript*, before the old *Verſes* that (y) follow, which there ſeemed to ſerve as a *Preface* to that *Worke* which beares the Tytle of **Hermes Bird**. In it is conteyn'd the Grand *Miſteries* of the *Philoſophers Stone*, and not more *Popiſh* or *Superſtitious* then **Flamell's** *Hieroglipbicks* portraid upon an *Arch* in St. *Innocents* Church-yard in *Paris*; Notwithſtanding it has pleaſed ſome, to waſh the *Originall* over with a *Plaſterer's* whited *Bruſh*. As alſo (of late) to breake in Pieces the *Glaſſe Window* behinde the *Pulpit* in St. *Margarets* Church at *Weſtminſter*, wherein was fairely *Painted* (but unhappily miſtaken for a *Popiſh Story*) the whole *Proceſſe* of the *Worke*, in this manner.

y) *See* pag. 211.

The *Window* is divided into three *Parts*: In the Outermoſt whereof upon the right hand was drawne a *Man* holding a *Boy* in his hand, and a *Woman* with a *Girle* in hers, all ſtanding in *upright, naked poſtures*, upon a *greene foliate earth*: The *Man* and *Woman* had *Fetters*, wherewith their *Feet* ſeemed to be *chained* to the *ground*, which *Fetters* were preſented as falling from off their *Legs*. Over the *heads* of theſe *perſons* were the *Sun* and *Moone* placed, and painted of a ſad darke red *Colour*.

Within the *Left* ſide of the *Window* was a Beautifull *Young man*, clad in a Garment of *various Colours*, bearing a *Yellow Croſſe* upon his *Shoulders*, his *Body Encircled* with a *Bright Glory*, which ſent forth *Beames* of divers Colours, He ſtood upon an *Earth* intimating *Oculus Piſcium*.

At the *Foote* of the Midle Part of the *Window* was a faire large Red *Roſe* full ſpread, which iſſued *Rayes* upward, and in the Middle an exeeding bright *Yellow Glory*. Above the *Roſe* was the *Figure* of a *Man* riſing with *Beames* of *Light* ſpread about his *Head* (ſomwhat like the Poſture uſed to expreſſe *Chriſt's* riſing from his *Sepulchre*) He had a *Garment* of a *Reddiſh Colour*, deepned with *Red* and heightned with *Yellow*; In his left *Hand*, a *White Stone*, which he held towards the Perſons ariſing in that part of the *Window* on the *Right Hand*; and in his *Right Hand* he held forth a Red *Stone* towards Him, whoſe *Garments* was of *various Colours*.

In the uppermoſt part of this *VVindow* over the *Figures* was *Tranſverſely* written as followeth:

In the *firſt* part of the *Left Hand*,

Omnes gentes adepti plaudite quia dominus frater veſter.

In the *Middle* Part.

S.... at mittens ſpiritum ſuum, ecce nova facio omnia celum & (z) t . . .

In the *Third* on the *Right Hand*.

Factus quaſi unus ex . . . . . . ta . . . . angelis tibi———

z) In this place tis probable the word to be ſupplyed is *terram*.

Under theſe *Figures* in the *Left ſide* of the *VVindow* were the *Stawels* and the *Martyns* Coates of *Armes* quartered; And at the bottome of the *Right ſide* thereof, was this *Coate* of *Arms* placed, (*viz.*) *Argent, a Chevoron* * *Embattelled, Gules, & Vert*; which for the rareneſſe of *Bearing* I thought fit to *Blazon*, and withall (becauſe upon very diligent ſearch among the *Records* of *Engliſh Coats* of *Armes* it is not to be found) in hope it may come to the view of ſuch, who (if not at home) may from abroad produce the *Bearer*, and conſequently bring

* Elements of Armor. p. 95.

to

to light the *Person* that design'd these *Hieroglyphicks,* and caused them thus to be *Painted.*

Pag.213. **Hermes Bird.**

WHich *Piece* (as 'tis thought) was written *Originally* by *Raymund Lully* (or at least made *English* by the afore mentioned *Cremer*) and that upon this Occasion.

Cremer travelling into *Itally* fell into the acquaintance of *Lully,* and so exceedingly wrought upon him by his perswasions that he (*a*) brought him over into *England,* where within *two yeares* (but after *thirty yeares* erronious *Experiments*) he obteyned the *Secret* from him. And afterwards bringing *Lully* to the sight and knowledge of *Edward* the *third*, upon some deepe *Ingagements* and *Promises* that the *King* entred into *to prosecute a VVarre against the Turkes in person, to bestow somwhat on the House of God, but nothing in Pride or VVarring against Christians,)* he was content *permissione Divina Regem sua Arte divitem facere.* Which when the *King* had obtained, he brake his *Promise*, turned his *Designe* against *France* (the first *Expedition* being (*b*) Anno 1337.) and finding that *Lully* (after he had seene him violate his faith in destroying *Christians* in stead of *Mahumetans)* refused to further his Ambition with new *supply* of *Gold,* He clapt him up in the *Tower,* where he lay a long time, and seeing no possibility of *Release,* begun to study his *Freedom,* and to that end made himselfe a *Leaper,* by which meanes he gained more Liberty, and at length an Advantage of escaping into *France,* where in all probability he pen'd this *Piece.*

a) Vide Testament. Cremeri.

b) Stow. Ann. fo.234.

The whole *Work* is *Parabolicall,* and *Allusive*; yet truly *Philosophicall*: and the *Bird* (that intitles it) the *Mercury* of the *Philosophers,* (whose *vertues* and *properties* are therein largely described,) By the word *Chorle,* is meant the Covetous and Ignorant *Artist,* the *Garden* is the *Vessell* or *Glasse,* and the *Hedge* the Furnace.

Pag.233. **The Tale of the Chanon's Yeoman.**

ONe Reason why I selected out of *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales,* that of the *Chanon's Yeoman* was, to let the *VVorld* see what notorious *Cheating* there has beene ever used, under pretence of this true (though Injur'd) *Science*; Another is, to shew that *Chaucer* himselfe was a *Master* therein.

For, in this *Tale Chaucer* sets forth the deceipts in *Alchimy* to the life, and notably declaimes against all such villanous *Pretenders,* who being wholly ignorant of *Art,* have notwithstanding learnt the *Cunning,* to abuse the World; And this paines he tooke (as himselfe professeth) meerly

> c) **To the intent that men maie beware thereby,**
> **And for no other cause truly.**

c) *Chan. Yeom. Tale.*

Herein following the *President* of all sincere and conscientious *Philosophers,* then whom, the *Injur'd world* cannot more condemne the abuses of these *Impostors*

postors that disgrace the *Art*, in that they are continually *advising* to shun them as spreading *Infection*; and setting out *Lights* and *Directions*, that may serve as so many *Land marks*, (if we will but take notice of them) to make us avoyd the *Rocks* of their *Fraud* and *Deceipt*, which will otherwise split us.

The famous *Art* of *Physick* is not more abused, with *Quacking Mountebanks*; nor that other of *Astrology* more injur'd by some nibling *Sciolists* and ignorant *Iuglers*: then this *Divine Science* hath suffered by the *Legerdemaine* of some *Pretenders*. What though some Moderne *Chemists* rove beyond the *Latitude* of their *Profession*, (being hurried on by a Covetous thirst, to obteyne this *Arcanum Dei*, this *Thesaurus incomparabilis*;) and by operating in strange *Matters*, & torturing of various *Bodies*, bring *Disparagement* upon this worthy *Science*; yet we ought not therefore to confound praise-worthy *Arts*, with the *Abuses* which *Impostors* shuffle into them; or for the falsenesse or corruption of the bad, condemne the pure and good: If so, *Religion* it selfe (as well as other *Learning*, and *Professions*) would scarce be exempt from the like blemishes, and wounds, if not destroyed and buried in scornfull *Ignorance*.

This is the *Misery*, (and tis not *ultra Caduceum* for me to speake it) that there are a Generation of *People* that rush headlong into the acquaintance of such *Men*, there's nor staviug them off, much like the doting *Idiots* which so eagerly courted *Chaucer's Chanon*, after whom

d) Chan. Yeom. Tale.

——d) Men riden and gone full many a Myle
Him for to seeke and have acquaintance,
Not knowing of his false governance.

Let *Philosophers* say what they can, and *wise men* give never so good Counsell, no warning will serve, they must be Couzened, nay they have a greedy appetite thereunto; but it has beene ever so, and we are told of old, that

e) Ordin. *pag.* 7

e) Many Artificers have bene over swift,
With hasty Credence to fume away their thrift,

so strong and powerfull a misleader is *Covetousnesse*.

f) Ord. *pag.* 17.

g) Chap. of Putrefac.

f) *Norton* describes these *Cheats* exactly, and give as ful an account of their *Subtilties* as he dare, for feare of incouraging such as bend their *Witts* that way. (g) *Ripley* dissects them to the *Bone*, and scourgeth them naked to the view of *all*; the like doth many other *Philosophers*: *Bloomefield* gives us a *Catalogue* of the cheife of this *Tribe* in his time, and I may safely tell the *Reader* he shall gaine much benefit by this *Worke*, if he pick but out what is said concerning them, and study that *First*.

In some darke *Passages* tis as greate a Curtesie to be taught to know *Blocks*, as to be directed which way to avoyd and get beyond them, and being soe thanke *Ripley* for this his following Cautionary advice.

h) Chap. of Putrefac.

h) Beware therefore for Jhesus sake,
And medyll with nothing of greate Cost,
For and thou doe, yt is but lost.

As also *Norton*,

> i) Cease Laymen cease, be not in lewdnesse ever,
> Lewdnesse to leave is better late then never. — i) Ord. p. 126.

I wish I could say this *Age*, this *Nation*, the *World*, were not alured and infected with the *Cyrene* notes of some grand, and notable *Impostors*, or that the too too *Credulous* had not met with the same misfortune which *Story* tells us others have undergone, even to *Ruine*. Yet to those that have been Decoy'd into the *snare*, and would gladly for the future pursue a more hopefull *Course*, let them heare *Richard Carpenter*.

> k) Avyse the well ere thow begin,
> Or else lytel schalt thow wynne. — k) See Carpent. worke.

And with him *Chaucer*,

> l) If that your Eyne cannot seene right,
> Loketh that your Minde lack not his sight. — l) Chan Yeom. Tale.

And againe,

> Let no man busie him this Arte to seche,
> But he that the entention and Speeche
> Of the Philosophers understand can,
> And if he doe he is a lewde man.
> For this Scyence and Connyng quod (m) he,
> Is of the Secre of Secrees parde. — m) Arnold. de villa nova.

Let me tell them they may become *happier* and expect a *Blessing* in what they seeke; If with *Job* they can thus throughly purge themselves and say, *If I have made Gold my Hope, or fine Gold my Confidence*, &c. that is, if they can study this *Science* and not pursue it for Transmutation of Metals sake onely,

> n) For Covetous men that findeth never
> Though they seke it once and ever, — n) Pearce Black Monke.

and certainly the lucre of that will fix a *Curse* upon their *Endeavours*, and plunge them headlong into an unfathom'd depth of *Misfortune*.

If what hath been delivered be not of force to make men watch over their *undertakings*, and heedfully avoid the *Springs* and *Ginns* that are ordinarily laid to intrap them into *Ruine*; but that on the contrary they carelesly slide into a *Venture* upon any *Tearms*, Ile leave them with this incouragement,

> o) Who soe that lysteth to utter his folly,
> Let him come forth and learne to Multiplie;
> And every man that hath ought in his Cofer,
> Let him appeare and wexe a Philosopher. — n) Chan. Yeom. Tale.

Now as Concerning *Chaucer* (the *Author* of this *Tale*) he is ranked amongst the *Hermetick Philosophers*, and his *Master* in this *Science* was Sir *John Gower*, whose familiar and neere acquaintance began at the *Inner Temple* upon *Chaucer's* returne into *England*, for the Troubles of the *Times* towards the latter end of *Rich: the second's* Raign had caused him to retire out of their *Danger* into *Holland*, *Zeland*, and *France*.

He is cited by *Norton* for an *Authentique Author*, in these words;

p) Ord.pag.42.

p) And Chaucer rehearseth how Tytans is the same.

Besides he that Reads the latter part of the *Chanon's Yeoman's Tale*, wil easily perceive him to be a *Iudicious Philosopher*, and one that fully knew the *Mistery*.

Master *Speght* (in that commendable Account he gives of *Chaucer's* life,) is perswaded he was borne in *London*, from something intimated in his *Testament of love*. But *Bale* saith; He was (q) *Nobili loco natus*, and that neere unto *Oxford*, for (saith he) *Leland* had *Arguments* which made him believe he was borne either in *Oxford-shire* or *Bark-shire*. But what those *Arguments* were we now know not, yet may believe them to be of considerable *weight*, because they were doubtlesse such as he gathered in his *6. yeares* laborious search into the *Libraries* of our *English Monasteries* and *Colleges*, being furthered by the liberall *Encouragement* and *Commission* of *Hen.* 8. And had it not been for his indefatigable *paines*, *All* that was notable in this *Nation* (r) *had in all likelyhood beene perpetually obscured, or at best but lightly remembred, as uncertaine shaddowes.* Neverthelesse the *fruits* of this famous *Antiquaries* labours, are no where now intirely to be seene, unlesse dispersed through the *workes* of some other men, who have most atrogantly and unworthily made them their owne: amongst the rest I perceive *Polid. Virgil* stole much *Tymber* from this worthy *Structure*, with part whereof he built up his *Worke*, the rest be enviously burnt, for thus I finde *Lelands Ghost* Complaining.

q) Bale Cent. 7. fol.525.

r) See his Newyeares gift to *H.*8.

s) Lelands Ghost.

s) Am I deceiv'd? or doth not Lelands Spirit,
Complaine with Ghosts of English Notaries;
Whom Polidore Virgill robb'd of merit,
Bereft of Name, and sackt of Histories,
While (wretch) he ravisht English Libraries.
Ah wicked Booke-theefe whosoever did it:
Should one burne all, to gett one single Creditt.

Am I deceiv'd? or doth not Lelands Spirit
Make Hue and Cry, for some Booke Tresure stelth;
Rifling his Workes, and razing Name and Merit;
Whereby are smothered a Prince-given Wealth,
A learned Writers Travaile, wits, and Health:
All these he spent to doe his Country pleasure,
Oh save his Name, the World may know his Treasure.

But

But begging *Pardon* for this *Digression*, (being on the behalf of so deserving a *Schollar*) I return to *Chaucer*. Pitts Positively saies he was born in *Woodstock*, of *noble Parents*, and that *Patrē habuit Equestris Ordinis Virū*, his *Father* was a *Knight*. And this may not be unlikely if we Consider, that not onely the *Name* is as *Auncient* as (t) *William* the *Conqueror*'s time, but that some of the *Family* have beene both of large *fortunes* and good *quality*. For we finde (u) that *Edw the* 1. heard the *Complaint* of *Iohn Chaucer* in the *Damage* of 1000 l. And also, that there was in the *Raigne* of *H*. 3. and *Ed*. 1. one *Elias Chaucer*, of whom (*w*) ——*Edwardus dei gratia*, &c. *liberate de Thesauro nostro Eliæ Chausecir' decem Solid*: With which (x) *Characters* our *Geffrey Chaucer* is written in the *Records* of *Ed*.3. and *Rich. the second*.

t) Roll. of Battell Abby.
u) Record *in* Tur. Lond.
w) Record *in* Scacc:
x) Speght in vit. Chaucer.

But wheresoever he was *Borne*, his *Education* was chiefly in the *University* of *Oxford* in *Canterbury-Colledge*, (y) (suppressed by *H*. 8. and now joyned to *Christchurch*) though for some time he studied at *Cambridge*.

y) Stow. An. *fol*.957.

z) Of Cambridge Clarke. ——

z) Court of Law. *Chap*. 2

He quickly became a Witty *Logitian*, a sweet *Rhetoritian*, a pleasant *Poet*, a grave *Philosopher*, a holy *Divine*, a skilful *Mathematitian*, his Tutors therein were Frere John Son, and Frere N. Lenne, (*a*) (Friers *Carmelites* of *Lynne* remembred with honour in his *Treatise* of the *Astrolabe*) and moreover (I may safely adde) an able *Astrologian*, for almost in every Worke he inter-weaves most sound and perfect *Astrologie*. In Brief, he was *Universally learned*, and so affirmes his Scholar *Tho. Occleve*.

a) Bale *f*. 525.

b) O Universall Fadre of Science.

b) Prolog. to *H*. 5. while Prince.

Pitts stiles him (*c*) *Vir Belli Pacisq; Artibus mirè Florens*. A Man that excelled in *Arts* both of *Warre* and *Peace*, and a little after, *Nam jam antequam virilem ætatem attigisset, erat Poeta Elegans, Et qui Poesim Anglicam ita illustravit, ut Anglicus Homerus merito haberetur*: For ere he came to *Mans Estate*, he was an *Elegant Poet*, and one, who illustrated *English Poesy*, that he might have beene deservedly accounted the English Homer. *Lidgate* the *Monke* of *Bury* calls him the (*d*) *Load star* of our *Language*, and tells us that it was he, that

c) Pag. 472.
d) Pref to Bochas.

e) Made first to distill and Raine
The Gold dew dropps of Speech and Eloquence;
Into our Tongue through his Excellence.
And found the Floures first of Rhetoricke,
Our rude speeche orely to inlumine,
That in our Tonge was neber non him like.

e) Jo. Lidgate de Nativ. Mar.

For indeed in his time all good Letters were laid asleep in most parts of the *World*, and in *England* our *Tongue* was exceeding wild and rude, yet (through his *refining* and *polishing*) it became more sweet and pleasant, in which regard he is stiled

f) The first finder of our feire language.

f) Occl. de Reg. Princ: cap. de Concill.

He

He spent many of his yeares in *France* and *Flanders*: severall *Preferments* he had at *Court*, for he was (g) *Armiger Regis* to *Ed.* 3. (a place of very good *Reputation*) (h) *Valectus Hospitii*, viz. *Groome* of the *Pallace*, and after in *R.* 2. time (i) *Controuler* of the *Custome-house London*; With these he had severall *Annuall pensions* during his *Life* granted from *R.* 2. and *H.* 4. His Abilities for *Forraigne Imployments* were so farre taken notice of, that he was twice or thrice sent abroad into other *Countries*, and thought fit to be one of the *Embassadors* into *France* to move a *Marriage* betweene *Richard* the second (while *Prince* of *VVales*) and the *Lady Mary*, *Daughter* to the *French King*. His *Revenue* was 1000l. *per annum*. a very plentifull *Estate*, the times considered.

g) Pat. Rot. first parte of 50. *Ed* 3. *M.* 5.
h) In Pellis Exitus Scacc.
i) Anno 8. R. 2

He dyed at *London* 25. *Octob. Ann.* 1400. as appeares by the *Inscription* upon his *Tombe* at Saint *Peters* in *VVestminster Abby*, in an *Isle* on the *South* side of the *Church*.

Mr. *Nicholas Brigham* built this *Marble Monument* to his *Memory*, the true *Pourtraicture* whereof I have caused to be exactly graved in *Brasse*, and placed in *page* 226. There was formerly round the ledge of the *Tombe* these following *Verses*, but now no remainder of them left.

Si rogites quis eram, forsan te fama docebit:
Quod si fama negat, mundi quia gloria transit,
Hæc monumenta lege.

The *Picture* of *Chaucer* is now somwhat decay'd, but the *Graver* has recovered it after a *Principall* left to *posterity* by his worthy Schollar *Tho. Occleve*, who hath also these *Verses* upon it.

k) Occl. de Regem. Princ: *cap. de Concilio.* Upon the figure of *Chaucer.*

k) **And though his life be queinte the resemblaunce,**
Of him hath in me so fresshe liknesse,
That to putte other men in remembraunce
Of his persone, I have here the liknesse
Do make, to this ende in sothfastnesse,
That thei that have of hem lost thoute and mynde,
By this Peinture, may ageine him fynde.

Before Mr. *Brigham* built the aforesaid *Monument* it seemes *Chaucer* had a *Stone* layd over his *Grave* upon which was ingraved this following *Epitaph*.

Galfridus Chaucer Vates & fama Poesis,
Materna hac sacra sum tumulatus humo.

Pag 257. **Dastin's Dreame.**

I Am perswaded this *VVorke* called by the Name of *Dastin's Dreame*; has beene turned into *English Verse* by some later *Philosopher*; for in his *dayes* we meete with no such refined *English*, and in *Latin* we have his *Vision* with which (in effect) this agrees.

l) Cent. 10. *pag.* 49.

The *Time* he liv'd in is not certainely knowne; I finde none that mention it; but tis beleeved it was long since. Our Country-man (*l*) *Bale* speaks of him yet,

yet throwes at him and this *Science* some uncomely abuses: Neverthelesse he calls him *Alcumisticæ artis ætate sua primus & in Anglia Magister unicus*; the *Prime Alchymist* of his *Age*, and the only *Master* thereof in *England*; A *Producer* and *Foreteller* of things which (it seemes in his apprehension) he could not attaine to by *Nature*; He made a diligent search into all things that might possibly be found out in *Chemistry*, insomuch that he boldly *wrote* and *published* severall *Experiments*.

And though (m) *Pitts* renders him a very *Poore man*, and layes the blame upon his owne *Artifice*; (being so much addicted to *Alchymie*,) yet questionlesse (if he were *Master* of such *learning* as they confesse him to be, and his *Poverty* were not *voluntary*;) he might have advanced himselfe to riches when he pleased. He wrote these following *Bookes*, m) Pag.871.

1. *Super Arte Alcumistica.*
2. *Visiones ad huc alias.*
3. *Secreta Secretorum.*
4. *Speculum Philosophorum.*
5. *Sapientum Aurinum.*

(n) *Maierus* saith he left behind him a considerable *Chemicall Tract*, which *Janus Lacinius* hath put in his *Collections*. Not unlike but this may be in *Lacinius* his *Pretiosa Margarita novella de Thesauro, ac preciosissimo Philosophorū lapide*; but the *Booke* I have not yet seene, and therefore cannot tell whether what is there published of *Daftin*'s, be any of the before mentioned *Workes*. n) *Symb. Aur. Mens.* pag.458.

Pag.269. **Take Erth of Erth, Erths Moder.**

L*udovicus Combachius* in his late *Collections* of some of *Ripley*'s *Workes*, put this of *Pearce* the *Black Monk*'s among them under the Title of *Terra Terræ Philosophicæ*; and publishes it as *Ripley*'s: and withall that Tytle [*Terra Terrarum*] which (o) *Pitts* also gives to one of his *Workes* may seeme to insinuate this; But I conceive all are not *Ripley*'s which walk under his *Name*, for questionlesse, many *Pieces* are (of late *Tymes*) fathered on him which he never wrote; *Bale* has not this at all among the *Catalogue* he delivers of what was *Ripley*'s. And I have met with it in so old a *Manuscript* under the tytle of *Pearce* the *Black Monke*, that the *Hand* (as I Judge) speakes it to be antienter then *Ripley*'s Time. o) Pag.677.

Pag. 275. **Of Titan Magnesia take the cleere light,**
The Redd Gumme that is so bright:

Some Ancient Copies have it also thus,

Of Spaine take the cleere light,
The Red Lion that is so bright.

VVHo to pitch upon for the *Author*, I was a long time ignorant of, yet at length I happily met with an old *Manuscript* (and it was the ancientest *Hand-writing* I ever saw this *Piece* written in) to which was affixt the

Name of *Richard Carpenter*; and thereupon I have *Intitled* it, **Carpenter's Worke.**

p) *Isaac.Chron.* fo.467. I finde that in *Anno* 1447. *John Carpenter* then *Bishop* of *Worcester* (p) founded the Colledge at *Westbury* neere *Bristoll*, (mentioned (q) before to be Augmented by *William Cannings*: (r) by "pulling downe the old *Colledge*, and in "the new Building inlarged it very much, compassing it about with a strong "*Wall*, Embattaled; adding a faire *Gate*, with divers *Towers*, (more like un-"to a *Castle* then a *Colledge*,) and lastly bestowed much good *Land* for augmenting the *Revenue* thereof. Besides this he built the *Gatehouse* at *Hartleborough*, a *Castle* neere and (s) belonging to the *Bishop of VVorcester*; and did severall other *VVorkes* of *Piety* and *Charity*.

q) Pag.442.
r) *Godw* p.367.
s) *Camb.Brit.* fo.574.

This *Bishop Carpenter* is supposed to be *Brother*, or neere *Kinsman* to *Richard Carpenter* our *Author*, and accounted an *Hermetique Philosopher*. He was *Contemporary* with *Norton*, and *Cannings*; and for the most part lived neere unto them, at the aforementioned *VVestbury*; nay he had so great Affection to that *Place* (not unlike for the *Societies* sake of *Norton* and *Cannings* or for some speciall Blessing he met with there) that (t) he intended to have it honoured with a part of his *Style*; and to have taken upon him the *Name* of *Bishop* of *VVorcester* and *VVestbury*, which though he could not effect, yet chose it for his *Buriall place* where he lyes *Inter'd*.

t) *Godw*.p.442.

In another old *parchment Manuscript* (and that a very faire one) I met this *VVorke*, *Prefaced* with what followes.

Aske ye of the Clerkes that holden them so wise, what is the Whete that most be sowen in the Erth, and whedere it is norished forth hot or cold. For if it were in heate, it scholde never rote without cold and moysture. Also sey to hem alle, al that ever was comen of oon, but it is dissevered in thre, as Fadere, and Sone, and Holy Ghost, One way there is, and no moo. Also loke which is the Fader and Modere of alle Metallez, For if thou drawe or take eny other manner thinge than his owne kynde, thou lesest all thy werk: For looke whennys he cometh, and in his owne Moderes bely norishe him forth, and when he is of age norish him forth with his owne Moders mylke, and gif him is owne Moders mylke.

Pag.278. **The Hunting of the Greene Lyon.**

IN the *Campe of Philosophy*, *Bloomefield* reckons up a *Worke* that beares the *Title* of the *Greene Lyon*, and amongst other *Impostors* (of his Tyme) calls the *Vicar* of *Maldon*, (but in some *Copies Vicar* of *Walden*) the *Author*; and consequently esteemes the *Worke* spurious,

u) Bloomf. Blos.*first part.*

u) **Then brought they in the Vicar of Maldon,**
With his Lyon Greene, that most royall Secret;

But what *Piece* soever that was I know not: I am confident this, that I here present my *Reader* with under that *Tytle*, is a perfect *Worke*, and truly *Philo-*

Philosophicall; besides some Copies owne *Abraham Andrews* for their *Author*, and is so confirm'd to me by the *Testimony* of a credible *Philosopher*.

Pag.293.l.20. **God save my Masters life**———

THomas Charnock (the *Author* of the *Breviary* of *Naturall Philosophy*) had the happinesse to have *Two Masters* that made him inheritor of this *Secret*; The first was he, whom here he Mentions, and it seemes

w) **Was a Priest in the Close of Salisburie.** w) Ænigm. de Alch.

This he further confirmes in his Breviary, thus:

x) **Master J. S. his name is truly,** x) Brev. of Phil. *Cap.* 4.
Nigh to the Citty of Salisbury his dwelling is,
A Spirituall man forsooth he is.

It seemes he had some *acquaintance* with this *Priest*, and in that time bent his *Studies* this way, Insomuch that the *Priest* falling *sick* (whilst his *VVorke* was agoing) thought *Charnock* deserving of it; for *He*

———*y)* **When he thought to dye,** y) Chap 3.
Gave him his Worke and made him his Heire.

This *VVorke* Charnock continued going, till unhappily it perisheth by *Fire* upon a *Newyeares* day at *Noone*; probably it might be *An.* 1555. for that fell out in the *first and second of Phil.* and *Mar.* and in those yeares of their *Raigne* (which was parte in the yeare 1554. and parte in 1555.) he (z) received the *Secret* from the aforesaid *Priest*, as himselfe Testifies. At which time he was about 30. or 31. yeares of *Age* (though he intimates he was about 18. yeares old when he first met with the *Prior* of *Bath*) for *Ann.* 1574. he was 50. yeares old, as appeares at the end of his *(b) Fragments*, which I Coppied from his owne *Hand*.

z) Chap. ibid.
a) Chap. 5.
b(See *pag.* 426

Pag.296.lin23. **Only a Monke of whom I'le speake anon.**

THis *Monke* was *Charnocks* other *Master*, into whose Company he (c) accidentally happened, his *Name* was *William Bird*, and by his *Function*, *Prior of Bath*, at the Dissolution of that *Abbey*;

This *Bird* (while *Prior*) expended much *Money by* (e) *endeavouring what he might to finish the Abby Church of Bath* (the (f) foundation of which sumptuous *Building* was begun by *Oliver King*, but he dying left it unperfect:) *and had brought it to a perfection, when the Dissolution of the Abbey, had once overthrowne what before was set up.*

It seemes this *Prior* had the *Elixir* upon the *Suppression* of the *Abby*: he hid it in a *VVall*,

c) Chap. 5.
d) Chap. ibid.
e) Godw Succ. *pag.* 308.
f) Cambd. Brit. 234.

g) Chap. 5.

g) And Ten dayes after he went to fetch it out,
And there he found but the stople of a Cloute.

For it was taken away; It made their Hearts *light* who found it, but his so *heavy*, and the losse so discontented and afflicted him,

h) Chap.ibid.

h) That many yeare after he had no setling place.

and (losing his *Eyes* soone after his *Ecclesiasticall preferments*) was quite deprived of attempting to make the *Elixir* againe. Whereupon he liv'd *obscurtly*, and grew very *poore*; and not able to give *Charnock* entertainement, but his owne *Purse* paid for it, both times he was with him.

Pag.298.lin 25. Charnock is his name, of Tenet that Isle.

Tenet or *Tainct* is an *Isle* that lies in the *East* part of *Kent*, and the *Birth-place* of *Charnock*; however though he might be born there, yet he dwelt about (*i*) *Salisbury*, when he first met with his *Master Bird*. He cals himself the *Unlettered Schollar*, and by severall *Fragments* and *Notes* that I have seene of his owne *VVriting*, it does not appeare, that he understood much *Latin*, or knew how to write true *English*; yet though he wanted the *Shell* he obteyned the *Kernell*, and had the good fortune to meete with that in plaine *English*, which many (who have the assistance of other *Languages*) goe without; Thus we see by him, that *God* hath not excluded all who are *Masters* of no other then their own *Language*; from the happinesse of *understanding* many Abstruse and subtill *Secrets*; I could instance severall in this *Science*: and this very Consideration invited that noble *Fraternity* of the *R.C.* to publish their *Fame* and *Confession* in Five severall *Languages*, to the end the *unlearned* might not be deprived and defrauded of the *knowledge* thereof. Nor was the *Processe* (which all Students may take notice of) tedious or long in delivering to *Charnock*. For thus he saith,

i) Chap. 5.

k) His Master Birde.

Within three or foure words (*k*) he revealed to me
Of Minerall Prudence the greate Misterie.

He lived in the *Ranke* of an *Ordinary man*, else I presume his *Quality* might have priviledged him from being *Prest* for a *Common Souldier*. And from a *Memorandum* of his owne hand, it may be gathered, that he practised *Chirurgery*; for thereby it appeares *He* bargained to have *Five Markes* for healing the *Leg* of one *Richard Deane*, for the payment of which one *Iohn Boden* and *VVilliam Lawly* became Suretyes.

Pag.

Pag.300.li.23.——— Remembring my Master tho.
Pag.301.li.5.———— My Master shall know all this.
li 8. Then would I write to my Master———
Pag.302. li.1. Then I remembred my good Master againe.

IT is S. J. the *Priest* of *Salisbury* whom *Charnock* means in these severall places, and whose *Christian Name* was James: for in another private *Memorandum*, written by *Charnock*, I finde thus much;

> Memorand' that Sir Robart which did confer with my Tutor Sir James, in King Edwards dayes, dwelleth now in the Savoye in London, and hath it a Working there, as Harry Hamond told me at Saint James Faire.
>
> Anno Domi: *1566.*

Page 301.li.ult. Forsooth it was Ripley the Chanon his Boy.

SOme will have this to beare a double *Construction* (either that *Ripley* was *Boy* or *Servant* to a *Chanon*, as being bred up under a *Chanon* while a *Boy*; or that it was one who was *Ripleys Servant*, and brought up with him when *young*; to whom *Ripley* (finding him faithfull) might commit the *Secret*) and so leave it uncertaine whether *Ripley* or his *Scholler* was Master to the aforesaid *William Bird*. But I rather conceive the latter most probable; for, *Ripley* (l) dyed about the yeare 1590. and the time that this *Bird* communicated this *Secret* to *Charnock*, was at least 64 years after. So that questionlesse this *Bird* was too young to be acquainted With so weighty a *Mystery* at the time of *Ripley's* death. However *VVilliam Bird* had a *Master*, though Sir James the *Priest* of *Salisbury* had none; but received it from Gods hands by inspiration: for *Charnock* sayes he tould him

l) *Bale Cent* 8. fo.*623*. *Pitts*.pag.678.

> ———m) He did it not attaine,
> Of no maner of Man but of God, he put it into his head
> As he for it was thinking, lying in his bed.

m) Cap.*6.*

Pag.302.lin.13. Yet the Gentleman did me more spight then the rest,
As when he made me from my worke to be Prest.

CHarnock was much hindred in the Course of his *Practise* by the Malice of this *Gentleman*, who it seems was some ill *Neigbbour*, that bore him a *Grudge*, and executed it in as bad a time for the honest *Philosopher* as possible might be; [even then when he was neere finishing his worke,

> ———n) Within a Moneths reckoning.]

n) Cap.4.

causing

causing him to be prest for a *Souldier* upon the Designe of relieving of *Calis*, (which was the (o) beginning of *Iannary Anno* 1558. and almost six *Moneths* after he had finished the *Breviary* of *Philosophy*,) whereupon in a *Discontent* he destroyed *All*.

o) Stow. An. 632.

Pag. 303. li. 6. **And if God spare me lyfe I will mend this another day.**

THe *Breviary* of *Naturall Philosophy* was begun to be written within two or three yeares after he was *Master* of the *Secret*, and though he seeme to promise some other *VVorke*, yet I could never learne that he wrote any thing afterwards, save onely His two *Ænigmaes*, (the which I have Marshald after his *Breviary*) and the *Fragments* incerted, Pag. 424. What time he dyed, is uncertaine, but after the yeare 1577. I meete with nothing under his owne *Hand*, although severall yeares before that, his *Pen* lay not still; for in divers spare places of his *Bookes* he inserted sundry *Notes*, to the which most commonly he affixt a *Date*; some whereof I have published in this *Theatrum*.

Pag. 305. **Bloomefield's Blossomes.**

THe *Author* himselfe also calls this *VVorke* the *Camp of Philosophy*, and the *Practick* thereof he styles by the *Name* of his *last VVill and Testament*. It was written by *VVilliam Bloomefield* (some Copies have called him Sir *William Bloomefield*) a *Bachellor* of *Physick*, admitted by *H*. 8.

I have seene a faire *Manuscript* of *Norton's Ordinall*, wherein (at the toppe of the *Leafe*, that begins every *Chapter* and some other Eminent places,) is a *Scrowle*, and in the first fold thereof is written [*Myles*] in the midle of it, the Number of the *Chapter*, and in the third fold [*Bloomefield*] which *Myles Bloomfield* I take to be the Owner of the *Booke* (and perhaps some *Brother* or *Kinsman* to our *William Bloomefield*:) Neverthelesse by a Note in that *Booke* (of an indifferent antient hand) I afterwards found this *Myles* is called the *Author* of

Bloomefields Blossomes.

Pag. 324. **Sir Edward Kelle's Worke.**

I Cannot give my *Reader* an Account of Sir *Edward Kelley*, but I must also mention that famous *Artist*, Doctor *John Dee*; (whose *last VVill and Testament* followeth Sir *Edw. Kelle's* Worke) He being sometime his Intimate *Friend*, and long *Companion* in *Philosophicall Studies*, and *Chemicall Experiments*: Till at length the worthy *Doctor* (leaving him in *Germany*) returned for *England*, and so by *Providence*, escaped from being his further *Companion*; in that straight *Confinement* which Sir *Edw. Kelley* suffered, (by *command* of *Rudulph* the 2. *Emperour* of *Germany*) at *Prague*.

Touching

Touching Sir *Edward Kelley*, he was borne at *VVorcester*, the *Scheame* of whoſe *Nativity* (*Graved* from the *Originall Calculation* of Doctor *Dee*, and under his *Hand*) I here Exhibite.



Which may be gratefull and acceptable unto ſuch that can read the *Language* of the *Heavens*: Inſomuch, that therein they ſhall finde out more concerning him, then *Story* has left us. For, whereas he by ſome is called *Philoſophus Dubius*, ſomewhat a better *Opinion* might be hence *Collected*, and that from the *Poſition* of *Mercury Lord* of the *Ninth*, (the *Houſe* of *Knowledge*, *Wiſdome* and *Science*;) and who is placed upon the *Cuſpe* thereof in *Virgo*, where he is exceeding Strong, and Fortunate, in *Dignities*; *Eſſentiall* and *Accidentall*, [viz. in his owne *Houſe*, and *Exaltation*, *Direct*, and *Swift* of *Courſe*, free from *Combuſtion*, and in the *Tearme*, and *Face* of *Venus*; to whom he applies by a *partile Sextile*.] *Venus* alſo is *Angular*, and beholding the *Cuſpe* of the *Ninth Houſe*, by a *Sextile*; All which (with Conſideration that the *Degree Aſcending* is in the *Tearmes* of *Mercury*,) doe truly render him a *Man* of cleere *Underſtanding*, quick *Apprehenſion*, an excellent *Wit*, and of great propenſity to *Philoſophicall Studies*. And indeede, by all Reports he was very *Ingenious*, and a continuall *Searcher*, in the abſtruſe and difficult *Secrets* of *Philoſophy* and *Chemiſtry*.

Yet for all this, he could not eſcape the hard *Cenſures* and *Scandalls* of thoſe that underſtood not what he did; which the *Dragons Tayle* in the *Aſcendant*,

was at all times ready to further and promote, and from whose *Position* the *Nature* of those abusive *Aspersions* may be *(Generally)* gathered: and partly from a *story* which *VVever* in his *Funerall Monuments inserts*, where, though he make him an *Actor* in the worst part of *Conjuration*, and backs his *Relation* with some *Formall Circumstances*; Yet that nothing was done in the *Nature* he *Relates*, good and sound *Reasons* (too tedious to be touched here) induce me to believe.

As touching *Doctor Dee*, he chiefly bent his *Studies* to the *Mathematicks*; in all parts of which he was an absolute and perfect *Master*. Witnesse his *Mathematicall Preface* to *Euclids Elements*, wherein are enumerated many *Arts* of him wholly invented (by *Name*, *Definition*, *Propriety*, and *Use*) more then either the *Grecian* or *Romane Mathematitians* have left to our knowledge: with divers and many *Annotations*, and *Inventions*, *Mathematicall*, added in sundry places of the said *Booke*: Together with severall *Pieces* of *Navigation*, *Perspective*, and other rare *Mathematicall* works of his in *Manuscript*.

His Epistle prefixed to *Iohn Field's Ephemerides* 1557. *De usu Globi Cœlestis* to *Ed.6. De Nubium solis lunæ ac reliquorum Planetarum*, &c. *Distantiis*, &c. to *Ed.6.* *Astronomicall* and *Logisticall Canons* to *Caculate* the *Ephemerides* by; *De stella admiranda in Caßiopeæ Asterismo.* An Advise and Discourse about the *Reformation* of the *Vulgar Yeare*, speake him a learned *Astronomer*.

And lastly, that he was a good *Astrologian*, and a studious *Philosopher*, his 300. *Astrologicall Aphorismes*, His 120. *Aphorismes De præstantioribus quibusdam naturæ virtutibus*. *Monas Hieroglyphica*. *Speculum unitatis*, (being an *Apologie* for our famous *Frier Bacon*) His *Cabalæ Hebraicæ compendiosa Tabula*, with many others, afford no small *Evidence* to the *VVorld*.

All which and many more (in severall other kinds of learning) as *History*, *Heraldry*, &c. written by him before the year 1583. Some time He bestowed in
(p) 28. Dec. 1579. *vulgar Chemistry*, and was therein *Master* of divers *Secrets*, amongst others he (p) revealed to one *Roger Cooke*, the *Great Secret* of the *Elixir* (as he called it) of the *Salt of Metalls*, the *Projection* whereof was *One* upon a *Hundred*.

His great *Ability* in *Astrologie*, and the more secret parts of *Learning* (to which he had a strong propensity and unwearyed *Fancy*,) drew from the *Envious* and *Vulgar*, many *rash*, *lewd*, and *lying Scandalls*, upon his most *honest* and *justificable Philosophicall Studies*; and many times forced him out of the *bitternesse* of his *Soule* (which was even *Crucified* with the malice of *Impudent Tongues*) most seriously and fervently to *Apologize*. Nor could he enjoy *Tranquility* in his *Studies*, but was oftentimes disquieted and vexed with the sower *dispositions* of such as most Injuriously *Scandalized* both *him* and *them*,
(q) An. 1583. Insomuch that the (q) yeare he went beyond *Sea* his *Library* was seized on, wherein was 4000. *Books*, and 700. of them *Manuscripts* (a Caveat for all *Ingenious* and *eminent Philosophers* to be more *wise* then to keep any dear or *Excellent* Books in their own *Houses*.) And tis most probable that at this *time* his before mentioned *Speculū unitatis*, might fall into those *hands*, that would never since suffer it to see the *Light*, which might occasion the Learned *Selden* to say, this
(r) Seld. Pref. to Hopt. Concor. (r) *Apologie* was long since *promised* by him; but intimating it was never *VVrit*. *An.* 1592. (s) Master *Secretary VValsingham*, and Sir *Tho: George* were sent to
(s) Nov. 9. his then dwelling house at *Mortlack* by vertue of a *Commißion*, to understand the

the *Matter* and *Causes* for which his *Studies* were *Scandalized*. And for some other thing in the like *Nature*, was he necessitated to send his *(s) Apologeticall letter* to the *Archbishop* of *Canterbury*. s) Jan.6. 1595

These kind of *Persecutions* were stil Multiplyed upon him, and he sometimes Personally agreeved by them: for about the yeare 1594. he was under a kinde of *Restraint*, which occasioned him to (t) write to the *Lady Scydmore* to move the *Queene* that either he might declare his *Case* to the *Body* of the *Councell*, or else under the *Broade-seale* have *liberty* to goe freely where he pleased. t) 28. Oct. 1594.

And thus much concerning these two famous men in severall; now shall I give the *Reader* an *Account* of their *joynt Actions* abroad, as also what relates to *Doctor Dee* after his returne into *England*: which I shall doe from an unquestionable *Authority*, even *Doctor Dee's Diary*, all written with his owne hand; where I shall take the larger Field to walke in, because I move upon so certaine ground: some of which passages may please (if not concerne) the *Reader*. For I think it not fit to suffer such *Eminent lights* longer to lie in *Obscurity*, without bringing them forth to the view of the *VVorld*.

'Tis generally reported that *Doctor Dee*, and Sir *Edward Kelly* were so stangely fortunate, as to finde a very large quantity of the *Elixir* in some part of the *Ruines* of *Glastenbury-Abbey*, which was so incredibly *Rich* in *vertue* (being one upon 272330.) that they lost much in making *Projection*, by way of *Triall*; before they found out the *true height* of the *Medicine*.

And no sooner were they *Masters* of this *Treasure*, then they resolved to *Travell* into *Forraigne Parts*, where falling into acquaintance with one *Albertus Laskey* a *Polonian Prince* (which came into *England* the beginning of *May*, *An*.1583.) on the 21. of *Sept*. following, They, their *VVives*, *Children*, and *Families*, went beyond *Sea* with the said *Prince*.

And whether they found it at *Glastenbury* (as is aforesaid) or howsoever else they came by it, 'tis certain they had it: for at *Trebona* in *Bohemia* (whither they were come to (u) *dwell*) Sir *Edward Kelley* made (w) *Projection* with one small *Graine* thereof (in proportion no bigger then the least graine of Sand) upon one *Ounce* and a Quarter of *Common Mercury*, and it produced almost an *Ounce* of most pure *Gold*. This was done to gratifie *Master Edward Garland* and his Brother *Francis*, and in their presence; which *Edward* was lately come to *Trebona*, being sent thither to *Doctor Dee*, from the *Emperour* of *Muscovia*, according to some *Articles* before brought, by one *Thomas Symkinson*. I also finde this *Note* of *Doctor Dee's*, Jan.5.1586. *Donum Dei* 2.ounces. E. K. Moreover, for neerer and later *Testimony*, I have received it from a credible *Person*, that one *Broomfield* and *Alexander Roberts*, told him they had often seen Sir *Ed: Kelly* make *Projection*, and in particular upon a piece of *Metall* cut out of a *Warming-pan*, and without Sir *Edwards* touching or handling it, or melting the *Metall* (onely warming it in the *Fire*) the *Elixir* being put thereon, it was *Transmuted* into pure *Silver*: The *Warming-pan* and this piece of it, was sent to *Queen Elizabeth* by her *Embassador* who then lay at *Prague*, that by fitting the *Piece* into the place whence it was cut out, it might exactly appeare to be once part of that *VVarming-pan*. The aforesaid *Person* hath likewise seen in the hands of one *Master Frye* and *Scroope*, *Rings* of Sir *Edward Kellyes Gold*, the fashion of which was onely *Gold wyre*, twisted thrice about the *Finger*: and of these fashioned *Rings*, he gave away, to the value of 4000l. at the *Marriage* of one of

u) Sept.4.1586
w) Dec.9.1586

his *Servant Maides*. This was highly *Generous*, but to say truth he was openly *Profuse*, beyond the modest *Limitts* of a *Sober Philosopher*.

During their abode at *Trebona*, they tried many *Chemicall* **Experiments**(to see whether they could make that *Iewell* they possest, (the particular account of their *operations* I neede not here relate) yet I cannot heare that ever they accomplished any thing; onely I finde the 27. *of Aprill* noted by *Doctor Dee* with severall expressions of *Ioy* and *Gladnesse*, as ——*Hæc est dies quam fecit Dominus*. Againe ——*Misericordia Dei magna*, and lastly, ——*Omne quod vivit laudet* Dominum. And to testifie what they meant, he writes upon the 30. *day* following, *Master* Edward *Kelley did open the Great secret to me. God be thanked.*

Whiles they lived at *Trebona*, *Sir* Edward *Kelley* went dives times to *Prague*, and the 15. *of Ian.* 1587. he went into *Poland*, but returned the 9 of *Febr.* after, And 'tis probable these *Iourneys* were made in quest after some famous *Chemists* Things were not carried here so privately, but *Qeene* Elizabeth had notice given her of their *Actions*, whereupon she used severall meanes by *Letters* and *Messages* to invite them back into *England*, where it was believed she had so far prevailed that Master *Simkinson* and Master *Francis Garland's Brother*
x) 8.Dec. 1587 *Robert*, coming from *England* to (x) *Trebona* supposed they had beene ready to come over to *England* upon the *Queenes Letters* formerly sent them. And
y) 1 May 1589. though *Sir* Edward *Kelley* staid behinde, yet *Doctor* Dee (y) left *Trebona* and came for *England*. But whether occasioned by some unkindnesse received from *Sir Edward Kelley* or falling out of their *Wives*, or the *Solicitation* of *Queene* Elizabeth (or all these concurring) I am not yet certaine, not unlike but each of them might contribute to their *Seperation*.

For that there was some *Greate* and *Wonderfull* unkindnesse past from *Sir* Edward *Kelley*, appeares, by his sending for Doctor *Dee*, the beginning of *Ian.* 1588. under shew of *Reconciliation*, and discovering more then an Ordinary *Intimacy* and *Compliancy* about that time, which *faire shewes* the *good Doctor* notes with this *prayer*. *God leade his heart to all Charity and Brotherly love*: As also by *Letters* sent from Doctor Dee to *Sir* Edward *Kelley* and his *Wife* the end of *March* following, requiring at their hands *Mutuall Charity*, which
z) May 9. (z) after upon *Mistris Kelleys* receiving the *Sacrament* she gave her hand to *Doctor* Dee and his *Wife* in *Token* of *Charity*. But it seemes these things were not cordiall but onely outward; for 9. *Sept.* following, (the Lord *Chancellor* coming to *Trebona*) the *Rancour* & *Dissimulation* was more evident to him, and it seemes grew up to a greater height then he could beare. And thereupon he thought wisely to avoid the further *Danger* by leaving *Germany* which occasi-
a) 4. Jan. 1589. oned him to (a) deliver to Sir Edward *Kelley the Powder, the Bookes, the Glasse, with some other things*, and thereupon received his *Discharge* in *writing* under his *Hand* and Seale.

While these *Discontents* continued, severall Letters past betweeen *Queene* Elizabeth and *Doctor* Dee, whereby perhaps he might promise to returne; At
b) 1. Mar. 1589 length it so fell out, that he (b) left *Trebona* and took his *Iourney* for *England*.

The ninth of *Aprill* he came to *Breame* and had not stayed there three dayes, but the *Landtgrave* of *Hesse* sent *Letters* of *Civill Complements* to him, and within three dayes after, Doctor *Dee* presented him with his *Twelve Hungarian Horses*

Horses, that he bought at *Prague* for his *Journey*. (c) Here that famous *Hermetique Philosopher*, [Doctor *Henric Kunrath* of *Hamburgh*] came to visit him: The 16. of *Nov.* he went thence to *Stade*, where he met with Mr. *Edward Dyer* going *Embassador* for *Denmarke*, who the yeare before had beene at *Trebona*, and carried back *Letters* from the *Doctor* to Queene *Elizabeth*; He was a great Corespondent of Doctor *Dees*, and as earnest a *Searcher* after the *Stone*. c) 27 June 1589.

The 23. of *Novemb.* following, he arrived at *Graves end* having beene out of *England* 6. *yeares* 2. *Moneths* and 2. *Dayes*, and the 9th of *Decemb.* presented himselfe to the *Queene* at Richmond, where he was favoured with a kinde *Reception*.

Being setled againe at *Mortlack*, the *Queene* used to call at his *House* to visit him, and shewed her self very Curteous to him, upon all Occasions Against *Christmas* 1590. she sent him *Two hundred Angels* wherewith to keep his *Christmas*, and a *hundred Markes* against *Christmas* 1592. she likewise sent him word by Mr. *Thomas Candish*, to doe what he would in *Alchymie* and *Philosophy*, and none should controule or molest him: and not unlike by the *Queenes example*, divers *Personages of Honour* at *Court*, frequented his *Company*, and sent him many *Guifts*, from time to time. Amongst others Sir *Thomas Jones* most nobly offered him his *Castle* of *Emlin* in *Wales*, to dwell in, free with all *Accomodations*.

His *Favour* was faire at *Court*, the *Queene* her selfe bad him finde out something for her to bestow; yet all the preferment he gain'd was the (d) *Grant* of the *Chancellorship* of St. *Pauls*, and the 27 of *May* 1595. his *Patent* past the great *Seale*, for the *Wardenship* of *Manchester*, whither *He*, his *Wife*, *Children*, and *Family* came the 14. of *Feb.* 1596. and the 20. day following was *Installed*, and in this *Wardenship* (wherein he had the unhappinesse to be often vext with the *Turbulent Fellowes* of that *Colledge*) dyed, deserving the *Commendations* of all *Learned* and *Ingenious Schollers*, and to be remembred for his remarkable *Abilities*, d) 8. Dec. 1594.

After Doctor *Dee* came into *England* (as is before remembred) *Correspondency* was still maintained betweene him and Sir *Edward Kelley*, in Letters sent by Mr. *Francis Garland* and others; (and some expectancy of Sir *Edwards* comming over: (e) Mr. *Thomas Kelley* (his Broher) putting the *Doctor* in hopes thereof likewise) but at length Sir *Edward* was clapt up *close Prisoner* by the *Emperour* (for he had so unwarily and openly managed the *Secret*, that it had given the *Emperour* occasion to carry a strict *Eye* over all his *Actions*, out of a desire to be sharer, with him in his good fortune) yet it seemes the *Emperour* set him at (f) *Liberty*, and Doctor *Dee* had notice of it the 5. of *Decemb.* after. And though he began to grow into the *Emperours favour*, in hopes to be entertained into his *Service* (for so he certified Doctor *Dee* by Letters in *August* 1595.) Neverthelesse he was clapt up againe into *Prison*, and attempting to make his *Escape* out of a high *Window*, by the teering of his *Sheetes*, which were tyed together to let him downe, he (being a weighty Man) fell and broke his *Legg*, and thereof *dyed*: (The *Ascendent* then coming by Direction to the place of the (g) *Moone* with *Latitude*, she being *Lady of the* 8th. house in the *Radix* and posited in *Aquarius*.) And this is one report of his *Death*; others there are, but Doctor *Dee* mencions none at all of the manner e) 23. Dec. 1589. f) 4 Oct. 1593 g) See the Scheme of the Nativity.

 thereof

h) Anno 1595. thereof; onely this, (h) *Novemb.* 25. Newes that Sir E. K. was slaine.

Pag. 365. A Dialogue betwixt the Father and the Sonne.

i) Placed in pag. 338.

THis *Dialogue* is there placed among the *Anonymi*, in regard I then knew not the *Author*, but afterwards I met with the intire (i) *Worke*, and found it to be that of Ripley's, which is called the *Mistery of Alchymists*, and that this *Fragment* was but drawne out of it, only drest up with another *Tytle*; which if the *Reader* compare he shall readily finde.

For the want of *Sense* in some parts thereof, as also in other *Elder Pieces*; I hope the *Dimnes* of the *Taper* will be excused where there was no *cleerer light* to be found. For though (like the *Sun*) they may seeme to have some *Spots*, yet the candid Peruser must confesse they are not without their peculiar *Glories*. The truth is, some Passages through them were so obscure and dark, and the *Paths* I followed so rugged and uneven, that I could neither stay in them without manifest *disparagement*, or goe out of them without some *Danger*: and from my *discoveries* fraught thence, I am well assured I might have more contented the *Reader*, could I have satisfied my *Self* better. However, I durst not adventure to *Rectifie* what I found *amisse*; but thought it better to leave it to the *Iudgement* of each that takes the paines to *study* them, then obtrude my owne *sense*, lest what I judge an *Emendation*, others may censure as a *Grosse fault*: and withall ever remembring the strict *Charge* the generality of *Philosophers* have continually given to *succession*, not to *meddle* or *alter* any of their *Workes*; I, (even in what I feare are manifest *Imperfections*) dare not but most inviolably observe them, and amongst them all this *Credible* and *Trusty Philosopher* is not unworthy of our taking notice of, who thus requires the same.

k) Hunt. green. Lion.

k) Therefore in Charite and for the Lords sake,
Let no man from my writing take
One word, or add thereto,
For certainely if that he do,
He shall shew malice fro which I am free,
Meaning Truth and not subtilty.

Pag. 368. lin, 5. And also with grete diligence.

l) Lib. 4. fo. 76.

THis *Piece* is the *Worke* of Sir *John Gower*, and Collected out of his *Booke* (l) *De Confessione Amantis*. He is placed in the *Register* of our *Hermetique Philosophers*: and one that adopted into the Inheritance of this *Mistery*, our famous English *Poet*, *Geoffry Chaucer*. In this litle *Fragment* it appeares he fully understood the Secret, for he gives you a faithfull account of the *Properties* of the *Minerall*, *Vegitable*, and *Animall Stones*, and affirmes the *Art* to be true.

This

This Craft is wrought by wey of kinde,
So that there is no fallace in.

And againe,

The Scyence of himselfe is trew,
Upon the forme as it is founded.

He was an eminent *Poet*, and hath (m) written the story of the *Golden Fleece*, like an *Hermetique Philosopher*: which *Philosophicall* veine is to be traced through severall other parts of his *Works*. The first acquaintance betweene *Him* and *Chaucer* began at the *Inner Temple*, where Sir *John Gower* studied the *Lawes*, and whither *Chaucer* came to follow the like course of studies upon his returne out of *France*. He was (saith *Pitts*, a (n) noble and learned *Man*, *Galfrido ferè per omnia similem*, *quique eundem prorsus habuit omnium studiorum suorum propositum finem*, resembling *Geoffry* almost in every thing, and who had surely the same proposed end of all their *Studies*; they soone perceived the similitude of their manners, quickly joyned in *Friendship* and *Labours*; they had dayly meetings and familiarity, and all their endeavour was to refine and polish their *Mother Tongue*, that there might appeare the expresse footesteps of the *Roman Eloquence* in our *English Speech*.

m) *Lib.* 5.

n) *pag.* 573.

This appeares by *Chaucer's* sending to *Gower* his *Troylus* and *Cressida* after he had finished it, for his perusall and amendments.

o) **O Morall Gower, this Booke I direct**
To the, and to the Philosophicall Strode
To vouchsafe, ther neede is, to correct,
Of your Benignitees and Zeles good.

o) See the end of Troylus and Cres.

And surely these two added so much of splendour and ornament to our *English Ideome*, as never any the like before them: for they set foote to foote, and lovingly contended, whether should bring most *honour* to his *Country* both endeavouring to overcome, and to be overcome each of other, they being not only the *Remembrancers* but *Imitators* of him,

Quod lingua Catonis *&* Enni,
Sermonem patrium ditaverit, & nova rerum
Nomina protulerit,

p) *Stow* Margens it, that he was no *Knight*; yet we have it (q) from *Bale* that he was *Vir Equestris Ordinis*, of the Order of *Knighthood*, and *Leland* sayes that *Ab illustri stemmate originem duxit*; that he had his Originall from an *Illustrious Pedigre*.

p) Surv. *fo.* 450.
q) Cent. 7. 524.

He (r) built a great part of St. *Mary Overies Church* in *Southwarke*; and when *death* had snatcht out of his bosome his deare Companion *Geoffry Chaucer*, he then prepared a resting place for his owne *Body* in the *Chapell* of Saint *Iohn* in the said *Church* where he founded a *Chauntry*. He was very *old* and *blind* when he *dyed* and *lived* but two yeares after *Chaucer*. He had a stately *Monument* erected, wherein was his whole *Portraicture* cut in *Stone* in the *Wall* on the

r) Stow. Ann. p. 326.

 North

North ſide of the ſaid *Chapell.* The *Haire* of his *Head* Aburne long to his Shoulders, but curling up, and a ſmall forked *Beard*; on his *Head* a *Chaplet*, like a *Coronet* of foure *Roſes*, a habit of *Purple*, (Mr. *Speght* ſayes *Greeniſh*) *Damaske* downe to his *feete*, a *Coller* of *Eſſes* of *Gold* about his *Neck*, the *Ornaments* of *Knighthood*, under his head the likeneſſe of three *Bookes* which (amog ſeverall others) he compiled, the firſt *Speculum Meditantis*, written in *French*, the ſecond *Vox Clamantis* written in *Latin*, the third *Confeßio Amantis*, pen'd in *Engliſh*, which laſt was printed the 12. of *March* An. 1554. His *Armes* were theſe, *Argent*, a *Chevoran Azure*, three *Leopards heads* thereon *Or*, their *Tongues Gules*, two *Angels Supporters*, and on the *Creſt* a *Talbot*.

His Epitaph

Armigeri Scutum nihil amodo fert ſibi tutum,
Reddidit immolutum morti generale tributum,
Spiritus Exutum ſe gaudeat eſſe ſolutum,
Et Ubi virtutum Regnum ſine labe ſtatutum.

——*Deus nobis hæc Otia fecit.*

A
TABLE OF
The severall Treatises, with their Authors Names, contained *in this WORKE.*

A

A *Table* explaining the *Obscure*, *Obselete*, and mis-spell'd *words* used through-out this VV ORKE.

A

Abowen above.
Abrayde, arose, recovered, up-start.
Agone, gone, fled.
Alconomie, Alchemie, Chemistrie.
Algates, Notwithstanding, ever, forsooth, even now, altogether.
Allevate, Elevate, lift up.
Alle, all.
Als, also, as well.
Ana, of each, a like quantity.
Anoder, another.
Annuellere, secular.
Appale, decay.
Appearage, appearing.
Appetible, desireable.
Askaunce, as though, as if, aside.
Askys, ashes.
Auctors, Authors.

B

Baines, Bathes.
Bale, sorrow.
Balne, Balnea Maria.
Behite, or **Behoote**, promise.
Belive, anon.
Ben, **byn**, be.
Beyet, begotten.
Blent, blind, turned back.
Blive. quickly, gladly.
Bloe, blew.
Blynne; cease.
Boote, helpe.
Bawne, ready;
Brast, breake.
Brede, bredth.
Breve, **brevely**, briefe, short.
Brenning, burning.
Broder, brother.
Browzt, brought.
Burbeley, bubling.
Burgeon, bud.
Byforne, before.
Byth, by.
Bythe, be.

C

Certes, undoubtedly.
Cheese, chuse.
Cheepys, sheepes.
Cheve, thrive.
Chorle, slave, clowne.
Chrystis Christ his.
Chyte, chiteth.
Clatter, brable.
Clapp, prate.
Clot leafe, Bardana, or greate Burdock leafe.
Clypses, Eclipses.
Coart, inforce.
Convenable, Convenient.
Coude, could
Couthe perfectly. know.
Cowlys, Monkes hoods.
Crop, topp
Croslets, Crucibles.

D

Debonair, Humane, civil, meeke, humble

humble, gentle.
Delen, deale.
Demyd, demeth, Judged.
Denigrate, make black.
Desured, clensed.
Derke, darke.
Discever, spend.
Dight, made ready, handled, used.
Dole, grieve, sorrow.
Dene, doth.
Doucle, douce, sweet.
Draff. filth.

E

Emprisse, interprise, fashion, order.
Engluting, stopping.
Engine, witt, device.
Er, untill.
Erbe, Hearbe,
Erst, earnest.
Essell, Viniger.
Every eche, every one.
Eyre, wrath.

F

Fader, Father.
Fagg and faine, glose and flatter.
Fals false.
Fallacie, Deceipt.
Fanels, fanes.
Fasticly, firmly.
Faute, want, lack.
Fay, truth.
Fayne, glad.
Febis, Phæbus.
Fecis, dreggs.
Federis, fethers.
Fet, fetched.
Fende, Devil.
Ferle, strange.
Feynein, faineth.
Flewme, phlegme.
Foemen, Enimies.
Foltish, fullich, fully.
Folys, fooles.
Foyson, plenty.
Frape, Company, a rable.
Fright, fruite.
Fyrst, first.
Froze, frozen.
Fructuous, fruitfull.
Fyshyes, Fishes.

G

Gafe, gave.
Gayer, Gaudier, Braver.
Geason, strange, rare.
Goude, good.
Gownds, gownes.
Glitre, white.
Godleech, kinde, respective.
Growyth, groweth.
Guerdon, reward.
Gyse, manner.
Gyns, snares.

H

Halse, Neck.
Hallow, hollow.
Haunt, use.
Hause, imbrace.
Haubergeon, a Coate of Male.
Height, called.
Hem, them.
Hende, gentle.
Henting, catching.
Hardy deed, stout act
Hernes, vallies, corners.
Hert, Hart.
Hestys, wills, promises, commandements.
Heyle, health.
Hyne, labourer, drudge.
Hing, hang together.
Hole, whole.
Hos, who so.
Hyr, their.
Hyt, it.

I.

Iape, Jest, yet by abuse drawne into a more wanton sense.
I cleped, called.
Ich, I.
I deale, meddle.

Iette,

Jette, device.
Ilke, ſame.
I lyche, alike.
Ingine, wit, deviſe.
I now, enough.
I not, I know not.
Intreate, handle.
Interdite, prohibited.
Iren, Iron.
I take, taken.
I wys, verily.
Iyſe, if.

K.

Kœle, coole.
Keepe, care.
Ken, know.
Kid, made knowne.
Kidles, Kindles. i e. fætus, young ones.
Kythe, made known, ſhew.acquaint.

L.

Latt, let, hinder.
Laude, praiſe.
Laver, rather.
Laurer, lawrell.
Lay. law, ſong.
Ceaſe your Lay, hold your Tongue.
Layſir, leaſure.
Leare, learne.
Leaſings, lyes.
Leeſe, looſe.
Leach, Chirurgeon.
Lefe, left.
Leife, deare.
Leman, Concubine.
Lente, gentle.
Lettrure, a Booke of learning.
Lewde, ignorant.
Lewys, leaves.
Lexer, Elixir.
Lyken, affect.
Lite, little.
Lix, ſoft, plyable.
Longeth, belongeth.

Loſells, Crafty fellowes.
Loſen, leſyth, loſeth.
Lore, loſt.
Lore, Doctrine, learning, knowledge.
Lotf, love,
Loute, kneele, honour.
Lyche, like.
Lygg, lye.
Lyſten, liketh, pleaſeth.
Lyvelode, livelyhood.

M.

Maden, made.
Maliſon, curſe.
Maugre, deſpite.
Maser, a broad drinkng-bowle.
Mede, mete, reward, help.
Medled, mingle.
Meger, leane.
Mele, meddle.
Menge, mingle.
Merds, Turds.
Mere, merry.
Meveth, moveth.
Micle, much.
Mo, more.
Moder, Mother.
Mollock, Earth, Dung.
Mote, muſt goe.
Mought, mowte, might.

N

Nas, was not.
Nathleſſe, neverthleſſe.
Ne, not.
Nere, were not.
Nemene, name,
Neſhe, Tender.
Wilde Nepe, Catmint.
Nis, is not.
Nones, condition, purpoſe.
Noald, nolde, could not.
Nowbelſon, Roſe noble.
Nowther, neither.
Nye, is not
Nythe, neere.

O

Oder, odther, other.
Oft sythes, oughtest.
Onycthyn, Onix.
Or ate, decked.
Ouerwyn, depart, seperate.
Owthtys, oughtest.

P

Panter, pitfall.
Parde, truly.
Parfite, perfect.
Paukners, purses.
Plesaunce, delight.
Plyte, condition.
Plyght, turned, catched.
Pomel-gryse, daple-grey.
Porpheries, Marble mingled with red.
Poyetes, Poets.
Prease, subjection.
Prefe, prebe, proofe.
Preked, ridden fast.
Prebitie, secret.
Prolle, to prole after a thing.
Prowe, profit, honour.
Pyght, cast, setled, propped.

Q

Queinte, strange.
Quell, dash, destroy.
Quyte, requite.

R

Rach, a litle cur Dog.
Rad, reade.
Ragounce, a kinde of precious stone.
Rath, quickly.
Recorden, recordeth.
Recure, recover.
Rede, meaning.
Rede, help, advice, speeche, arte.
By Rewe, in order.
Ribaudry, baudry.
Ryghtfull, Just.
Rowe, ugly, blodily.
Rowne, whisper.
Rufe, red.
Rumbled, made a noyse.
Ruth, lamentation.
Ryfe, frequent.
Ryve, rende.

S

Salew, honour.
Samples, sorts.
Sans peere, without Fellow.
Sauter, Psalter.
Scolys, schooles.
Schalt, shalt.
Sche, she.
Schould, should.
Schreby, shreve.
Senche, such.
Sech, seeken, seeke.
Secree, secret.
Seild, seldome.
Sembleabyl, like.
Sewend, followes.
Shene, schine, shining.
Shent, harmed, infected.
Shrewes, Infortunes.
Shrap, scrape.
Sith, by and by.
Slotlyche, slovenly.
Slyped, burnished.
Somedele, somewhat, something.
Soote, sweete.
Soothfastly, insooth, truly, truth.
Sours, spring.
Spray, sprig, bough.
Spurred, enquire.
Squames, scales.
Stabull, stable.
Stante, stand.
Steven, Stefen, sound, also time.
Stillatorie, Alembick.
Stounde, time, moment, dumpe.
Strande, a banke.
Styn t, cease, slacke.
Substray, substract.
Succensed, inflamed.
Suffren, suffer.
Suster, sister.
Swezte, sweete.
Swm, some.

Swych,

Swych, such.
Swynke, labour.
Swythe, swiftly.
Syker ynow, sure enough.
Sykerly, assuredly, stedy.
Syken, certain.

T

Tallages, payments, customes, taxes.
Taunte, a reprochfull Checke..
Temps, times.
Tente, heede.
Teyne, an Ingot of Mettal.
Test, a device to try Gold with.
Tho, although some.
Threpe, affirme.
Titled, intitled.
Toder, the other.
Tofore, heretofore.
Togedur, together.
Trentte, Trinity.
Tristy, sad.
Trowe, trust.
Trowys, suppose.
Trusten, confidence.
Twayne, two,
A Twin, in two seperated, parted.
Twenes, Tunes.
Twifolde, double.
Tyte, handsome.

V

Vade, fade/
Vere, spring.
Vnbound, delivered.
Vncoud, uncouth, strange.
Vnderfongeth, taketh in hand.
Vnnethe, scarce.
Vnwist, unwitting, unknowne.
Vyterlyche, earnestly heartily.

W

Walken, walke.
Warke, worke.
Wastle bread, *libellus* fine Cimnell.
Wax, Wex increase.
Weerish, waterish.
Weene, thought, doubt.
Weening, thinking.
Wellid, riseth, springeth.
Wende, goe.
Wit, understanding.
Werne, were.
Whilome, ere while, sometimes.
Wile, deceipt.
Wist, knowne.
Woll, will.
Wome, wombe.
Wonne, dwell, plenty.
Woode, mad.
Woorche, woorchen, worke.
Woling, thinking, judging.
Woss, was.
Woulden, would.
Wreach, wreake, revenge, wrath.
Wrenches, trapps.
Wrighten, written.
Wych, which,

Y

Ybore, borne.
Ydo, stayed.
Yef, Yeave, gyf, give.
Yefet, fetched.
Yern, Iron.
Yllumine, enlighten.
Ynowe, sufficient.
Ynde, Indie.
Yode, yede, went.
Yre, erewhile.
Ythe, thrive.
Yvel, apaid.

FINIS,

It will concerne the Studious Reader to Correct the faults escaped in this Worke, The most materiall whereof follow.

PAg.2.l.19.r. *volunt* Pag.21.l.4.r. *like a* l.5.r. *did* l.25.r. *was a* pag.22.l.19.r. *scan* pag.30.l.22.r. *parte* pag.32.l.7 r. *the Motion* pag.37.l.12. *Troy* r. *trie* pag.45.l.17.r. *his* pag.46.l.17..*dele* [*I*] l.33 r. *ultimum* pag.56.l.7.r. *made* pag.63.l.19.r. *know* pag.66.l.14.r. *is* pag.74.l.4.r. *unctuous* pag.77.l.13 *VVhen* r. *Till* p.103.l.1. *dele* [*call*] p.140.l.16.r. *moving* p.146.l.3.r *certaincty* l.13.r. *with* p.150 l.1.r. *principle* l.6.r. *noe*.p.151 l.14.r. *and our red* p.168.l.1.8.& 17.r. *Imbibitions* p.170.l.16 r *leaves* p.200.l.15.r. *Philosophy* p.201.l.2.r. *Coyne* p.213.l 10.r. *Iudicum* p.215.l.14.r. *amerous* p.220.l.8.30.r. *Ragounce*.pag.223.l.29.r. *Tawte yibe* pag.224.l.12.r. *Three* p.226.l.1.r. *recomaund* p.227.l.16.r. *unneth might* p.228.l.12.r. *VVere* l.24.r. *friend* p.229.l.2.r. *couthe* p.230.l.10.r. *nil* p 234.l.18.r. *papere* l.28.r. *crude* pag.235.l.1.r. *Ascention* l.2.r. *fixe* p.240 l.17.r. *rave* p.240. *after* l.31.r. *Though it as great were as* Ninive p.241.l.7.r. *commune* l.9.r. *feinde* l.10.r. *begiled* p.242.l.16.r. *lene* l.18.r. *leneth* p.243.l.2 r. *fallen* l.24.r. *couthe* p.245.l.5.r. *three* l.15.r. *Christ* p.267.l.14.r. *After* l.15.r. *To* p.308.l.3.r. *wardes* p.309 l.1.r. *There* p.312.l.34.r. *an* p.317.l.16 r. *others* p.343.l.17.r. *exiguum* p.360.l.33.r. *If men* p.367.l.16.r. *Fier* p.383.l.24.r. *lyfe* p.416.l.2.r. *not* l.3.r. *Palace* l.5.r. *went* p.418.l.26.r. *solutive* p.423.l.20.r. *Redman* p. 432.l.25. r. *mineralibus* p.448.l.29.r. *gratis* p.449.l.17.r. *knew* p.455.l.5.r. *omitting* p.458.l.2.r *in his* p.459.l.18.r. *rythmicum* p.467.l.39.r. *dejected* p.465.l.13 r. *Vinculum*. p.478.l.7. r. *after Charnock* l.25. *at* r. *a*. p.480.l.44. r. *unitatis*.

Courteous Reader, thou art desired to rectifie these following mistakes, in some Copies, (committed by the Printer) in the Table of Obsolete words.

Bleut, r. Blent Doncle, r. Doulce Erve, r. Erbe Leah, r. Lech Maver, r. Mazer Quall, r. Quell *Libellus*, r. *Libellus* Wex, r. Wax Weude, r. Wende Wall, r. Woll Wame, r. Wome Wanne, r. Wonne Waulden, r. Woulden.